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Presented in four horizontally parallel recensions

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TABLE SHOWING THE STORIES OF THE FOUR RECENSIONS, AND HOW THEY DIFFER IN SEQUENCE

This is page xii. For explanation of the Table, see page opposite

Original Order Section	SECTIONS OF FRAME-STORY Here V = Vikrama	Southern Recension SR	Metrical Recension MR	Brief Recension BR	Jainistic Recension JR
I.	Invocation: announcement	I	I	I	I
II.	Bhartrhari and the fruit (Here JR has V and Agnivetāla)	II	II	II	IV V
IIIa.	False ascetic and vampire (Here JR has V's conversion)	IIIa	IIIa	IIIa	VI VII
IIIb.	The gift of Indra's throne (Here JR has V's brilliant court)	IIIb	IIIb	IIIb	VIII IX
IV.	V's death: hiding of the throne	IV	IV	IV	X
V.	Finding of the throne by Bhoja	V	V	V	II
VI.	Jealous king and bad prince, 1	VI	VI	out	XI (in 1)
VII.	Jealous king and bad prince, 2	VII	VII	out	XII (in 1)
VIII.	Bhoja tries to mount throne	VIII	VIII	VI	III
Story	STATUETTE-STORIES				
1.	V's rule for giving in alms	1	1	1	1
2.	Brahman's futile sacrifice	2	2	2	2
3.	Sea-god's gift of magic jewels	3	3	3	3
4.	Vikrama's gratitude tested	4	4	4	4
5.	Jewel-carrier's dilemma	5	5	7	5
6.	V gratifies a lying ascetic	6	6	6	6
7.	Headless bodies revived by V	7	7	5	7
8.	V causes water-tank to fill	8	8	9	8
9.	Fair courtesan and demon	9	10	29	9
10.	V gets charm from ascetic	10	11	10	10
11.	V's vicarious sacrifice	11	9	8	11
12.	Spendthrift heir, woman, ogre	12	12	11	12
13.	V shames the wise by goodness	13	13	13	13
14.	Ascetic warns Vikrama	14	14	14	14
	Emboxment: Fatalist king	embxt	embxt	out	embxt
15.	Nymph, kettle of boiling oil	15	15	15	15
16.	Festival, brahman's daughter	16	16	16	16
17.	V offers himself for rival	17	17	17	17
18.	V visits the sun's orb	18	18	18	18
19.	V visits Bali in nether world	19	19	19	19
20.	V visits a forest ascetic	20	20	20	20
21.	V and the eight Magic Powers	21	21	21	21
22.	V wins magic quicksilver	22	22	22	22
23.	V's daily life and evil dream	23	23	23	23
24.	Strange inheritance: Čalivāhana	24	24	24	24
25.	Vikrama averts evil omen	25	25	25	25
26.	Vikrama and the "Wish-cow"	26	26	26	26
27.	Vikrama reforms a gambler	27	27	27	27
28.	V abolishes a human sacrifice	28	28	28	28
29.	V's lavishness praised by bard (Here JR has V and sign-reader)	29	29	12	out 29
30.	The clever mountebank	30	30	30	30
31.	Vikrama and the vampire Emboxment: Prince and brahman (Here JR has The haunted house)	31 embxt	31 embxt	31 out	out 31
32.	V's power and magnanimity (Here MR has Bhaṭṭi as minister) (Here JR has The poverty-statue)	32	out 32	32	out 32
33.	Conclusion: Thirty-two nymphs, curst to be statuettes, releast from curse	33	33	33	33

EXPLANATION OF THE TABLE ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE

This is page xiii

Sections of the Frame-story are numbered with Roman numerals, I to XII
Stories told by the Statuettes are numbered with Arabic numerals, 1 to 32

The numbers in the left-hand column indicate the **original order** of each Section of the Frame-story or of each Statuette-story (briefly, each text-unit) of the Vikrama-charita. That is, these numbers show the position which each unit had in the original form of Vikrama's Adventures as reconstructed in the Composite Outline (Volume 26, Part VI); or, in other words, the actual sequence of the Sections or Stories of the Translation or Text as printed in the present volumes, and as summarily tabulated on page xii.

The numbers of the four right-hand columns indicate the position of each Section or Story in the MSS. of the several recensions. Thus, original number 9, Fair courtesan, stands in the mss. of MR as number 10, and in the mss. of BR as number 29.

The order of the Southern Recension coincides with the original order. So does that of the Jain Recension, except that it puts original V and VIII immediately after original I, and emboxes original VI and VII in Story 1, and adds three Sections peculiar to itself (JR V and VII and IX of the mss.). The other recensions (Metrical, Brief) dislocate a few of the Stories, and the dislocations are shown by dislocating the Arabic numbers so that they stand a little to the right and out of vertical alignment. Thus MR 10, 11, 9 (of the mss.) correspond respectively to original 9, 10, 11; and BR 7, 5, 9, 29, 8, 11, 12 (of the mss.) correspond respectively to original 5, 7, 8, 9, 11, 12, 29.

MEANING OF HEAD-LINES AND SUBORDINATE HEADINGS

of the pages containing (in volume 26) the Translation and (in volume 27) the Text

Numbers of the Sections of the Frame-story and of the Statuette-stories, as given in the **head-lines** of each left-hand page, refer to the "original order," as explained above.

Numbers given in the **subordinate headings**. — In like manner, the numbers in the left-hand part of these headings refer to the same "original order." In cases where a Section or Story has suffered dislocation in a given recension, this fact is made clear by a statement in the right-hand part of the subordinate heading, which tells expressly what place that Section or Story occupies in the mss. of *that* recension.

TYPOGRAPHICAL DEVICES

Parentheses () are used to enclose matter which seems to be a necessary part of the English rendering.

Brackets [] enclose explanatory matter or an alternative rendering.

An asterisk (*) is placed immediately before an emended word, and means that there is some element in that word which is not found in any manuscript.

Much or all of the matter that stands on this page and the next, may be found elsewhere, scattered in one place or another, but so that it is likely to be overlooked. Accordingly, it is well to have it assembled and repeated here in this conspicuous place.

METHOD* OF CITING THE VIKRAMA-CHARITA

This is page xiv

Each Section of the Frame-story and each Statuette-story (briefly, each "text-unit") is cited by the abbreviated name of the recension (SR, MR, BR, JR), followed by a number (Roman for a Section of the Frame-story, Arabic for a Statuette-story) which indicates the place of the unit in the "original order" (see page xiii). — Thus "SR II" and "JR II" (not "JR IV") mean "Bhartṛhari." Likewise "SR 7" and "BR 7" (not "BR 5") mean "Headless bodies."

The Metrical Recension. — This consists wholly of verse-lines. The lines (not the stanzas) are numbered starting at the beginning of each text-unit with number 1, and are cited accordingly.

The other recensions, those in mingled prose and verse, are cited thus:

The stanzas. — Each unit, like an act of a play, is treated as a separate unit, and the stanzas are numbered for each unit starting every time with number 1, and are cited accordingly. — Thus the citation "SR V. 3" means Southern Recension, unit V (Finding of the throne), stanza 3 (jale tāilam). But "MR V. 50" means Metrical Recension of the same unit, *line* 50 (jale tāilam).

The prose lines between any two consecutive stanzas are numbered from the prior stanza to the latter stanza, starting every time with number 1. A given prose line is cited by citing the prior stanza and placing after the citation the number of the line as counted from that stanza. — Thus "SR II. 6.9" means line 9 of the prose passage immediately following the stanza SR II. 6. This is the line in which Bhartṛhari's unfaithful queen gives the fruit to the groom, and corresponds to BR of II. 17. 1 and to JR of II. 9. 10. — If there be no prior stanza, that is, if the unit begin with prose, a zero is put in place of the stanza-number. Thus SR 2.0.36 is the line beginning devatayo 'ktam: bho rājan.

* Sanskrit works in mingled prose and verse (such as the dramas and story-books and the Southern and Brief and Jain Recensions of Vikrama-charita) are numerous. This method of citing them is simple and practical. It is the one devised by the General Editor of the Harvard Oriental Series, and was proposed by him in an essay printed at pages xvii to xxvii of volume 21 of that Series, S. K. Belvalkar's Uttara-Rāma-charita.

The author of the method argues there in detail on behalf of its general adoption, and sets forth the confusion now caused by the use of different methods for different editions of the same play, and the great waste of time and labor and the hindrance to progress arising from the now prevailing lack of one good and uniform system. The essay is entitled "A method for citing Sanskrit dramas," and a reprint of it may be had by any one free, on application to the Harvard University Press, Cambridge, Massachusetts, U. S. A.

PREFACE

It is a pleasant duty to acknowledge the generous aid given by many persons to the author in the course of his labors on these volumes.

In the first place, it was necessary to borrow a considerable number of manuscripts, located in many parts of Europe and India. With scarcely an exception, the owners or custodians of these manuscripts have shown themselves most ready to accommodate the author and facilitate his work. The manuscripts in the possession of the Royal Library of Berlin were collated in that Library, and the manuscript of the University of Tübingen at Tübingen. Professor Garbe of Tübingen afforded me a friendly service in securing to me all the facilities of the library of his university. The Royal Library of Copenhagen and the Library of the University of Leipzig lent their manuscripts to the Royal Library of Berlin, and it was in the last-named library that I collated them.

All the other manuscripts which I used were lent to me in America, either directly or thru the Library of the Johns Hopkins University, in Baltimore. I am indebted to the Library of the University of Vienna for the loan of two manuscripts, in securing which Professor von Schroeder gave me kindly aid. I am also very grateful to Professor Winternitz of Prague, who informed me of the existence of these manuscripts in Vienna. — The Department of Education of the Government of India forwarded me several manuscripts, and made generous tho unavailing efforts to secure a number of others. The Government of Madras had copies made of several manuscripts located in its jurisdiction. The Government of Bombay sent to me a consignment of fourteen manuscripts, all of which were lost in the wreck of the steamship *Titanic*, in April, 1912. This terrible disaster deprived me of materials which would unquestionably have proved a great enrichment of the sources at my disposal for the edition; yet I cannot but

recognize that my personal loss is small in comparison with the permanent loss of this large collection of manuscripts, which belonged to one of the most enlightened and generous of the local governments of India. I can only express my deep sorrow at having been the innocent occasion of such a loss, which was, of course, wholly beyond the power of any mortal to foresee or prevent. *Yad bhāvyaṃ tad bhaviṣyati*.

The India Office Library of London entrusted to my care all of the manuscripts of the *Vikramacarita* in its possession. Its librarian, Dr. Frederick W. Thomas, did much more for me than is ordinarily expected of a custodian of books and manuscripts. It was thru his intercession that I obtained the loan of all the manuscripts which came from India. With genuine and wholly disinterested courtesy, he has spared neither time nor trouble in assisting me in my work. My thanks are due to him in as large a measure as to anyone. I hereby acknowledge his *āudāryaṃ paropakāraṃ ca* (to use an oft-recurring phrase of this work) with gratitude and pleasure.

Professor Johannes Hertel has shown a very kindly interest in the development of my work. He has furnished me with some valuable hints as to method, based on his own large experience in work of this sort, and has given me several bits of useful information, which I have incorporated in my book.

The Library of the Johns Hopkins University has helped me by receiving for my use a large number of loaned manuscripts. Its librarian, Dr. M. L. Raney, has assisted me in every possible way, and has given no small amount of his time and attention to my affairs.

I have been materially assisted in "reading back copy" for the Sanskrit text contained in the book by two associates in the Sanskrit department of the University of Pennsylvania, Dr. William Norman Brown and Dr. Henry S. Gehman.

The editor of this series, Professor Charles R. Lanman, has made me his debtor in many ways, — not only by affording me the coveted opportunity to publish my work in the Harvard Oriental Series (thus insuring at the start a wide hearing at least), but also by sacrificing large amounts of his time, in spite of many other demands upon it, to the task of increasing the usefulness of the publication. That his suggestions have been most valuable and fruitful needs not to be told to the world of Sanskrit scholars; for they know his sound and accurate scholarship so well that any words of mine would seem out of place. I shall always remain in the highest degree grateful for his self-sacrificing interest in the success of my undertaking.

Good Hindu scholars like to begin their works with the phrase "Homage to my honored teacher"—*ṛigurave namaḥ*. This sentiment must, I think, be felt with deep sincerity by anyone who has had the privilege of working under and with Professor Maurice Bloomfield. That privilege was mine for seven years; and it was during the latter part of those years that I did the most of the work on this present publication. Aside from Professor Bloomfield's indirect influence on this book thru his influence upon me,—he has also given me generous help towards the interpretation of a number of difficult passages in the text. For this, and still more for the lasting effect of his stimulating and inspiring guidance, I am deeply grateful.

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January 16, 1917

INTRODUCTION

Part I. Plan of the present work

Substance of the two volumes and method of procedure. — This work includes a critical edition (with critical apparatus and a translation) of the complete text of the four main versions of the Sanskrit story-collection known as *Vikramacarita*, or *Sinhāsanadvātrīṅakā*, or the like (the different forms of the name are discust below, pp. xlix ff.). It also undertakes to deal with the date and authorship of the work and of its several versions, and with the question of the historic basis of its hero, King Vikrama. Furthermore it attempts to reconstruct, so far as possible, the outline of the hypothetical original of the existing versions, and to settle the relationship of those versions to that original and to each other. This last problem is in the writer's eyes one of the most serious and important ones connected with the book. I hope and believe that I have solved it correctly.¹ My solution is, however, exactly opposed to that arrived at by the only two scholars who have seriously attackt the problem before; and, especially for this reason, I have felt it desirable and necessary to facilitate, by every means in my power, the testing of my theory. Such testing has, I believe, been rendered easy to a degree never before attained² in a work of this sort, by two devices, to wit:

1. The composite outline of the story, with indication (in small-type notes) of the details in which the several recensions vary from one another. This is found on pp. lxvi ff.

2. The printing of the entire text and translation in horizontally parallel sections, that is to say, in such a way that each Section or Story of the first version (or Southern Recension) is followed by the corresponding Section or Story of the three other versions (Metrical Recension, Brief Recension, Jainistic Recension) in immediate sequence.

¹ This solution, however, is in the nature of things not a matter susceptible of being summed up in a few lines. It must be gathered by the student from Part II of this Introduction and from the Composite Outline, pages lxvi ff.

² This was written before my attempted reconstruction of the *Panchatantra* (see opposite, p. xxii). Such a *textual* reconstruction of the *Vikramacharita* would not be possible on the basis of the materials known to me.

With this arrangement, since the stories are all of moderate compass, it will be very easy, especially with the guidance and help of the Composite Outline, for anyone to compare for himself the several versions, and to see for himself whether he can accept my conclusions as to the mutual relationship of the various recensions and as to the presumptive original.

The original order of the component Sections and Stories of the work coincides, in my opinion, with the order of the Sections and Stories of the Southern Recension. The other three recensions all show more or less dislocation of single components. To make the original order and the dislocations all clear at a glance, a Table is given at page xii. It is suggested that, in studying Parts I and II of this Introduction, the reader make frequent reference to this Table. Such recourse will, it is hoped, make very plain the following necessary comments upon the "Divisions of the text" (p. xxv) and the "Peculiarities of the several recensions" (p. xxxi).

The departures of the Metrical and Brief and Jainistic recensions from the original order have of course made necessary a few changes in the sequence of the Sections and Stories of those versions, — but only in cases where one version or another has demonstrably altered the order of the original. This has been restored thruout in my text. The number of such alterations is not great — a dozen or so. They are all listed on p. xliii, and are obvious also in the Table.

The subordinate headings for each recension of each Section or Story are devised in such a way as to make clear all my departures from the order of my manuscripts. In such cases, two numbers are always given. The first (at the left) indicates the position which the Section or Story occupies in the original and in my translation and text. The second number (set over near the right of the page) tells us the position which the Section or Story occupies in the mss. These subordinate headings, taken in connection with the head-lines of each left-hand page (which give the original number of each Section or Story) and each right-hand page (which give the title of the Section or Story), make wholly clear all that we need to know, to wit, the subject of a given Section or Story, and its place in the reconstructed original, and its place (if dislocated) in the mss., and all without possibility of misunderstanding.

For instance: the Brief Recension transposes original Story 5 and Story 7. All the other three versions agree with each other. There is no doubt that it is the Brief Recension which has introduced an alteration. (This is probably due to some accident, at least, no reason for it is ap-

parent.) I shift these two stories back again to their original order, so that the Brief Recension's "Story 7" (which corresponds to Story 5 of the original) is printed parallel with Story 5 of the other three versions. And I give to it the following subordinate heading:

BRIEF RECENSION OF 5

[This, in mss. of BR, is 7

There can be no uncertainty or confusion as to the meaning of this subordinate heading. The head-lines show that it is Story 5 of the original, to wit, the "Jewel-carrier's dilemma," that we are dealing with. And the subordinate heading shows that we have here the "Brief Recension of Story 5 of the original," and that, in the mss. of the Brief Recension this is placed and numbered as Story 7.

A few Sections or Stories (seven: 1 of MR, and 6 of JR) have no correspondents in the parallel recensions, and are accordingly printed by themselves: translation, pp. 247-260; text, pp. 229-240. We may be sure that nothing corresponding to these seven parts occurred in the original Vikramacarita. For their numbers and titles, see page xi and page xii.

Divisions of the text. — The major part of the work is divided, in all the versions, into thirty-two stories, each told by one of the thirty-two statues of the magic throne. These stories are numbered with Arabic numerals, 1 to 32, in my text and translation. After them comes a short conclusion, which I have numbered 33. Before them there is in all versions a long introduction or frame-story. No numbered divisions of it are made except in the Metrical Recension, which divides it into seven sections which are called *lāpanikā* (in one manuscript *lāpinikā*), "talks." One of these, the sixth, is still much too long to be called properly one section, and I have thought best to bisect it; otherwise I have kept approximately the divisions of the introduction or frame-story as found in the Metrical Recension, and have made corresponding ones in the other recensions. The frame-story, therefore, is divided in my text and translation into eight sections. These are numbered with Roman numerals to distinguish them from the following stories, numbered with Arabic numerals. Thus 2 means Story 2, while II means the second section of the frame-story. — One of the sections of the frame-story, the third, falls naturally into two parts (which are indeed not found together in the Jainistic Recension), referred to as IIIa and IIIb respectively.

Vikrama's Adventures: scope and character of the work. — For a fuller statement of what the work is and what I conceive to be the guiding spirit of it, I must refer to my article "A Hindu Book of Tales: the Vikramacarita," published in the American Journal of Philology for 1912 (33, pp. 249 ff.). The gist of that paper follows. As is known to Sanskritists, the Vikramacarita is one of the most famous story-books of India. Its hero, King Vikrama, is without doubt one of the most noted of the semi-historical or quasi-historical heroes of medieval India. The theme of our work is the story of how a marvelous throne belonging to Vikrama was discovered by a much later king named Bhoja, to whom were related the thirty-two stories contained in the book, each story being told by one of the thirty-two divine statues which supported the throne. The stories all deal with the wonderful character and deeds of Vikrama, who is intended to serve as a kind of Hindu King Arthur — a model for real kings to follow. The theme most constantly harped upon is his amazing generosity and unselfishness, which knew no bounds, not stopping even at the sacrifice of his life. If we occidentals are sometimes wearied by the constant reiteration of this same lesson, we must remember that to the Hindus of ancient times it seemed necessary that all stories should justify their existence by teaching practical or moral lessons. The Hindus did not recognize the possibility of stories as ends in themselves. Vikrama's Adventures is an extreme instance of the lengths to which this didactic principle of story-writing can be carried. Unsympathetic critics may indeed call it a *reductio ad absurdum* of that principle. And no one can deny a certain monotony and flatness in many of these stories.¹ Yet the Jealous King and the Ungrateful Prince (Frame-story, Sections VI and VII) may be quoted as at least one instance of a tale which is not only morally but artistically very good. And it is by no means the only cleverly conceived story in the collection. However, the stories speak for themselves, and I need not discuss further this question of taste.

¹ In fact, there is hardly any, if any, extensive book of Hindu fiction which does not contain many parts that are to us monotonous and insipid. For instance, both of the famous great epics, the Mahābhārata and the Rāmāyaṇa, contain many long stretches of the driest and dreariest stuff, compared with which the most insipid story of the Vikramacarita may seem almost thrilling. I am sure that all western scholars who have tried to plow thru any very considerable parts of the epics, without skipping, will confirm me in this.

Previous labors in this field. — In spite of the great popularity of the *Vikramacarita* in India, it has been comparatively neglected by European scholars. No westerner has ever undertaken to edit the text of any Sanskrit version; nor has any Sanskrit version ever been translated into any European language. The Southern Recension has been printed a number of times in India, but always in a wholly uncritical way, and generally, it appears, from only a single manuscript. No half-way satisfactory text even of the Southern Recension has ever been printed; and none of the other recensions have been printed at all (except that Weber printed considerable extracts from the Jainistic Recension, as will be seen in a moment).

Few Europeans have undertaken to give us information about the Sanskrit *Vikramacarita* in print. The following are the only articles which seem to me worth mentioning.

1. Wilford, *Essay on Vikramāditya and Çalivāhana*, in *Asiatic Researches*, IX, pp. 117–243 (year 1807). This long essay has now only a historic interest.

2. Taylor, *Oriental Historical Manuscripts*, I, pp. 247 ff. (1835). Contains an account of the “*Ravipati-gurumūrti*,” a Telugu book giving a digest of Sanskrit and modern versions of the *Vikramacarita*, as well as other stories about Vikrama.

3. Roth. The first clear and definite information about any Sanskrit version which was offered to European scholars came from the pen of Roth (*Journal Asiatique*, 1845, Sept.–Oct., pp. 278–305). Roth’s article, however, contains practically nothing but an analysis of the contents of the Tübingen manuscript (Weber’s and my V), the only one known to him. It is a manuscript of the Southern Recension but hardly one of the best.

4. Weber. A serious and extensive study of the work was first attempted by Weber (*Indische Studien*, 15, pp. 185–453: Leipzig, 1878). On this essay are based, for the most part, all opinions and statements about the work which have appeared, from that day to this. Like most of Weber’s work, it teems in suggestiveness, and is enriched by the vast store of the author’s learning. Most of his attention was devoted to the Jainistic Recension; not only, he tells us (page 203), because he believed it to be the oldest and most nearly primary, but also, and principally, because most of the manuscripts to which he had access belonged to it. He gives, in fact, a complete and detailed analysis of this recension, with copious extracts from the text in some parts, and in others what amounts to a free translation

of it. He also quotes in full the text of all the stanzas of this recension. I regret to say that the accuracy of his textual quotations, especially in his variant readings from the individual manuscripts, leaves much to be desired. I have fully collated all the Jainistic manuscripts which he used, and have discovered a very large number of (mostly trivial) slips. This is not surprising when we consider the great detail in which he undertakes to quote the manuscript readings, even down to flagrant blunders in *saṁdhi* (an undertaking in which I have not imitated him in my *Critical Apparatus*). — Besides this, he undertakes to describe in a briefer way the text which he found in those non-Jainistic manuscripts to which he had access, and to discuss the relationship between the versions. In this respect his work is now practically valueless. His materials, outside of the Jainistic Recension, were so limited in extent that he was unable to form any true conception of the other versions or to perceive their real interrelationship. He was, moreover, still under the influence of the theories of Benfey on Hindu story-literature, which prejudiced him in advance in favor of the superior antiquity of the Jainistic Recension. (See *AJP.* 33.271 ff.) — Besides all this, however, Weber's article contains many useful observations on linguistic peculiarities of the text (page 205 f.), and on parallel story-motives, in connexion with various parts of the work.

5. Hertel's article "Ueber die Jaina-Recensionen des Pañcatantra," *Ber. u. d. Verh. d. kgl. sächs. Ges. d. Wiss., ph.-hist. Kl.*, vol. 54, especially pp. 114 ff., contains so far as I know the most ambitious attempt to deal with the *Vikramacarita* since Weber's day. It is also, I believe, the only treatment of the work since that time which is to any degree independent of Weber — tho the degree even of Hertel's independence in this matter is limited. (In my article above quoted, p. 275, n. 1, I have shown how Hertel was misled into a false position by misunderstanding a statement of Weber's.) Hertel quotes from the London manuscript of the Metrical Recension which I call *Dv* (Weber's *T*) the text of the interpolation of the Weaver-as-Viṣṇu story, from Story 3 of the Metrical Recension. (The manuscript happens to be corrupt at some important points in this story, which vitiates Hertel's text.) He also argues, from the presence of this story in the Metrical Recension, and from other considerations, that the original *Vikramacarita* was Jainistic. In my article, page 272 ff., I have tried to show that his argument was wrong in principle and sometimes mistaken in matters of fact.

Part II. Relation of the recensions to the original and to each other

Enumeration of existing recensions. — The five recensions of the *Vikramacarita* known to me have been given the following names:

1. Southern Recension (briefly designated as SR).
2. Metrical Recension (MR).
3. Brief Recension (BR).
4. Jainistic Recension (JR).
5. Vararuci Recension (VarR).

MR as well as SR is found generally, if not exclusively, in South India; in fact, it is perhaps more than SR a distinctively southern version, for at least one manuscript of SR known to me, namely Q,¹ comes (immediately) from North India, whereas so far as I can discover no text of MR has been brought to light except in the south. But since practically all known texts of SR come from the south (where no other prose recension seems to occur), and since there is no other convenient designation for this version, I have felt it proper to give it this name. The Brief Recension and Jainistic Recension are characteristic of North India; JR is much the commoner of the two. The Vararuci Recension is characteristic of Bengal, and might properly be called the Bengal Recension; all the complete manuscripts of it which I know are in the Bengali alphabet. But Weber called it by the name of its reputed author Vararuci, to whom its manuscripts (so far as known to me) agree in attributing it; and there seems to be no reason for abandoning this convenient designation.

The task before us now is to discuss the relationship of these versions with one another, and to determine if possible the original from which all must have been derived.

VarR need concern us but little. It is obviously secondary to JR, and indeed thruout most of the work its text is practically the same as that of JR. Only in Section I and Section II (V of the other three versions) of the frame-story do we find a really independent version in VarR; and for this reason these two sections are all of VarR that I have thought it worth while to print and translate. Moreover, in these sections there is no doubt that JR, which is closer to the other three versions, is original, and VarR secondary to it. In the rest of the work the differences between VarR and JR are either merely

¹ For a list and description of all the manuscripts and printed texts used by me in the preparation of the text, see the pages preceding the Critical Apparatus.

3. BR in its extreme brevity omits entirely the long story of the Jealous King and the Ungrateful Prince (Frame-story VI and VII), and the embosomed stories in Stories 14 and 31; and it also shortens the individual stories, not only by greatly condensing the narrative, but in many cases by omitting considerable parts thereof.

4. Of all the versions JR shows the most marked individuality. (a) It contains three sections in its frame-story which the other versions have not, and its Stories 29, 31, and 32 are wholly unrelated to any stories found in the other versions. (b) The order of events in its frame-story is wholly changed, as has been observed under 2 above. (c) As to literary form it differs from the others in adding an *argumentum*, or brief summary of the story in verse, at the beginning or end of nearly every story. (d) With these exceptions it will be found as a rule to agree fairly closely, even in matters of detail, with the other versions; but there are a considerable number of points (largely minor ones, to be sure) in which it differs in such a striking way from the others that we must assume deliberate and conscious changes in one direction or the other; they cannot be matters of carelessness or accident.

Peculiarities of the Southern Recension (SR).—Deliberate and conscious changes from the narrative of the original appear to be rare, and almost without exception unimportant, in SR. Such as do appear are mostly in the nature of expansions; but here, of course, we are treading on uncertain ground, for in any given case the longer account of SR may be the original, and shortened in all the others. Nevertheless I think it most probable that in some cases, at least, the leisurely and often prolix narrative of SR has expanded the narrative of the original. The passages I have in mind are especially moral dissertations, characterized by sententious verses. Such are the passages at the end of Story 2, and at the beginning of Stories 8 and 11; the praise of the virtues of the Ganges water in Story 15, the opening of 18, the praise of Vikrama's self-sacrifice at the end of 28, and the list of verses on the sanctity of the brahmanhood in 31. There are a few cases in which SR differs markedly from all the other versions. They are important enough to make it certain, in my opinion, that we have not in SR the original *Vikramacarita* (tho I think also that SR comes closer to it than any other version). Some of them are: in 13, the omission of the celestial car (*vimāna*), an item of stage-property needed in the dénouement; in 14, birds take the place of spirits in helping King Rājāçekhara (the other versions are certainly

original, for the verse SR 14.6 agrees with them and is inconsistent with SR's own prose story; the point of the story requires that the same person or persons who gave the king the kingdom should preserve it for him later, and as the birds cannot do this, SR in a very lame fashion invents an unnamed and quite superfluous "deity" to do it ¹); in 20, the king tells the strangers about the ascetic Trikālanātha instead of vice versa, and the following account is different; in 29 the end of the story is different, and seemingly unoriginal, in SR. There are other petty differences between SR and the consensus of the other versions; few of them, perhaps, would be important in themselves; but in the aggregate they prove that SR, like the others, is not an entirely faithful copy of the original. — The number of verses in SR, both descriptive and (especially) sententious, is much greater than in the others; this is in accord with its general tendency to prolixity. — The style of the prose parts of SR is mostly very simple and easy — tho perhaps lacking in that attractive crispness which characterizes most of JR.

Peculiarities of the Metrical Recension (MR). — This proclaims itself at first glance as secondary by its exclusively metrical form (for there can be no doubt that the other versions, which are mainly in prose with verses intersperst, represent the original). It is almost wholly composed in the *çloka* meter; there are a very few verses in other meters. Its metrical composition is in the main pretty good, tho by no means perfect; for instance, it repeatedly makes the quarter-stanza end in the middle of a word. Some of the verses of the original have been taken over bodily and inserted in its text. Aside from the metrical form, it seems to represent the original narrative fairly well. Its divergences are greater, however, than those of SR. In the first place, it follows the model of most Sanskrit poetry in containing many passages of intricate and elaborate poetic description, in the *kāvya* style, which have little or nothing that corresponds to them in the other versions, and are for the most part wholly unoriginal. Its author was evidently learned, and proud of his learning; he likes to introduce rare and strange grammatical forms (some of them previously known only from grammarians), and he uses a large number of words which are given by the Hindu lexicographers, but which have not hitherto been discovered in the literature, and

¹ Sanskritists will note that the variant goes back to a simple graphic corruption, the original *y* of *yakṣa*, "spirit," having become a *p* in *pakṣin*, "bird."

which I suspect in many cases the author got out of the lexicons. — It is only fair to add, however, that the bulk of MR is after all composed in a fairly simple, lucid, and not unattractive style.

Furthermore, the narrative of MR contains some more serious divergences from the original than any found in SR. Thus to Story 32, which in the original was merely a brief eulogy of Vikrama, MR adds a long account of how Bhaṭṭi became Vikrama's minister. Bhaṭṭi is mentioned in the other versions at various times, but the contents of this MR story are nowhere hinted at in them. The tale was evidently inserted by the MR redactor to fill what he felt as a gap; for the original "Story" 32 is, in fact, really no story at all. (The redactor of JR treated it in the same way, see below.) Furthermore, MR inserts in the opening of Story 3 the well-known story of the Weaver as Viṣṇu (cf. AJP. 33.273 ff.; but in MR the hero's name — not his occupation! — is Kāulika, = 'Weaver'). The catch-verse of this fable, praising resolute action, was already found in the original, and MR's redactor undertook to show his learning and skill by writing out a poetic version of the whole story. Other individualities of MR, in which it seems to me to be certainly unoriginal, are the following. In VII Bahuçruta hides Çaradānandana in a cave, instead of in the cellar of his own house. In 5 the story of the passage of the swollen torrent is put into the mouth of the messenger, who tells it to the king on his return. In 11 (which is MR's 9) the *dramatis personae* are somewhat different; see the Composite Outline. In the end of 13 the story of the brahman-rākṣasa is differently and much more fully told. In 18, end, the king follows the magic pillar and throne under the water to the house of the goddess Prabhā; all this is new. In 21 the eight Great Magic Powers describe themselves in much detail; in the other versions they are not even named. In 23 MR, like BR, omits the account of the king's daily life, which SR and JR have (certainly with the original). In 24 the four brothers tell their story in full to Vikrama, and it is thus that we first hear it. The end of 24 is also changed. In 25 the king travels thru the sky and forcibly blocks the planet Saturn.

These are perhaps the most marked cases in which MR has variations in plot which seem clearly secondary. I have already alluded to the change in the order of a few stories (page xxxi). Story 11 is moved to ninth place in MR, and consequently Stories 9 and 10 appear as 10 and 11 respectively. There are no other changes in order.

Peculiarities of the Brief Recension (BR). — The drastic manner in which BR cuts down the text has been alluded to; by glancing over the notes to the Composite Outline, or the text itself, abundant illustrations will be observed. The abbreviations are especially marked, as Weber observed (p. 225 f.), in the introductory parts of each story; the real object of the stories, the portrayal of Vikrama's nobility, is kept distinctly in mind, and only so much of the introduction is narrated as is absolutely necessary in leading up to the king's noble act. All embosomed stories—VI and VII of the Frame-story, and the embosomements in 14 and 31—are omitted bodily. The style is crisp, dry, and often harsh. Sometimes even the account of the generous act of the king does not come out unscathed in the process of cutting-down; in 16 the story is so reduced that it would hardly be possible to make sense out of BR's account at all, without reference to the fuller versions. — On the other hand, for the very reason that BR is so intent on making the story as brief as possible, it contains hardly anything that may not with reason be attributed to the original. Details in which all other versions concur against BR (aside from total omissions in BR) are hardly to be found. As instances of probably unoriginal details in BR may, however, be mentioned the points to which attention is called in the Composite Outline, Story 4, note 10, and Story 18, note 11.

Alterations in the numbering of the stories in BR are as follows. Stories 5 and 7 are transposed. The regular Story 8 appears as 9 in BR, 9 as 29, 11 as 8, 12 as 11, and 29 as 12. This is unquestionably the numbering of the true text of BR. The manuscripts L and Ob are still more confused in their numbering, on account of accidental omissions.

Peculiarities of the Jainistic Recension (JR). — 1. **General remarks.** — It was supposed by Weber, and is I believe still held by Hertel (and perhaps by others), that the *Vikramacarita* was Jainistic in origin. This view I combatted in *AJP.* 33.271 ff., where I attempted to show that the reasons for it advanced by Weber and Hertel are unsound. Altho further study and somewhat fuller information have changed my ideas on a few details (cf. below, p. xlv, note 1), there is very little of what I then wrote which I would now alter; and the general line of argument presented still seems to me cogent. I shall not reproduce here the purely destructive reasoning I there employed. My present purpose is to show that whatever the original Vikrama-

carita was, it certainly was not the Jainistic Recension which we now have. I believe it can be shown that in most particulars in which JR differs markedly from the other versions, it has been deliberately changed. I believe further that in many if not most of these cases we can discover the reasons for the changes, and that it is only on the basis of this hypothesis of the posteriority of JR that we can possibly construct a rational scheme of the relationship between the different Vikramacarita versions. Moreover the original did not contain anything specifically Jainistic; on the contrary, if anything at all can be shown from the agreement of existing versions, then it can be shown that the original was the work of a perfectly orthodox brahmanistic writer. True, Professor Hertel finds in it a verse alluding to the story of the Weaver as Viṣṇu (vs 179); and those who believe with him that this story was an antibrahmanistic satire may get what comfort out of it they can. For myself, I am as far as ever (AJP. 33.276 f.) from accepting Hertel's interpretation of this story. But even if we were to grant the point for the sake of argument, it would not affect the question now at issue; we should then have to suppose that the brahmanistic author of the Vikramacarita failed to see the "satire" in the story (as frequently happened in such cases, according to Professor Hertel), and inserted it innocently into an otherwise pious and orthodox work. (I can sympathize with the poor stupid brahman, since I am as unable as he was to see the insult to Viṣṇu which the ingenuity of Professor Hertel discovers.) The same must be true of whatever other similar "satires" or attacks on the brahmanistic gods may be read into the text by those who agree with Hertel. A dozen such artfully concealed "satires" will have no weight whatever in determining the character of the original, as against the plain fact that the consensus of SR, MR, and BR repeatedly and insistently indicates that their common original must have been orthodox in character, while the only Jainistic Recension known to us preserves many clear traces which show that JR too was derived from the orthodox archetype of SR, MR, and BR; and JR frequently shows in its very Jainistic alterations themselves that they are secondary.

In style, JR is perhaps the best of the four versions, from our point of view. Generally speaking it is simple and straightforward, lucid and unrheterical. It evidently compresses and abbreviates the narrative of the original at many points. Very frequently it barely hints at, or even omits altogether, features which SR and MR state at

length. In short, its redactor was governed by the same general purpose which influenst the author of BR. But he did not carry it to such an absurd extreme as the latter. He pruned the text, but did not mangle it (at least as a rule; there are, to be sure, here and there places where his narrative suffers somewhat thru over-abbreviation). I am inclined to call the author of JR the greatest literary artist of any of the redactors. I need hardly add, however, that this matter has nothing whatever to do with the question of which recension is the closest to the original.

Let us now take up individually the particulars in which JR differs from the orthodox versions, beginning with the more striking and important differences.

2. **Parts which JR took from sources other than the original Vikramacarita.** — We have already alluded to the fact that JR contains a number of sections not found in the other versions. These are Sections V, VII, and IX of its Frame-story, for which SR, MR, and BR have no correspondents at all, and Stories 29, 31, and 32, which are represented in them by wholly different stories. This is, of course, one of the most striking divergences; and just on this point the evidence seems to me particularly clear: the orthodox versions must be primary, and JR secondary. JR drew these sections from a Jainistic collection of legends, and inserted them in the Vikramacarita, for reasons which can be clearly traced in nearly all the cases.

This seems to me to be very clearly shown by a study of certain parts of JR, which it has in common with Merutuṅga's Prabandhacintāmaṇi or "Wishing-stone of Narratives." I shall present in the following paragraphs the results of my study of these parts of JR.

To begin with, let me show that the Jainistic Recension of the Vikramacarita is not Merutuṅga's original.

In the early years of the 14th century the Jain Merutuṅga compiled his Prabandhacintāmaṇi, a collection of Jain history and legend, drawn, apparently, from as many older works as he could lay his hands on.¹ The first section of this work, immediately following the announcement of the theme, is a section dealing with our hero Vikramāditya. It contains various legends about him, some of which bear no relation to the Vikramacarita. It contains nothing about the glorious throne, the central motive of the Vikramacarita; neither

¹ My statements about the Prabandhacintāmaṇi are derived from Dinānātha's edition, Bombay, 1888, and Tawney's English translation, Calcutta and London, 1901.

is this legend alluded to in its history of King Bhoja, who also is the hero of a long section in it. It does not even contain any allusion to Vikrama's adventures with the false ascetic and the vetāla — the frame-story of the Vetālapañcaviṅcati, which also appears in the Vikramacarita, and which is the most familiar, as well as the most striking and interesting, of all the Vikrama legends in Hindu literature. If Merutuṅga had found these splendid stories about Vikrama in his original, is it likely that he would have past them over, when he reproduced such very poor and insipid anecdotes as most of those he relates in this section? — But furthermore: if we look more closely we shall discover the striking fact that the Prabandhacintāmaṇi contains not a single anecdote which is found in the *orthodox* versions (SR, MR, BR) of the Vikramacarita; but that it *does contain the sections V, VII, 29, 31 and 32 of JR* — in other words *all the sections which are peculiar to JR* (except IX, which contains no story-material, being nothing but a collection of bellettristic stanzas illustrating the literary greatness of Vikrama's court), and *no other sections found in JR or any other version of the Vikramacarita!* Now if Merutuṅga or his authority had used the Jainistic Vikramacarita as his source, is it conceivable that he should by pure chance have picked out of it precisely these five anecdotes, which are peculiar to JR, and no others? Except VII, they have no religious bearing whatever; they are certainly neither more conspicuous nor better than the average of the Vikramacarita stories; and there is no natural connecting bond of any sort between them. They are not even associated in position in JR. So there is, to my mind at least, no conceivable explanation for the state of affairs, if we start with the assumption that the Prabandhacintāmaṇi, or the source which it used for its Vikrama chapter, knew the Vikramacarita (JR), or used it as a source.

Neither is it likely that JR used Merutuṅga as a source. Aside from the fact that Merutuṅga's date is so late as to make this somewhat unlikely, the five stories in question are told somewhat more fully, and much better and more clearly, in JR than in Merutuṅga. But since some genetic relation between the two is certain, the only remaining alternative is probably the true one; JR drew these stories from the same Jainistic book of legends which Merutuṅga later (?) used for his Vikrama chapter.

At any rate it seems clear that these stories were drawn from some Jainistic prabandha (Merutuṅga or more likely his source) and inserted secondarily in the Vikramacarita by the redactor of JR, instead of

having belonged to the original *Vikramacarita* and been dropt by the redactors of SR, MR, and BR.

As a matter of fact, this only other alternative — that the orthodox versions dropt out these sections — is in itself most improbable. In the first place, unmistakable traces generally remain when whole sections are left out without any substitute. Compare, in our Critical Apparatus (following volume), the way in which the manuscripts K, Y, and R treated the Siddhasena sections of JR. (In a lesser degree the same is true of the mss. of VarR, only that their omissions from JR's text are less drastic.) But there is not the slightest sign of the omission of JR's V, VII, and IX from SR, MR, or BR. Also, it is difficult to conceive any reason for such changes. The omission of Section VII of JR could indeed be explained; it deals with the Jainistic religion, and might have been omitted just as it was omitted in the brahmanizing mss. K etc., which are based on JR. But how about JR section V, the excellent story of the Agnivetāla or "Fire-vampire?" Why should it be omitted altogether? And why should 29 and 32 in their JR form have been crowded out in favor of the stories 29 and 32 of the orthodox versions? There is nothing specifically Jainistic about any of these; and tho 29 and 32 of JR are indeed rather poor stories, they are certainly better than the orthodox substitutes, and in fact perhaps not worse than the average of the *Vikramacarita* stories. No reason is evident for their exclusion.

From every point of view, then, it seems that the only tenable hypothesis is that those sections of JR which are not found in the other versions are secondary additions of JR, drawn from some Jainistic work on Vikrama. We can show in the case of most of them the reasons which prompted the change. Namely:

(a) Story 32 in the original (represented by SR, BR) was no real story, but only a short panegyric on Vikrama. MR, as well as JR, was offended by it, and felt the need of inserting something that would pass better for a real story. So MR has here the long story of Bhaṭṭi — perhaps invented for the purpose, or else derived from some unknown source. Similarly JR chose from a Jainistic *prabandha* the story of Vikrama and the Poverty Statue (see *Merutuṅga*, Tawney, page 8 f.).

(b) Story 29; essentially the same case as the preceding. The original (which SR, MR, and BR report alike) was extremely thin as a story; it can hardly be called a story at all. JR preferred to substitute for it the story of Vikrama's offer to sacrifice himself in the

interests of the "science" of sign-reading. This story it drew from the same Jainistic legend-book (see Merutuṅga, Tawney, page 9).

(c) Story 31. In the orthodox versions this is the story of the vetāla or vampire. This had been previously told in the frame-story (IIIa). JR noticed the duplication, and replaced the second account by another story from the same source (Merutuṅga, Tawney, page 7 f.). At the same time it expanded the story in the frame-story (IIIa of the others; in JR, VI), telling it more in full; the extreme brevity of the other versions in IIIa is doubtless due to the fact that the tale is told more at length in 31.

(d) Section VII of the Frame-story. The conversion of Vikrama to Jainism by Siddhasena Divākara. The insertion of this section (also from the same source, Merutuṅga, Tawney, page 10 ff.) needs no explanation; it was natural that the Jainistic redactor should wish to put in the story of how Vikrama was made into a pious Jain. This *ex post facto* "conversion" of famous Hindu heroes was a familiar trick among both Buddhists and Jains; for instance, the Buddhists made Rāma into a Buddhist (Jacobi, Das Rāmāyaṇa, page 86).

(e) Section IX of the Frame-story. This is simply an appendix to the life of Vikrama; it contains no story-material, but merely describes the brilliancy of the cultivated life at Vikrama's court. It consists mainly of a collection of stanzas illustrating the literary performances which were fostered by this Oriental Maecenas. One of these stanzas (IX. 9) occurs in another connexion in the Prabandhacintāmaṇi (Dinānātha, p. 98, Tawney, p. 59), but the section itself is not found therein; it is likely, however, that it was in the original which was the source both of the Prabandhacintāmaṇi and of JR's interpolations. The fact that it contained not even any attempt to tell a story made it unsuitable for Merutuṅga's purposes.

(f) Section V of the Frame-story. The Agnivetāla episode. This was taken from the same source as the others (Merutuṅga, Tawney, p. 4 f.), but I can assign no reason for its insertion, except that it was a striking and good story, and probably seemed to the Jainistic redactor worth putting in because it tells how Vikrama by his heroism obtained the kingdom. (In the original, Bhartṛhari, upon his own abdication, himself installed Vikrama.) Like IX, it does not displace anything that occurred in the original, and so its addition does not need an explanation as badly as 29, 31, and 32, where it is a question of the substitution of one story for another.

The Jainistic Recension, then, used as a source not only the original

Vikramacarita (or some version of it corresponding closely to the common original of SR, MR, and BR), but also a Jainistic book about Vikrama, from which it drew six sections. Aside from this the materials in it are at bottom the same as in the orthodox versions; but their arrangement differs in some important respects, and it is to this matter that we shall next turn our attention.

3. **Arrangement of the parts of JR.** — (a) The order of events in the introduction or frame-story is wholly changed in JR. Instead of beginning in chronological order with Bhartṛhari, Vikrama, and then Bhoja, we find ourselves at the very outset in Dhārā, the capital of King Bhoja. The king discovers the magic throne in essentially the same way as in the other versions, and the story of what had gone before (Bhartṛhari and Anaṅgasenā, the reign of Vikrama, etc.) is put into the mouth of the first statue, who tells it to King Bhoja when he first attempts to mount the throne. This gives the first statue an entirely disproportionate amount of talking; for she also has a long story to tell (the Jealous King and the Ungrateful Prince, see below under b), which is clearly recognized, moreover, as her “number,” her share of the 32 stories; the introduction does not take the place thereof. The change is not successful as an artistic device, altho I am inclined to think it was introduced for artistic reasons.

Namely: it was a habit with the Hindus to produce a certain external unity in their works of fiction by putting them into a sort of dramatically unified form. The Mahābhārata, the Pañcatantra, the Bṛhatkathā and so on — all the great works in this department of literature are supposed to have been *told* by somebody to somebody else. The Vikramacarita itself, in all the orthodox versions, is told by Īiva to his consort. In JR this of course had to be dropt (leaving Section I, the opening one, in a somewhat rough state, see below, page lxvii). This left the work without any such uniform binding-together. But the major part of the work was already unified by another bond of the same sort; the 32 stories themselves, comprising perhaps four-fifths of the work, were all told to Bhoja — if not by the same person, at least by the same group of individuals. It seems to me not unlikely that it was the desire to throw the matter contained in the introduction into this same binding that prompted the change now under consideration. As a result of it, practically the whole work (all except the first three sections of the frame-story and the Conclusion) is told to Bhoja by one or another of the 32 statues. I throw out this suggestion for what it is worth. If it cannot stand on its own inherent probability, I admit

I have no further support for it. But I am unable to conceive any other reason for the change. At any rate, the matter is not helped by assuming with Weber that JR is original and the other recensions secondary; in that case there appears to be no conceivable reason for the change. Weber himself could offer none.¹

(b) The long story of the Jealous King and the Ungrateful Prince, Frame-story VI and VII, is inserted in the orthodox versions² after V, the story of the discovery of the throne by Bhoja. It is there told to Bhoja by his wise minister — the same who gave him the advice, by following which he was able to move the throne into his city. The story illustrates the value to a king of a clever minister, and therefore is very apt in the place where it is found in the orthodox versions. Now the section in which Bhoja finds the throne (namely, Section V of the original) becomes, as we have just seen, Section II in JR; it immediately follows the announcement of the theme (I). To insert such a long interpolation as the Story of the Jealous King and the Ungrateful Prince at this early point in the work may have seemed inartistic to the redactor of JR, who seems to have had some very decided notions about literary composition. But there was another, and certainly a stronger, reason which led him to displace this story. Story 1 of the orthodox versions consisted only of a single stanza describing Vikrama's generosity in specific terms. It says that Vikrama was wont to give so-and-so much at the mere sight of a beggar; a larger sum if he spoke to the beggar; still more if the beggar won a smile from him; and even yet more if he completely won the royal favor. Now we have already seen, from the treatment accorded Stories 29 and 32, that the Jainistic redactor felt strongly the necessity of having a real story told by each of the 32 statues. It could not but offend his sensibilities to find the first statue reciting in lieu of a

¹ Weber himself rightly discards his own tentative suggestion that the Jainistic order, beginning with Bhoja, may be a form of flattery of Bhoja himself (the version where it appears being assumed to be the work of a writer at his court). In the first place, JR refers to Bhoja as belonging to the past, and JR is the only version which clearly does so. In the second place, the orthodox versions contain more fulsome flattery of Bhoja than does JR. — It may be noted that several of the modern descendants of the *Vikramacarita* follow JR in this respect. Not only the Bengali version, which is directly derived from VarR (a variant of JR), has this transposition of the frame-story, but also the Hindi and Mongolian versions. However, the Persian version translated by Lescallier (New York, 1817) agrees with the orthodox recensions, not with JR, in this respect.

² SR and MR; BR omits it altogether, as is its habit with all embosht stories.

story nothing but a stanza of purely general application. Therefore he expanded the idea contained in the verse, and undertook at the same time to explain the origin of the habit alleged therein. So we find, in Story 1 of JR, an account of how the king gave the specific amounts mentioned in the original stanza successively to a certain specific beggar on a definite occasion; and the way in which this particular beggar "won the favor" of the king, and so earned the last and greatest reward, was by the narration of the story of the Jealous King and the Ungrateful Prince. This story (JR XI and XII) is thus removed from its original place in the frame-story and inserted in Story 1. It has no point whatever here, no connexion with the context (which it fitted so well in its original place), but it gives the first statue a story to tell, and so satisfies the strict (tho rather wooden) artistic standard adopted by the redactor of JR. That the story belongs at the place where it is found in the orthodox versions was felt even by Weber (page 249, note 4), in spite of his belief that JR was in general more original; and it must, I think, be evident to everyone. To my mind at least this is another and a very striking indication of the secondariness of JR.

After this point the arrangement of the parts of JR is in strict accord with SR (and undoubtedly with the original Vikramacarita). Its departures from the original order may then be stated as follows:

Original I remains JR I. (See the Table at p. xii.)

Original II becomes JR IV.

Original IIIa becomes JR VI.

Original IIIb becomes JR VIII.

Original IV becomes JR X.

Original V becomes JR II.

Original VI-VII (called by me JR XI-XII) become parts of JR 1.

Original VIII becomes JR III.

JR V, VII, and IX have no correspondents in the original.

4. *Argumenta* or stanzas summarizing a story. — A noteworthy peculiarity of JR consists in the *argumenta* (to keep a term adopted by Weber) or stanzas (one or two in each case) summarizing the main points of the story, found at the beginning of Stories 2-14 inclusive, and at the end of Stories 17-28 inclusive. These are curious performances, the exact like of which I do not know of elsewhere. In my article, AJP. 33.266, I compared them ("as a rather imperfect Hindu analogon") to the stanzas which in the Pañcatantra and other Hindu fable collections are familiarly used to introduce each individual

story, and then commonly repeated at the end to drive home the moral. I also pointed out the differences between our argumenta and these catchword stanzas of the fable. "The Pañcatantra verses are skilful devices for weaving each story into its setting. Of this there is nothing in the Vikramacarita; the stories all stand baldly by themselves, and are not, like the Pañcatantra fables, even *supposed* each to fit and illustrate a certain definite occasion or emergency. . . . It seems not unlikely that they (the argumenta of JR) were meant to imitate the catch-verses of the fables, and were made up and inserted for that purpose by the redactor of the Jainistic archetype." (L. c.) In fact, the argumenta stand completely outside of the stories to which they belong, and wholly detached from them; they are rather bits of compressed narrative, summing up the following or preceding story, than verses intended to point the "moral" thereof, like the fable catch-verses. I wish to emphasize what seem to me the distinctive peculiarities of the argumenta, because I evidently failed in my article to make my view of them clear to Professor Hertel. He writes me under date of Jan. 1, 1913: "Derartige argumenta sind seit ältester Zeit literarisches Herkommen in der Erzählliteratur. Ihr Fehlen, nicht ihr Vorhandensein, ist unnormal." I think that if Professor Hertel will examine closely the argumenta of JR, he will agree with me that they are quite different in character from the catch-verses of the fable, which are evidently what he refers to as "literarisches Herkommen in der Erzählliteratur." In fact, they are so different that Weber (who can scarcely be supposed to have been insufficiently familiar with the general standards of Hindu story literature!) did not even think of comparing them, but went to Latin comedy to find a parallel (p. 204).

But whatever one may think as to the degree of success with which these argumenta imitate the pattern on which it seems to me (as to Hertel) that they were modeled, I think it is hardly doubtful that they were inserted secondarily in JR. I should be inclined to believe this on internal evidence alone; they give distinctly the impression of not being an organic part of the text in JR.¹ And since none of the other recensions, which can be shown on other grounds to represent

¹ For instance, they sometimes do not entirely agree, in details of the story, with the prose narrative with which they are associated. This is the case with the argumenta to Stories 4, 9, 10, and 13, which see. Some of the variations may be due to the necessity of summarizing a whole story in one or two verses; as for instance, in the argumentum to Story 17, where the name of King Candrasekhara is abbreviated to Candra, because the longer name would not fit in the meter. In some cases the argumentum

the original more closely, contain such verses,¹ the matter becomes nearly certain. It is especially unlikely that SR, in view of its full and leisurely reproduction of almost every detail of the original and its penchant for stanzas, should have dropt completely all these stanzas, not leaving the smallest trace of them.

5. Minor peculiarities of JR. — Having now dealt with the important and far-reaching differences between JR and the other versions, we shall take up some minor matters, details in which JR appears to be secondary. Tho mostly unimportant if considered separately, in the aggregate they amount to a good deal, and if properly understood will I think add considerable strength to my view that JR is secondary where it is not in accord with the consensus of the other versions.

In the first place, it is interesting to note how JR tends to avoid the mention of brahmanistic gods, especially Çiva and Pārvatī. A striking instance of this is found in the opening section, I; see below, page xlvii. But it goes even farther than this; it rather prefers not to mention even *brahmans* as a class or caste. In many cases where a brahman appears as an actor in the narrative of the original, JR says instead “a man” or something of the sort. A large number of alterations of this sort are mentioned in the notes to my Composite Outline, pages lxvi ff. The following is a list of the most clear instances. The figures refer to the sections of the Composite Outline and the notes thereto.

VI, note 9. A noteworthy instance. Slaying a brahman was of course the worst of crimes to an orthodox Hindu. JR would not preserves a touch of the original (as indicated by its agreement with the other versions), while the prose story departs from it.

¹ I believe that the above is a fair statement, altho three manuscripts of BR, besides the composite S, do show a bare trace of them. The ms. L, in one *other* passage at least, can be definitely proved to have been familiar with a text of JR (it refers to Vikrama's city once as Avantī, tho *all* other manuscripts of all recensions except JR, including even the composite S, are unanimous in calling it Ujjayinī). This Jainising ms. L contains garbled forms of two argumenta, those to Stories 3 and 6. The wretched ms. Oa, on whose text it would be unsafe to base arguments of any sort, contains a form of one of these (that to Story 3), and the good ms. Ob, in which I have not noticed any other signs of borrowing from JR, has a form of the other (that to Story 6). The best ms. of BR, Z, has nothing of the sort; neither has C. At any rate these two occurrences in individual mss. are too sporadic, and the reasons for suspecting direct corruptions which have crept in from JR are too strong, to make it safe to base any arguments on them. There is every reason to believe that the original and true text of BR contained no traces of these argumenta; and SR and MR certainly did not.

admit any peculiar sanctity of brahmans, and quite lamely substitutes "a distinguisht man" at this point; yet at the end of VII (q. v.) the redactor forgot himself, for he follows the original there in referring to "brahman-murder" as the sin avoided!

2, notes 3 and 7. For "a brahman" JR substitutes a vidyāsādhaka or sādḥaka; yet in the argumentum, and also in the conclusion of the story, the man is called a brahman.

4, note 2. The original is changed in a markedly Jainistic way. *Virtue* is said to be the only means of acquiring a son, instead of the (original) propitiation of Īiva. Nevertheless the story inconsistently goes on and has the brahman actually obtain a son by the propitiation of — his "family deity"! Note that in this story too the word brahman (vipra) has escaped the vigilance of the redactor of JR.

7, note 3. JR of course will not honor Kṛṣṇa.

8, note 4. The god Viṣṇu is not mentioned in BR any more than in JR, but was probably in the original (as indicated by SR and MR).

See also 9, note 7; 10, note 6; 13, note 3; 14, notes 10 and 11; 15, note 1 ("friend" instead of "house-priest," the latter a characteristically brahmanical notion); 15, note 4 (brahmanical places of pilgrimage are displaced by a Jainistic tīrtha); 15, note 6; 18, notes 4 and 11; 22, note 4; 24, note 11; 26, note 7; and 33, note 5 (on this last, see below, page xlviii).

Yet some cases of this sort eluded the vigilance of the Jain redactor. For we find mention made not only of brahmans (see above under VI, note 9; 2, notes 3 and 7; 4, note 2), but even of their deities, Viṣṇu and others. Thus in JR IV (= II) even Bhuvaneṣvarī (= Pārvatī) is retained; and in various other places brahmanistic gods mentioned in the original are not expurgated. In Story 19, to be sure, the allusion to Viṣṇu's being Bali's doorkeeper (so MR as well as JR; probably in the original) may have been kept by the Jain redactor because it seemed to him anything but complimentary to the god.¹

¹ At the time when I wrote on this point in AJP. 33.274 f. I had as yet seen only one manuscript of MR, namely Gr, which happens to have a lacuna at this point, so that I did not know MR's reading. The discovery thereof compels me to alter my views exprest l. c. to the extent indicated above. I still believe, however, that the passage in question was merely a matter of politeness to Bali, Vikrama's host, and that no real disrespect to Viṣṇu was intended. It is a common form of flattery to exalt the object of the praise by placing him above persons or deities whose greatness is recognized. In the stanzas SR 29.4 and 5 King Vikrama is praised by a bard, who says, with elaborate puns, that he is superior to Brahmā, Viṣṇu, and Īiva. Does this mean that the writer of the impeccably orthodox SR meant to attack those gods?

Finally, I append here a miscellaneous lot of details in which JR is peculiar; in almost every case I regard it as practically certain that JR has departed from the original. The references are again to the sections and notes of my Composite Outline. Those who wish really to understand the points must turn to the places quoted.

I, note 3. The prelude in the original was in the form of a dialog between Çiva and Pārvati; the god speaks of the marvelous throne, the goddess asks to hear the story thereof. In JR the dialog is kept, but the speakers are dropt! It is a hypothetical interlocutor who replaces Pārvati, and the author himself answers in place of Çiva.

II, note 1. The city is always called Avantī in JR, whereas all the other versions call it Ujjayinī.

II, notes 2 and 15. JR represents Vikrama as having been in exile thruout Bhartṛhari's reign; this alteration seems intended to prepare for the insertion of the Agnivetāla episode, in which the exile returns incognito and wins the kingdom.

IIIa, note 1. Weber and Hertel saw in the use of the word digambara (SR, BR) an attack on the Jain sect of that name. Tho it is perhaps noteworthy that JR substitutes yogin, that view seems to me untenable; see AJP. 33.275 f.

IIIb. The whole episode of the dancing-contest, as a result of which, by his wise decision, Vikrama won the throne, is offensive to strict Jainism, which like Buddhism disapproved of dancing. The very lame account which JR substitutes for it is obviously secondary.

IV, note 1. The shortening of the account of Vikrama's struggle with Çalivāhana in JR is perhaps due to the fact that it is told again (tho quite differently, to be sure) in 24. JR avoids repetitions; cf. its treatment of 31 (above, p. xl).

VII, note 7. For this variation, ape instead of bear, I can assign no reason. The story is much better, however, in its original form; the bear, being more ferocious, would be more apt to inspire the prince with fear, and his kindness would be all the more impressive.

4, note 4. JR will not have its model king made a hunter, tho by omitting this it loses the motivation for his being in the forest.

4, note 8. The reason assigned for the crime in SR and MR is more plausible and natural.

I think hardly! Note the important fact that in MR 19 the king is not said to have ~~seen~~ Viṣṇu acting as Bali's doorkeeper (this is an addition of JR); he merely praises Bali's greatness, saying that even Viṣṇu had condescended to be his doorkeeper. SR only says that Viṣṇu once came to Bali "with a request"; BR has no mention of Viṣṇu.

6, note 6. A characteristically Jainistic reflection.

7, note 8. No special reason appears for this insertion.

10, note 4. There is no reason apparent for this markt change, but the fuller and better story in which all the other three concur is doubtless the original, rather than JR's reduced narrative.

12, note 8. Is this curious change (which is quite in keeping with the general idea of karma and transmigration, especially in its Jainistic form) prompted by a subtle desire to put the brahman (note that the word is kept here in JR) in a bad light, by turning him into a *rākṣasa* ?

13, note 2. The original account, in which the king merely listens modestly to the conceited learning of the others and then sets them an example of *deeds*, seems much better than JR's modification. JR could not quote the brahmanistic purāṇas.

13, notes 7 and 10. No reason appears for JR's variant.

14, note 9. An interesting touch which makes the karma idea come out of an originally purely fatalistic story.

16, note 3. A strictly religious moral is injected into a setting which does not lend itself well to such use.

19, note 2. Cf. above under 4, note 4; but here JR cannot avoid introducing the king as engaging in a hunt, since otherwise he could not have been drawn into the enchanted cave.

19, notes 5 and 6. Cf. above, page xlv, note 1. Note that in the end of this story the brahman remains a brahman in JR.

23, note 8. No reason is clear for the omission of the dream-section.

24, note 7. This story of the birth of Čālivāhana is peculiar to JR, and I have not found its source.

25. The markt differences introduced by JR in this story have no clear motivation. It is clear, however, that JR is secondary. Thus, in order to get the Cow of Wishes into the story at the end, she is dragged in by the ears, so to speak; tho she has not been mentioned at all previously, "this cow of wishes" is presented to the king.

27, note 7. JR's account makes the gambler's action a little too "unverschämt," even for one of his character.

33, note 5. The unethical, but vigorous, original was displeasing in itself to the Jain redactor, perhaps; and anyhow, he had to eliminate Čiva and Pārvatī. Hence the change to the very pious account of the origin of the curse found in JR. There is no doubt of JR's secondariness.

Part III. Name of the work

The work is called by a great variety of names in the manuscripts. I have arbitrarily chosen *Vikramacarita* because it is the simplest and shortest that occurs. As there is no single name which can be said to have a claim to universality, or anything like it, on the basis of the manuscript usage, this seems a legitimate procedure.

It is not even possible with certainty to decide on the title originally given to any of the different versions, altho we can do so with a high degree of probability in the case of most of them. The Southern Recension was almost certainly called *Vikramārkacarita*; the Metrical Recension probably *Vikramādityacarita*, perhaps with the secondary name of *Sinhāsanadvātriṅṇikā*; the Jainistic Recension almost certainly *Sinhāsanadvātriṅṇakā*; the Brief Recension perhaps *Sinhāsanakathā*, or *Sinhāsanadvātriṅṇatkathā(h)*.—To show the basis for these statements I will now give in summary form the names found in the colophons at the end of each chapter and of the whole work in the mss. of the several recensions.

Names found in the manuscripts of the Southern Recension.—In SR none of the mss., except Q and occasionally E and My (with one or two sporadic cases among other mss.), name the work in the colophons at the end of the individual chapters, except in the case of the first story.

The standard designation seems to be *Vikramārkacarita* (or *-caritra*). It occurs (sometimes preceded by the honorific *ṣrī-*) as follows:

- in all texts at the end of 1,
- in Q at the end of nearly every story,
- in E at the end of 13 stories (the only ones where any name occurs),
- in My at the end of 2, 4, 5, 6, and 8,
- in N at the end of 9 and in the final colophon,
- in Nd at the end of 32 and in the final colophon,
- in T at the end of 32.

V also calls the work *Vikramacaritra* at the beginning, and *Vikramādityacarita* in the final colophon.

No other name occurs enough times to have any claim to recognition in this version. But other designations are sometimes added to this one. Thus at the end of 1 we find in all texts save Q and T the additional epithet *Sinhāsanopākhyāna*; and this is also added in My at

the end of Stories 2, 4, 5, 6, and 8, and is My's only name for the work at the end of 7, while at the end of 3 My calls it *Vikramārkasiṅhāsanopākhyāna*. J adds a third epithet at the end of 1, viz. *Apsarābhōjasaṁvāda*, and this occurs alone as the name of the work at the end of 3 in J.

The term *Dvātriṅcatputtalikākhyāna* occurs as one name for the work in the final colophons of Nd, V, and (°putrikā°) M (in M the only name mentioned here). V also begins the work with "*Vikramacaritre Dvātriṅcatputtalikā*," and the title-page of J reads (in Roman type) "*Dwatringshatputtalika*." N has *Puttalikopākhyāna* as a second name at the end of 9 and in its final colophon, and *Çṛiputtalikākhyāna* is one of a number in Nd's final colophon.

T ends its first story thus: *iti vikramārkacarite tatsiṅhāsanapraṭhamasopānasthasālabhañjikāprokṭopākhyānaṁ samāptam*. Practically the same long epithet occurs in T also at the end of 2 and 32. Otherwise T does not name the work at the ends of its individual stories. This practically exhausts the designations of the work found in SR.

Names found in the manuscripts of the Metrical Recension. — *Vikramādityacarita* (rarely °caritra) is mentioned as the title of the work at the end of nearly all the stories in Gr, and of about one-third of them in Dv. Most of the stories in Dv and practically all in Dn do not name the work at all in their colophons.

Siṅhāsanadvātriṅṇikā occurs in Dv and Gr at the end of *Lāpanikā* I of the frame-story, and at the end of Story 1; also in Gr at the end of 3 (along with *Vikramādityacarita*). At the end of II, Dv and Gr have *Vikramādityasiṅhāsanadvātriṅṇikā*; and in III, Dv has *Çṛivikramādityadvātriṅṇikā*. At the end of I, Dn has *Siṅhāsanadvātriṅṇatsālabhañjikā*, and at the end of 1 simply *Sālabhañjikā* (!). This is all the material afforded by MR, except the colophon of the whole work, which is: *iti vikramādityacarite* (Dv omits) *siṅhāsanadvātriṅṇikāyāṁ* (Dn °triṅṇatsālabhañjikāyāṁ) *dvātriṅṇati* (Dn °çṛi) *kathā samāptā*. (In MR the Conclusion is regarded as part of Story 32.) To this Dn adds: *iti dvātriṅṇatsālabhañjikā samāptā*. On the outside covers of the work, both front and back, Dn labels it by the name *Vikramādityacaritrā* (!) *Dvātriṅṇatsālabhañjikā*.

Names found in the manuscripts of the Brief Recension. — Here there is less unanimity than in any of the other recensions. In fact, it is impossible to determine just what BR was originally called, tho it seems clear that the title contained the word *siṅhāsana*.

Z ends all its stories with *iti (çṛi-)siṅhāsanakathā prathamā (dvittiyā,*

etc.). No final colophon was written for it by the original copyist; a later hand has written in iti *siṅhāsana*battīṣī (!) *kathā* 32mī *sampūrṇam* (!).

S calls the work consistently *siṅhāsana*dvātriṅcatputtalikāvarttā. (In five stories the word *siṅhāsana* is omitted.)

Ob's final colophon is iti *siṅhāsana*dvātriṅcatkathānakam *saṃāptam*. Otherwise it gives no name except in Story 1: iti *siṅhāsana*kathāsu *prathamā kathā*.

Oa regularly has *siṅhāsana*dvātriṅcatikathā (often abbreviated to *siṅhā°* or the like). Its final colophon is iti dvātriṅcatkathā *saṃāptā*. At the end of 1 it has iti *vikrama*ṇake (!) *siṅhāsana*dvātriṅcatkathāyām *prathamā kathā*.

C does not name the work at all except at the end of its second conclusion, which belongs to the Jainistic Recension.

L has at the end of 1, iti *siṅhāsana*kathākhyānam *prathamam*; at the end of 2, iti *siṅhāsana*dvātriṅcatkathāyām *dvitiyam ākhyānam*. At the end of 3 L reads, iti *tṛtīyam siṅhāsane kathānakam*, and similarly as a rule thruout the rest of the work. The noun *Siṅhāsana*, in other words, is treated as the name of the work; and it is often modified by one or more adjectives, such as *somakāntamaṇimaya*, or *vikramārkaparākrama*, or the like. L's final colophon (cf. Z above) is iti *siṅhāsana*battīṣī (!) *saṃāptāḥ* (!).

Names found in the manuscripts of the Jainistic Recension.— There is little or no doubt that the original title of this recension was *Siṅhāsana*dvātriṅcakā. This is the nearly or quite universal colophon of P, G, A, B, and H; P and G, however, commonly abbreviate, reading something like *siṅhā°*. Ç also has the same form in the first half-dozen colophons. In K, also, it occurs more commonly than any other name.

The form *Siṅhāsana*dvātriṅcikā is regular in Ç from the seventh story on, and in R from the eleventh on; it is found a very few times in other manuscripts.

O most commonly has the name *Siṅhāsana*dvātriṅcatkathā. This also occurs sporadically in other mss., both in the singular and in the plural. The same epithet ending in °catikathā is also found.

A few times (e. g. at the end of Story 4 in K, and of 8 in R) the word *siṅhāsana* alone is treated as the title, as in the case of L (see above).

F regularly has *Siṅhāsana*dvātriṅcatikā.

The first part of the title (*siṅhāsana*) is occasionally omitted.

In the final colophon, Ç and R make the title *Siṅhāsana*dvātriṅ-

çikā; F, Çṛisinhāsanadvātriṅcatikathā; O, Sinhāsa- (first hand °ne) dvātriṅcatikathā; C, Sinhāsanadvātriṅcatkathā; the others, Sinhāsanadvātriṅcakā as above.

The title never includes the name of the hero in any ms. of JR; nor does any word for “statue” (puttalikā or the like) ever occur, except in one stray occurrence in the inferior ms. Y.

Part IV. Date and authorship of the work

On these questions there is very little that can be said with an approach to certainty of the original Vikramacarita. Except in the case of JR and VarR, both of which we have shown to be secondary, the manuscripts give us no consistent or reliable information as to the names even of the redactors of the several recensions. And as to the date, all we can say is that the original cannot have been composed earlier than the 11th century, and that it is perhaps more probable that it does not antedate the thirteenth.

Date of the work. — There is no doubt in my mind that the King Bhoja who is a sort of second hero of the work, who discovered the throne of Vikrama, and to whom the thirty-two statues told the stories about Vikrama, is the famous Bhoja Paramāra, king of Dhārā, nephew of Muñja, hero of the Bhojaprabandha and other works, and himself reputed author of various literary and scientific treatises. (See, e. g., Vincent Smith, *Early History of India*, 3rd edition, 1914, p. 395 f.) This Bhoja’s reputation as a cultured and enlightened monarch accords well with the part played by our Bhoja in the Vikramacarita. Now Bhoja’s date is quite definitely known. He reigned in the first half of the eleventh century (according to Smith’s latest estimate, about 1018 to 1060 A.D.). Apparently, then, the early part of the eleventh century is the earliest possible date for our work. Furthermore, there is, I think, not a little to be said for the hypothesis first suggested by Weber (p. 191), that our work was composed by some contemporary panegyrist in praise of Bhoja himself. For all the versions agree in placing Bhoja very high — on a level with the unexcelled Vikrama himself, in fact. Weber asks: “was sollte einen *späteren* Dichter *dazu* veranlasst haben?” There is reason in the question; the flattery of Bhoja which the work contains is undoubtedly striking. Nevertheless it might be replied that Bhoja evidently acquired, like Vikrama himself, a great reputation among his countrymen of later centuries, and

came to be regarded as a typical *littérateur* and patron of learning. As such it is perhaps no serious *tour de force* to assume that the later author of the *Vikramacarita* chose Bhoja as the discoverer of the throne of Vikrama, making him in a way Vikrama's successor.

I was at first inclined to think there was no serious obstacle in the way of the above-mentioned theory, that the *Vikramacarita* was composed in the time of Bhoja. But I am now inclined to attach greater importance to an objection raised by Weber himself (p. 195). In the 7th story, a work is referred to by the name of the *Dānakhaṇḍa* or Gift-chapter, in JR, while SR goes further and mentions Hemādri as the author of this work. Evidently SR, and presumably JR also, referred to the *Dānakhaṇḍa* of Hemādri's *Caturvargacintāmaṇi*. This would seem to make it certain that SR and JR in their present forms were composed not earlier than the 13th century, when Hemādri lived. It is true that neither MR nor BR contain this allusion. (BR, as it happens, omits the entire passage where it occurs, so that nothing can be argued from its silence.) But the agreement of SR and JR is a very strong indication that the passage was in the original; if not, we should have to suppose that they both inserted the same reference at just the same place, altho there is no more reason *a priori* or referring to the *Dānakhaṇḍa* here than at any of the large number of other places at which extensive almsgiving is mentioned. For there is absolutely no reason to believe that SR and JR are descended from a common archetype more recent than the original *Vikramacarita* itself. Probably, then, we shall have to abandon the attractive hypothesis that the work was a panegyric of Bhoja composed at his court (to which I gave my adherence AJP. 33.252). The strong indication that the writer of the original *Vikramacarita* knew Hemādri's work makes it safer to say that it dates from a time not earlier than the 13th century.

I know of no way of determining the date more accurately. The only other literary work which we can prove to have been known to the original author is the *Vetālapañcaviṇṇatī*, whose frame-story is told in all versions in IIIa, and in all but JR (and VarR) in 31. But the date of this work is quite undetermined, and at any rate it was certainly older than the 11th century, since Somadeva (who lived then) includes a version of it in his *Kathāsaritsāgara*. Individual recensions of the *Vikramacarita* mention various other works of Sanskrit literature, such as the *Arthaśāstra* of Cāṇakya, the *Pañcatantra*, and Kāmandaki's *Nitisāra*. The Southern Recension quotes the first verse of Bhavabhūti's *Mālatīmādhava* (SR. 26.5). But, aside

from the fact that it is very doubtful whether any of these references was found in the original *Vikramacarita*, all these works are so much older than any date to which the *Vikramacarita* could possibly be assigned, that they throw no light on our problem.

Authorship of the work. — None of the mss. of BR known to me mention any author's name (the statements found at the end of S and C, see below, clearly belong to JR). Nor is any author mentioned in the actual texts of my three mss. of MR; but the outside cover of one of them, Dn, applies to the work the word *Nandiçvarayāgikṛta*. I know nothing further of this *Nandiçvarayāgi(n)*, who, according to Dn's cover, may be supposed to have been the redactor of MR. I have not discovered the occurrence of such a name in any other place.

We are just as badly off as to SR. The only text of SR which I have seen which mentions any author's name is V, whose colophon attributes the work to *Kālidāsa*. This is an obvious absurdity, an instance of the common Hindu tendency to attach great names to all sorts of works. One ms. recorded by Bühler in his *Catalog of MSS. in Gujarāt*, etc. (Bombay 1871-3), 2, p. 130, likewise names *Kālidāsa* as author; but as Bühler gives the title of this work as *Sinhāsanaadvātriṅcat*, a form of the name otherwise never found among the SR mss., the chances are that it is a ms. of another recension (presumably JR, possibly BR), and that the two occurrences are quite independent of each other. I have not been able to see the Bühler ms.

Coming next to VarR, we are somewhat better off. In the very opening sentence of the text of this recension, just after the verse of invocation, we are told that the work was composed by *Vararuci*. In addition the ms. U, according to Weber, makes the same statement in two stanzas found at its conclusion; these stanzas are a garbling of the stanzas found at the conclusion of JR, see below. As to who this *Vararuci* was, there is indeed not much to say; it seems likely that the name was used in the same way in which V and the Bühler ms. mentioned above used the famous name of *Kālidāsa*. Hindu literary tradition has much to say about a personage of this name, whose works in many departments of literature, especially grammar, are said to have helped to adorn and make famous the court of our *Vikrama* himself, while others say he was one of the literary men who lived under the patronage of *Bhoja Paramāra*. This shadowy personage, if he really existed, can at any rate scarcely have been the redactor of VarR, which must certainly be placed later than any date to which this *Vararuci* could well be assigned. It is, however, of course possible

that VarR was the work of another, and much later, writer who bore this famous name, or assumed it as a title or pseudonym. At any rate no other details are known about him.

In the case of JR, on the other hand, it appears to be possible to name with much confidence its "author," that is redactor, altho, very unfortunately, I have not yet been able to date him. There is reason to hope that his date may yet be discovered, and if it is, it should throw some light on the date of the work as a whole, at least in a negative way; for the original must have been composed before the time of JR's redactor,

Three of the best mss. of JR, namely P, G, and O, and also C (whose second conclusion is directly copied from a ms. of JR, see my description of the mss. in vol. 2 of this work, before the Critical Apparatus), contain the following two stanzas, which seem probably to belong to the original JR. They, or statements of like meaning, also occur in some other mss. of JR not accessible to me, as can be seen from Aufrecht's *Catalogus Catalogorum*, s. v. *Sinhāsanadvātriṅcat* (I, p. 717, and III, p. 148).

grīvikramādityanareṇvarasya
caritram etat kavibhir nibaddham
purā mahārāṣṭravariṣṭhabhāṣā-
mayam mahāṇṣṭyacakaram narāṇam
kṣemaṅkareṇa muninā varagadyapadya-
bandhena yuktikṛtasaṅskṛtabandhureṇa
viṣvopakāravilasadguṇakīrtanāya
cakre 'cirād amarapaṇḍitaharṣahetuḥ

(Variants: C vaṇiṣṭha (read vi°) for variṣṭha; C viduṣā tu sugadya° for muninā varagadya°; G hetu for hetuḥ.)

According to these verses, then, JR was composed in Sanskrit on the basis of a Māhārāṣṭrī original by one Kṣemaṅkara Muni. To the kindness of Professor Hertel I owe the further information about this man (derived from the Jaina Granthāvalī, Bombay Vikramasamvat 1965, p. 262, No. 176), that he was a Çvetāmbara teacher (ācārya), and that he also composed a work called *Ṣaṭpuruṣacaritra*, besides the "Sinhāsanadvātriṅcikākathā," which is listed l.c. His date is, apparently, not mentioned.

In the ms. S we have at the corresponding place only one verse, which looks as if it were a combination of the two verses of the standard JR,

with the elimination of their two definite statements, the name of the author and the allegation of the Māhārāṣṭrī original. In S the stanza reads:

ṣṛīvikramādityanareṣvarasya caritram etat kavibhir nibaddham
purā mahad gadyasupadyayuktaṁ paraṁ mahāṣcaryakaraṁ narāṇām.

According to Weber, his VarR ms. U (which I have not seen) also contains a form of these stanzas, namely, the first stanza exactly as in JR (barring one small variant, obviously a textual corruption), and the second stanza changed so as to attribute the authorship to Vararuci instead of to Kṣemaṅkara Muni. Stanza 2 (an udgīti) reads, according to Weber (I St. 15.188, note 5):

dvātriṅṣatputtalikāviracitanānakathākathanam
vararucinā punar etan nirmitam ānandadāyakaṁ viduṣām.

(The ms. reads *viracitā*° and inserts *punā* before *punar*; corr. Weber.)

I know of no reason for doubting the correctness of this well-authenticated statement of authorship in JR. As to the problem of the alleged Māhārāṣṭrī original, the matter is somewhat different. I do not, indeed, lay any weight on the omission of this statement in S. For S omits also the statement of authorship, and its stanza has in all respects the appearance of being secondary, as compared with the stanzas of the JR mss. (S is distinctly anti-Jainistic in tendency, and this is probably the reason for these changes; they eliminate a Jain teacher as author and a specifically Jainistic Prakrit as the original dialect of the work.) But it is difficult for me to conceive how this allegation can be reconciled with other facts which seem to me certain. If JR is directly derived from a Māhārāṣṭrī version, it seems that we must suppose this Māhārāṣṭrī version to have intervened between JR and the original Vikramacarita, represented by SR, BR, and MR. For, as we have seen, these three orthodox versions represent the original much more closely than JR, and cannot possibly be derived from it. Moreover it seems clear that the original of all the versions we have must have been in Sanskrit. The mere fact that a considerable number of Sanskrit stanzas can with certainty be attributed to it goes far to establish this; for altho Sanskrit stanzas are to be sure now and then inserted in works written mainly in Prakrit, it is scarcely likely that so many should have been. (The number may be conservatively stated as about 40.) But more than this, there are a number of prose passages where the wording of JR and that of some of the orthodox

versions, particularly SR (the best representative of the original), go so closely together that it is difficult to believe that a Prakrit version intervened between one of them and the common original. — But why should the statement have been made, if it is not true? We can only conjecture. In the first place, there was the best literary precedent (the Bṛhatkathā notably) for Prakrit story-texts serving as originals for Sanskrit works, and this may have seemed to the Jain writer to add a touch of distinction to his work. The Māhārāṣṭrī dialect was furthermore very widely in use among the Jains; the Jaina-Māhārāṣṭrī was their ordinary medium of literary expression. The Jainistic redactor thruout the work shows the greatest anxiety to make it appear that the book is thoroly Jainistic, and tries to conceal all traces of its brahmanistic origin (see pp. xlv ff.). Aside from the possibility that these stanzas are a later addition to the work (note that they do not form part of the real text, being added, in the mss. in which they occur at all, after the final colophon), and that the tradition they record may therefore be incorrect; is it not at least a possibility that they may be deliberately untrue, an invention due to the author's desire to make it appear that he had drawn his materials from the great stock of Jain literary tradition — at the same time perhaps somewhat influenst by the recollection of Sanskrit compositions such as the Kathāsaritsāgara and other versions of the Prakrit Bṛhatkathā? — The matter must for the time remain unclear; but the difficulties in the direction I suggest seem to me certainly less than those in the other direction.

Thru his failure to appreciate the true character of some of his mss., Weber was misled into attaching far too much importance to these stanzas found at the end of some JR mss. When on page 189 he states that these stanzas occur in mss. of four different versions, and argues from this that the statements found in them probably apply to the original work, he fails to see (1) that two of the mss. (S and C) which he counts as independent versions are nothing but texts of JR at this point (see my account of these mss. in the Text-volume, just before the Critical Apparatus), and (2) that the ms. U, the third of his "four versions," is a ms. of VarR, which is nothing but a variant of JR to begin with. The true VarR text, furthermore (judging from my own, limited, acquaintance with its mss.), does not appear to have retained these stanzas; probably they are an individual addition in the single ms. U, borrowed from a text of JR. At any rate, the most that can be claimed for them is that they belong to JR and are retained in *some* mss. which are directly dependent on JR (including possibly

the Vararuci Recension as a whole); but they are not found in any other real version of the work.

One ms., evidently of JR, which Kielhorn mentions (Report, etc., Bombay Presidency, 1880–81, p. 86), attributes the authorship to Siddhasena Divākara himself. (See JR Section VII, pp. 251 ff.) There remains also to be mentioned the fact that two mss. are notist in Aufrecht's *Catalogus* which name Rāmacandra (Sūri) as author. They are quoted respectively from Bühler, *Catalog of Private Libraries in Gujarāt*, etc. (Bombay 1871–3), 2, p. 130, and Bhandarkar, *Report*, etc., Bombay Presidency, 1887–91 (Bombay 1897), 1420. Not enough information is given about these mss. for me to identify the version to which they belong. The only ms. of those I have personally examined which has any mention of the name Rāmacandra is the Copenhagen ms. D of VarR. This to be sure declares very plainly, both at the beginning and at the end, that Vararuci wrote the work. Nevertheless it opens with *namo rāmacandrāya*, and on its last leaf (after the end of the text proper) there is a rather lengthy passage in which the name Rāmacandra occurs several times. The last page is unfortunately in such bad condition that I was unable to decipher its text, and so cannot say what statements are made about Rāmacandra here. But it may be regarded as certain that it is used here (as in the opening words of homage) simply as a name of the semi-divine hero Rāma, and that it has nothing to do with the authorship of the book. — Besides this religious or legendary application, the name Rāmacandra occurs as the name of numerous scholars and men of letters. It is unlikely that anything will ever be made out of the attribution of the authorship to such a name.

To sum up: we know nothing of the authorship of the original *Vikramacarita*, nor do we know who the redactors of the individual versions were, except in the case of JR and (perhaps) of VarR.

Part V. Who was Vikrama?

Traditional connexion of Vikrama with the Vikrama era.—At the end of JR VII of the *Vikramacarita* we are told that Vikrama, in his pious exaltation after listening to the instruction of the Jain teacher Siddhasena Divākara, freed the whole earth from debt, and (in so doing) “effected a change [literally, a turning-point] in the era of Vardhamāna;” so I render, tho doubtfully, *vardhamānasamvatsara-parāvartam akarot* (see the text and translation, page 254).

It should be noted that the non-Jainistic recensions contain no allusion whatsoever to any change in time-reckoning as introduced by Vikrama or connected with him (unless indeed a passage in SR and BR, which I take differently, be so interpreted; see Vol. 27, p. 341). Moreover, the section of the Jainistic Recension where this statement occurs is demonstrably a secondary intrusion into the *Vikramacarita*, inserted by the redactor of this recension (p. xl).

The meaning of the passage quoted above seems to be that Vikrama introduced a change in the way of time-reckoning which was in vogue in his day (among Jains), namely the era dating from the *nirvāṇa* of Vardhamāna Mahāvīra, the great prophet of Jainism, a contemporary of Gāutama Buddha — or at least that such a change in the reckoning was made, in celebration of Vikrama's great act of generosity. Other sources of Jainistic tradition corroborate this statement (see below), and almost uniformly place the date of this change in the year 470 after Mahāvīra's *nirvāṇa*.¹

The well-known Hindu era which is now called the Vikrama era begins with 58 or 57 B.C., and we know from independent sources that Mahāvīra must have lived about the end of the sixth or the beginning of the fifth century B.C., so that as far as these two statements themselves are concerned, they harmonize with each other very well, and there would seem to be no inherent reason for doubting them, or for doubting that the Vikrama era took its name from this King Vikrama of the Jain tradition, and was presumably established by him. We find, moreover, that such has been the belief of the Hindus, not only Jains but others, for many centuries. At least since A.D. 1200 we have documentary evidence for the existence of this tradition, that the Vikrama era was founded by this great king, Vikrama or Vikramāditya, whose glorious deeds and superhuman virtues are so extensively praised in both Jainistic and Brahmanistic literature.

¹ See, for some of the original sources of this tradition, Bühler, *IA*.2.302 f.; Klatt, *IA*.11.245 ff.; Bhau Daji, *JBBRAS*. 1861, p. 29 and 230, and 1867, p. 147 ff.; Jacobi, *Kalpasūtra*, Leipzig 1879, Introduction, 6 ff.; Jacobi, *Kālākācārya-kathānaka*, *ZDMG* 34. 247 ff., particularly 286 (cf. Konow, *SBer. Berl. Akad.* 1916, 812 ff., and below, p. lxxv).—Jacobi is authority for the statement that the Digambara Jains put 605 years, instead of 470, between Vikrama and Mahāvīra (evidently confusing the Vikrama with the Çaka era); but this is not universally true, cf. Hoernle, *IA*. 21. 70 f., where a Digambara source makes it 470. Jacobi's argument that the figure 470 is too large by 60 years, and that Mahāvīra should really be put 410 before Vikrama, need not concern us here; it is accepted as essentially sound by Oldenberg, *ZDMG*. 34. 748 ff.

Doubts cast on the tradition by Fergusson, Kielhorn, and others. — In the early days of Sanskrit study, all this was, quite naturally, accepted as fact. But it soon began to be noticed that there were not only many stories about Vikrama which by their own contents proclaimed themselves as legends, but also some reports about him in quasi-historical works which were confused and inconsistent with themselves and each other. Even the Hindus themselves had to resort to the expedient of declaring that there had been two or more Vikramas. So the *Rājatarāṅginī* (see Stein's Notes on II.6 and III.125 ff.) mentions at least two. And Alberuni, who lived 973–1048 according to Sachau, says that the *Çaka* era (78 A.D.) was founded by a King *Vikramāditya* (*not* the same as the king of *Mālava* who founded the *Vikrama* era), in celebration of his defeat of a prince named *Çaka* at *Korur* in the *Punjab*. (Sachau's *Alberuni*, II.6.) Moreover, from the fourth or fifth Christian century on, it seems to have become common for Hindu kings to take the title of *Vikramāditya*, which either was then or soon became an honorific epithet like *Caesar*; and the great confusion of our stories about *Vikrama*, practically all of which are admittedly late, was much increased by this fact. By the middle of the nineteenth century all these confusions had had their effect upon the general attitude of Indologists towards *Vikrama*. There arose an ever-increasing scepticism on the subject. It was pointed out that there is no epigraphic or numismatic evidence for the existence of such a king in the first century B.C. — a thing which would hardly be conclusive in itself, however; many personages of ancient India whose historicity is unquestioned could not be proved to have existed on such evidence. Other theories of the origin of the *Vikrama* era began to be proposed. Among these, one which for some time enjoyed much prominence, largely because it was accepted by Max Müller (*India, What can it teach us?* p. 286 ff.), was that of Fergusson (*JRAS.* 1870, p. 81 ff.). Fergusson believed that the era was founded by a king named or entitled *Vikramāditya* who defeated the *Huns* in 544 A.D. (the battle to which he referred really took place nearly twenty years earlier, and was put later by Fergusson for the sake of the theory), and that the beginning of the era was arbitrarily dated back 600 years from the time of its real founding to give it a flavor of antiquity. This theory is now rendered untenable by the simple fact that several records dated in the *Vikrama* era before the time assumed for its foundation have been discovered.

No important positive evidence against the tradition was advanced

until 1891, when the concluding instalment of Kielhorn's treatise, "Examination of Questions connected with the Vikrama Era," appeared. (See IA. 19 and 20 *passim*, but especially 20.124-142.) Kielhorn made a careful collection and study of all known documents, inscriptions, and manuscripts dated in the Vikrama era, and brought out some interesting and important results. Of especial concern to us are the following.

1. The earliest dates in the era are found in Eastern Rajputana, and chiefly in those parts of it which border on or are included in Mālava.

2. The earliest certain date in the era is *saṃvat* 493. Kielhorn regards as likely (tho not certain) two earlier ones, one of which, the earliest, is *saṃvat* 428. This would be A.D. 371. (I believe that no earlier date has yet been discovered, down to 1923.)

3. In all early datings known to Kielhorn the era is not referred to by the name of Vikrama, but is called instead the Mālava era, or the "time of the lords of Mālava." (This name had been noticed earlier by Fleet, IA. 15.191.) As designation of an era, the word *vikrama* first occurs *saṃvat* 898, and it is here used somewhat vaguely, in such a way that we cannot be sure that it was a proper name ("the time called *vikrama*"). Only in *saṃvat* 1050 (A.D. 993) do we find distinct mention of a prince named Vikrama in dating by this era, and words expressly attributing to this prince the founding of the era do not occur until still later, namely about 1200 A.D. These facts certainly seem at first sight to support Kielhorn's negative thesis, which is that the "Vikrama era" (or, as it might better be called according to Kielhorn's evidence, "Mālava era") was neither founded by, nor established in memory of, any Vikrama. To be sure, the number of early inscriptions in the Mālava era which are known as yet is too small to make their silence a perfectly safe guide. It might conceivably be due to an accident that they all name the era, if they name it at all, "the Mālavān era" or the like,¹ instead of "the Vikrama era." As for the constructive part of Kielhorn's argument, namely his proposition that *vikrama-kāla* meant "war-time," because the years of the era began in the autumn when kings usually began their war-expeditions, it seems to me unconvincing (but Fleet accepts it, IA. 30.4). For one thing, it is not so easy for me to bridge the gap between "valor" (the

¹ I deem it unnecessary for my present purpose to concern myself with the discussion which went on for years between various scholars, mostly in the JRAS., as to the precise meaning of *Mālava-gaṇa-sthiti*; but cf. below, p. lxiii.

commonplace meaning of the word *vikrama*) and "war" — assuming the latter word to be applied in such a cut-and-dried, formulaic way as Kielhorn's hypothesis must suppose.¹

Other theories of the origin of the *Vikrama* era. — Kielhorn did not advance any suggestion as to the origin of the *Mālava*, later the *Vikrama*, era; but his arguments seem to have convinced most scholars who have written on the subject since his time that there is absolutely no basis for the traditional view; in short, that there was no *Vikrama* living in the first century B.C.² The question as to how the *Vikrama* era did originate, if not thru such a *Vikrama*, does not really concern us; but it may be observed that no other explanation of its origin has yet been so fortunate as to meet with anything like universal acceptance.

The theory that the Kushan king *Kaniṣka* was the real founder of the era was proposed long ago by Cunningham, and was vigorously defended for many years, especially by Fleet (see, among numerous articles by him on the subject, *JRAS.* 1905, p. 232 ff., and 1913, p. 95 ff.); also by O. Franke (*Abh. Berl. Akad.* 1904, p. 99 f.), and by J. Kennedy (*JRAS.* 1912, p. 665 ff., 981 ff., and *ibid.* 1913, p. 369 ff., 664 ff.). It was once held by Lüders, but was later rejected by him (*SBer. Berl. Akad.* 1912, p. 824 ff.), as well as by Oldenberg (*NGGW. ph.-h. Kl.*, 1911, p. 427 ff.), and Thomas (*JRAS.* 1913, p. 627 ff.), and may now be regarded as definitely disproved. In a symposium on this subject in *JRAS.* 1913, p. 911 ff., the view that *Kaniṣka* founded the *Vikrama* era 58 or 57 B.C. was upheld by Fleet, Kennedy, Barnett, and Longworth Dames, and opposed by Rapson, Vincent Smith, Waddell, and

¹ Furthermore, it is by no means clear that the years of the "*Vikrama*" era originally began in the fall. Cf. Pathak, *Bhandarkar Commemoration Volume*, p. 195 ff., especially p. 207 f.

² In Hoernle and Stark's *History of India*, 4th edition, 1909, Hoernle still expresses the view that there really was a *Vikrama* who defeated the *Çakas* in 57 B.C., but that he has been confused in legend with a much later "*Vikramāditya*," namely *Yaçodharman*, to whom most of the legends are to be referred. But in the same year, in *JRAS.* 1909, p. 89 ff., Hoernle seems to agree with the general view that there was no *Vikrama* in 57 B.C. — It is not necessary to deal with such fantastic arguments for the traditional Hindu view as those advanced in *JASB.* 1908, p. 327 ff.

Nor can I agree with C. V. Vaidya (*Indian Review*, December, 1909), and Haraprasad Shastri (*Ep. Ind.* 12. 320) in finding proof for it in *Hāla's Gāthāsaptacatī* 5. 64; cf. D. R. Bhandarkar, in *Bhandarkar Commemoration Volume*, 187 ff. But Bhandarkar in turn claims too much. Having disproved the claims of his opponents to having proved *Vikrama's* historicity, he straightway asserts that he has proved *Vikrama* to be legendary. Of course, a *non-sequitur*.

Thomas. But since the publication of Sir John Marshall's archeological evidence (JRAS. 1914, p. 973 ff., and 1915, p. 191 ff.), it has been generally recognized that Kaniska cannot have been living in 58 B.C. — Thomas, in JRAS. 1914, p. 413 f., suggested that the era dates from the founding of the (oligarchical) "constitution of the Mālava tribe;" this interpretation of *Mālava-gaṇasthiti* is disputed, and the theory seems to have won few adherents.

Another theory was proposed by Marshall, JRAS 1914, 973 ff., and has been accepted by many, including Rapson in the Cambridge History of India, Vol. 1, pp. 571, 581 f. This is that the era of 58–57 B.C. was really founded by Azes I, the Çaka king of Gandhāra. That Azes ruled about 58 B.C. seems, indeed, quite well established. But the theory that he founded an era seems to hang on a slender thread, namely, on a disputed (and as it seems to me improbable) interpretation of the word *ayasa* in the Takṣaṣilā inscription published by Marshall, l.c. If this word should turn out not to refer to an era "of Azes,"¹ there would be no evidence left for the founding of an era by King Azes, nor any certain inscriptional or numismatic evidence from early times for the existence of any era dating from 58 B.C. Even if Marshall's and Rapson's interpretation of *ayasa* be right, some complacency is needed to accept the rest of the theory. No one knows the exact date of Azes, nor that of the inscription in question. To bring them into relation with the era of 58 B.C. may be tempting. But the earliest certain inscriptions dated in this era agree with the unanimous Hindu tradition in localizing the era in Mālava. This alone might make us hesitate; Takṣaṣilā is some distance from Mālava. And we should feel more comfortable about accepting the Azes theory, if other dates in this era were found in the interval between 136 (the Takṣaṣilā inscription) and 428 (the earliest date known in the "Mālava era"). The lack of any dates in this interval makes it appear that, on the hypothesis assumed by Marshall and Rapson, this era of Azes, used by Kaniska's immediate predecessor in Gandhāra, was straightway thereafter replaced by the era of Kaniska, and apparently became extinct in the Kushan empire, only to reappear, several centuries later,

¹ A summary of various other interpretations that have been suggested is given by Konow, Ep. Ind. 14 (1918), p. 286 f. It is only with diffidence that I venture to express an opinion on such a question; but the interpretation of Bhandarkar, hesitatingly adopted by Konow l.c., seems to me the most plausible, viz., that *ayasa* = Skt. *ādyaśya*, "of the first (month Āśāḍha)." To be sure, *pūrvāśya* would be the more usual expression.

in Eastern Rajputana, as the "Mālava era." This does not sound very plausible.

Accounts of Vikrama in the Jain chronicles. — In accepting Kielhorn's argument that the era was commonly called in early times the era of Mālava, not of Vikrama, we do not necessarily have to discard the Jain tradition, altho, as has been said, most scholars seem actually to have done so. It would be a perfectly rational hypothesis that the era was founded by a Vikrama (or Vikramāditya, or the like), king of Mālava, in 57 (58) B.C., and that, because used only locally in Mālava by this Vikrama's successors for a number of centuries, it was commonly called the Mālava era.¹ It seems that the *paṭṭāvalis*, or lists of Jain pontiffs (see e.g. IA. 11. 245 ff.), have the look of being in the main as reliable, certainly, as any other native literary source of Indian history (which, to be sure, may not be saying very much). Moreover, they are checked by seemingly independent calculations based on dynastic lists (Bühler, IA. 2.362 f.), which by a wholly different series of numbers (namely the years of kings and dynasties) lead to the same result — 470 years from Mahāvira to Vikrama.² These dynastic lists are certainly not wholly devoid of historic basis, for they mention, for instance, the perfectly historic Māurya dynasty, founded by the great Candragupta, and date it with approximate, if not absolute, correctness. I am not aware that there is any definite and positive reason for rejecting the Jainistic chronicles completely, and for saying categorically that there was no such king as Vikrama living in 57 B.C. Do we know enough about the history of that century to be able to deny that a local king of Mālava, bearing one of the names by which Vikrama goes, may have won for himself a somewhat extensive dominion in Central India (for we do not of course need to swallow whole the characteristic Hindu exaggerations which would make him a universal emperor)? It does not seem to me, for the reasons above stated, that Kielhorn has disproved such an assumption. And I know of no other real attempt to do so. Most writers in recent years have simply assumed the untruth of these Jainistic records.³

¹ As a matter of fact, the total number of dates in which the era is so named is extremely small. We should of course have to suppose, on this hypothesis, that the name of the founder of the era persisted all the time, at least in his native land.

² The Jain chroniclers must have been reasonably careful mathematicians, it would seem, to make their two independent lists fit so perfectly together!

³ For a defense of the historicity of Jainistic chronicles, see Bühler, *Ueber das Leben des Jaina-Mönches Hemacandra*, 4 ff.; also Tawney, *Prabandhacintāmaṇi*, Introduction, p.v ff.

Recent tendencies toward greater faith in the Jain traditions.— There are indications that the pendulum is now swinging back. Scholars are becoming less disdainful of the Indian traditions about Vikrama. Konow, in *SBer. Berl. Akad.* 1916, p. 812 ff. (and cf. *Ep. Ind.* 14 [1918], p. 293 f.), has not only protested against this disdain, but has made a serious effort to rehabilitate some of the Jain records, by showing their consistency with other known facts. He refers particularly to the Jain story called *Kālakācāryakathānaka* (Jacobi, *ZDMG.* 34. 247 ff., especially 286). This work tells how the *Çakas* conquered Gardabhilla,¹ King of Ujjayinī, but were later expelled by Gardabhilla's successor Vikramāditya, who freed the world from debt and in celebration of this generosity established a new era. (So the story puts it, agreeing with all other Jain authorities, including the *Vikramacarita*. Konow seems to assume that the real occasion for the founding of the era was the victory over the *Çakas*; and, of course, this may be true, for aught we know.) After 135 years, however, another *Çaka* king returned and overthrew the dynasty of Vikramāditya, founding another new era (the *Çaka* era of 78 A.D.). This account Konow very ingeniously brings into relationship with certain Chinese historical records of the doings of the *Çaka* and Kushan dynasties. It seems to me that he makes out at least a plausible case for the historicity of Vikrama as King of Mālava and founder of the era of 58–57 B.C. Such seems to have been the latest opinion of Vincent Smith; for in his *Oxford History of India* (1919), p. 151, he says that "it is possible that such a Rājā may have existed" at that time and place. Charpentier appears to hold a similar view (*Cambridge History of India*, 1922, Vol. 1, p. 167 f.).

Historic persons who may have been the basis of the legendary Vikrama.— There have been several attempts to pick out from among the various later kings who had the title of Vikrama or Vikramāditya that particular one who is most likely to have been the figure around whom the Vikrama legends grew up. It can hardly be said — and has not been said, generally, even by the proponents of the theories — that any one of them has succeeded in establishing a claim to anything more than plausibility. They are based, generally speaking, on vague resemblances between the character and incidents (by no means always certain) of the reign of some historic king, who had or is supposed

¹ This name (cf. *gardabha*, "ass") certainly has something to do with the legend of Vikrama's birth, told in the Appendix to my book, at the end of this volume. The name of Vikrama's father, there given as Gandharvasena, should perhaps be Gardabhasena.

to have had the title of Vikramāditya, and those of the legendary hero. The most widespread at present is the theory that Vikrama is Candragupta II of the Gupta dynasty (ruled about 375—413 A.D., according to Smith). The theory, if I mistake not, was first proposed by Bhandarkar in JBBRAS. 20, p. 398 (year 1900). It has since been accepted by Vincent Smith (Early History of India, 3rd ed., 1914, p. 290 ff.), by Fleet (JRAS. 1904, p. 166), and (as I infer) by Berriedale Keith (JRAS. 1909, p. 433).¹ There seems to be no doubt, at least, that this king actually bore the title Vikramāditya, and that his general character and the splendor of his reign fit well enough the descriptions of our Vikrama. The chief rival theory was that of Hoernle (JRAS. 1903, p. 545 ff., and 1909, p. 89 ff.). He believed that our hero represents a certain Yaçodharman, who defeated the White Huns in the first half of the 6th century A.D. and established, apparently, a considerable power. An important difficulty with this view is that it cannot be shown with certainty that Yaçodharman had the title of Vikramāditya. Tho we have several of his inscriptions, in which he boasts of his achievements, he does not take to himself the title.

Conclusion. — It seems on the whole at least possible, and perhaps probable, that there really was a king named Vikramāditya who reigned in Mālava and founded the era of 58–57 B.C. It is possible that later kings who assumed the same name, such as Candragupta II,² may have been confused with the original Vikramāditya in the popular legends that have grown up about the name. And of course it remains true that most that is told of him is pure legend.

Part VI. Composite Outline of the original Vikrama-charita

For the significance of this Composite Outline, see the paragraph beginning "Reconstruction of the original Vikramacarita," above, pages xxx f. In this Outline the stanzas are cited by the abbreviation vs or vss (verse or verses), with numbers, which numbers refer to those given in the Alphabetic List of Verses at the end of the text-volume, HOS. 27.

Please note! The numbers at the very beginning of each heading of this Composite Outline are to be understood as the original numbers of the Section or Story concerned, as they stood in the original Vikrama-charita.

¹ Also by Winternitz, *Gesch. d. ind. Lit.*, 3. 38 f.

² Konow, *l.c.* page 812 f., suggests that Candragupta II, who conquered Ujjayini, took the name of Vikramāditya precisely because of that fact and because the name was so famous in the history of the distinguished capital of Mālava.

In case a Section or Story is dislocated in any recension, or omitted from it, or added to it, the facts in detail may be seen at a glance by referring to the Table on page xii, above.

I. Frame-story: First Section. Invocation, and Announcement of Theme

Invocation.¹ Announcement of the theme.²— On Mount Kāilāsa Pārvatī askt Īva for a story for her entertainment.³ The god said: There was a great throne, and supporting it were 32 statuettes, each of which in turn told a story to King Bhoja. When the goddess ⁴ askt about the origin and history of the throne, the god ⁴ began the story as follows.

1. Not in MR. 2. Only JR, BR; and in different terms. 3. No mention of Pārvatī and Īva in JR, VarR. In JR the following prelude is not put into the mouth of any person. In SR the god begins with the story (Section II) directly at this point, without any of the following part of the prelude. In VarR the whole prelude, after the invocation, consists of one brief sentence; see the text. 4. JR: "someone may ask" — "hear then the account of it."

II. Frame-story: Second Section. King Bhartṛhari and the Fruit that Gave Immortality

City of Ujjayinī; ¹ King Bhartṛhari, his beloved wife Anaṅgasenā, his brother Vikramāditya.² A poor brahman by his devotions won the favor of Pārvatī,³ and chose as a boon agelessness ⁴ and immortality. She gave him a magic fruit, by eating which he was to obtain his wish. Before eating it he reflected ⁵ that because of his poverty he could get no pleasure or profit out of this boon, which would leave him a pauper for eternity. Considering that if he gave it to the king much good would result to mankind (vs 70),⁶ he took it to the king. But the king loved Anaṅgasenā so much that he did not wish to outlive her; so he gave her the fruit. She however gave it to a groom ⁷ with whom she was in love; he to a slave-girl,⁸ she to a cowherd,⁹ and he to a girl who carried cowdung.¹⁰ As she was carrying the fruit on the top of her basket of cowdung, the king saw her, and recognized the fruit.¹¹ The king in astonishment called the brahman, and was assured by him that it certainly was the same fruit.¹² So he questioned the queen,¹³ and discovered the truth. In sorrow and disgust he recited a number of stanzas on the faithlessness of women (vss 66, 504),¹⁴ abdicated his

kingdom in favor of his brother,¹⁵ and took up the life of a forest ascetic.¹⁶

1. JR Avantī. 2. Who was living in exile, having fallen into disgrace at the time of the king's coronation JR. Vikrama is not mentioned here in BR. 3. Even JR retains the goddess Bhuvanēṣvarī! 4. Not in MR, BR. 5. In MR he goes home and is reviled by his wife for his stupidity; it is she who first suggests to him the uselessness of his wish. 6. So, sentiment and verse, SR, BR (both have also other vss); not in MR, JR. 7. Perhaps "marshall" would better express the man's social position, which is however not made clear; māndurika SR, MR, JR; mandurādhipati BR. 8. A harlot JR. 9. A doorkeeper BR; not in JR. 10. So SR, MR; not in JR; "another woman," who gives it to another man, BR. 11. So in SR, MR; in JR, BR the last recipient of the fruit (the harlot, or the unspecified man) considers the fruit more fit for the king than for herself or himself, and takes it to him as a present. 12. Not in BR, JR. 13. In MR he finds the truth by questioning the carrier of cowdung first; in JR not specified. 14. Vs 66 in SR, JR; 504 in JR, BR; others in the individual recensions. MR has none. 15. In JR he does not install his brother. 16. In JR simply an ascetic.

N.B. — JR here inserts its Section V, telling how Vikrama returned to the city unrecognized and won the throne by conquering the Agnivetāla.

IIIa. Frame-story: Third Section, Part 1. The treacherous Ascetic and the Winning of the Vampire

Vikrama ruled his kingdom well, pleasing his subjects. Once a naked ascetic¹ came and askt the king² to become his assistant at a sacrifice.³ The king agreed. So they two went by night to a cemetery; and there the ascetic, attempting to offer up the king's life as a sacrifice, was himself offered up.⁴ At this time a vetāla (vampire or demon) was made favorably disposed to the king,⁵ promist to come at his call,⁶ and gave him the eight Magic Powers.⁷

1. Digambara SR, BR; yogin JR; siddha MR. 2. Giving him a fruit SR. 3. An incantation JR. 4. So SR. Nothing of this in MR, BR. On the other hand JR (which does not, like the other versions, contain this tale in Story 31) is much fuller. It tells briefly the story of how the vetāla, after telling the king 25 stories, warned him against the ascetic and so enabled him to save himself. 5. So SR, MR, BR; in JR the king receives the "golden man" which the ascetic hoped to get, while the deity presiding over the same appears and praises him. 6. So stated only in MR, but implied by the course of the sequel in the others also. 7. So SR, MR; not in BR, JR.

N.B. — Here JR inserts its Section VII, telling of the conversion of Vikrama by Siddhasena Divākara.

IIIb. Frame-story: Third Section, Part 2. The Gift of Indra's Throne

Indra wisht to interrupt the austerities of Viçvāmitra.¹ For this purpose he decided to send whichever nymph, Rambhā or Urvaçī, could prove herself the better dancer. As each claimed the superiority, it was arranged that they should both give exhibitions before the assembly of the gods. Even then no one could decide between them; so, on the advice of Nārada, Indra sent Mātali to summon Vikrama, as an authority, to decide the matter. Vikrama² gave the palm to Urvaçī. When Indra askt why, his explanation³ showed such insight and skill that Indra was greatly pleased, and gave him as a reward a pair of garments⁴ and his own beautiful throne. This throne Vikrama took back to his city with him; there he set it up, and ascended it in an auspicious moment, and ruled his kingdom.

JR discards this whole section, and substitutes for it a very short account, as follows: Indra observed the noble character of Vikrama, and as a token of his admiration gave him his own lovely throne. Vikrama performed the coronation-ceremony for it, and mounted it thereafter every day. 1. BR abbreviates the first part of the chapter: At this time R. and U. danst before Indra. Those present could discern no difference between them, and to decide which was superior Indra sent for Vikrama. 2. From here BR agrees with SR and MR. 3. The details of his exposition differ in the several versions, and even, in the case of BR, in the several mss. of the same version. SR puts into his mouth several verses said to be from a *nṛtyaśāstra*. 4. So MR, BR (the garments are described in both as *agnidhāuta*); in SR "garments and other gifts."

N.B. — JR here inserts its Section IX, describing the cultivated and artistic life at the court of Vikrama.

IV. Frame-story: Fourth Section. Death of Vikrama and Hiding of the Throne

After¹ a time Çālivāhana was born in Pratiṣṭhāna² of a little girl, by the serpent-prince Çeṣa. Evil omens were seen at Ujjayinī, and soothsayers³ foretold the king's destruction. The king thought this could not be, since Çiva had granted him the boon that he should not meet death except at the hands of a son of a two-and-a-half-year-old⁴ girl. The soothsayers⁵ however assured him that such a one must have been born. So the king sent forth his familiar, the vetāla, to find the boy. Coming to Pratiṣṭhāna the vetāla found a little boy and girl playing together in the house of a potter, and was told by the girl that the boy was her son. This was confirmed by the father of

the girl, a brahman. The vetāla returned and told Vikrama. The king set out for Pratiṣṭhāna,⁵ attackt Čalivāhana,⁶ was struck down by a blow from his staff, and fled to Ujjayinī, where he died.⁷ The throne was thus left vacant.⁸ But the chief queen⁹ opened her womb and gave to the ministers a seven-months child which she was bearing, and this child was made king under the guardianship of the ministers.¹⁰ But as there was no one considered fit to sit on the throne of Indra, the ministers buried it in a pure field at the command of an ethereal voice.

1. The first part of this section, down to note 5, is wholly omitted in BR and JR, which do not explain why V. marcht against Č. 2. In BR Pīthasthāna [as also in Story 24, q. v.]; some mss. of the other versions call it Pratiṣṭhā. The name Čalivāhana appears in various forms in the mss. of JR; see the Critical Apparatus. 3. So SR; the minister Bhaṭṭi MR. 4. So SR; a year and a day old MR. 5. In MR Bhaṭṭi advises against the expedition, and V. at first yields to his advice, but later goes forth. 6. In MR the serpent-king Ananta fashions for Č. a magic army (cf. Story 24) which routs V.'s army. No battle of armies is mentioned or implied in SR. 7. So SR, MR; BR and JR simply say that V. was killed in the battle. 8. In JR the rājyalakṣmī, "Majesty of the Kingdom," in the form of a cow cries out "who will protect me?" In SR Bhaṭṭi advises an investigation to see if any of the queens are pregnant. 9. "One of his wives" SR. 10. None of this sentence in BR. In JR the infant son is named Vikramasena.

V. Frame-story: Fifth Section. Finding of the Throne by Bhoja

Many years past, and Bhoja was king¹ in Dhārā, the successor of the old Ujjayinī as capital city. In his reign the field where the throne was buried came into the possession of a brahman, who built a platform on the mound in the center to keep watch over the crop of the field, which was unusually rich. Once King Bhoja and his court past by the field on an outing,² and the brahman, standing on the platform, courteously called to the followers³ to come in and eat of the grain. When they did so, it happened that the brahman just then came down from the platform to drive off some birds. Straightway he began to protest against the intrusion of the courtiers, reviling them as destroyers of a brahman's property. As they hastily left the field, he went up again on the platform, and invited them to come back; but then coming down again, he drove them off as before. This strange behavior was reported to the king,⁴ who suspected that there was something unusual about the place, and mounted the platform himself, whereupon he was straightway filled with the most generous desires

and instincts. Reflecting on the wonderful power of the place (vs 238),⁵ he purchast the field of the brahman (who bargained about it in true oriental style),⁶ and caused the mound to be dug up, whereupon the beautiful throne was revealed. But it proved impossible to move it from the spot, until on the advice of a minister offerings were made to the genii of the place; then it moved easily. The king and the minister conversed on the advantages to a king of a wise minister (vs 342),⁷ and the minister discoursed at length on the duties of both a king and a minister; his point was illustrated (in SR, MR) by the story of the Jealous King and the Ungrateful Prince (Sections VI and VII).

1. This is the point with which JR begins its narration (after the introduction, I). The first part of this section is merely summarized in JR; a miserly brahman became generous whenever he mounted on this platform; he noticed this fact (himself!) and reported it (!) to the king, who had come from the city on an outing; the king mounted the platform, etc. — For VarR, see below. 2. A hunt BR, and perhaps SR (the word used in it, *vāihālī*, is not certain). 3. To the king and his followers SR. 4. The king was himself present SR. 5. This vs in all recensions, including VarR. 6. The bargaining is not mentioned in BR, JR; and even the purchase is omitted in BR. 7. The whole conversation between the king and the minister is omitted in JR (and VarR); in VarR the advice, even, is not given by a minister but by a divine voice. SR and MR follow each other very closely at this point; but SR does not contain vs 342, altho it is found in both MR and BR.

With the end of this section BR and JR pass at once to Section VIII (JR III), omitting Sections VI and VII (which JR, however, inserts in its Story 1).

N.B. — VarR has a wholly different account of the events leading up to the finding of the throne, which is worth noting, both because this is the only serious divergence between VarR and JR in the whole work, and because VarR's account shows striking resemblances to certain non-Sanskrit versions of the story. I summarize it as follows.

Near Dhārā lived a husbandman named Yajñadatta, who built a platform in his field to prevent depredation by wild beasts. (The word used for platform is here *maṇica*, which is the word used in SR and MR, while BR and JR use *mālaka*!) When he went up there to protect his crop he always began acting like a king, so that his neighbors were amazed and said: "What nonsense he talks!" The king heard of it, and (suspecting possible treason) came and caused a certain well-trusted minister to mount the platform in his own presence; and the minister talked in the same way. The king was amazed, and inferred that there must be some marvelous quality about the field. So in order to get out the superior object which he thought must be buried there, he caused to be dug, etc. (from this point with JR, except for the difference mentioned in note 7, above).

VI (not in BR). Frame-story: Sixth Section. The jealous King and the ungrateful Prince, Part 1

In the city of Viçālā lived a king named Nanda, who had a son Vijayapāla,¹ a minister Bahuçruta, and a queen Bhānumatī. He was so fond of his queen that he could not leave her for a minute, and even brought her into the public assembly with him.² His minister remarkt on the unseemliness of this action, prompted by too great love,³ and felt it his duty to remonstrate with the king. The king admitted the force of his objections, but pleaded that he could not bear to have Bhānumatī out of his sight. The minister then suggested that the king should have a painter paint her portrait and place it on the wall in the assembly, where he could look at it. The king thought this good advice, and had the queen sit for a painter, who painted her with all the characteristic marks of a padminī⁴ or perfect woman. The king liked the portrait, and showed it to his guru, Çāradānandana,⁵ for his inspection. Ç. criticized the artist for not portraying a mole like a sesame-seed on the left hip of the queen. When the king heard this, after he had examined and found that she had such a mole,⁶ he was filled with jealous anger, thinking that Ç. must have had improper relations with her. He told all to the minister, who thought it best to seem to conform to the king's state of mind, and did not oppose him.⁷ The king ordered him to kill Ç.; so Bahuçruta took him and bound him publicly and led him away.⁸ But reflecting that whether the king was right or wrong in his suspicion it would be a sin to murder a brahman,⁹ the minister concealed Ç. in the cellar of his own house,¹⁰ and reported to the king that his commands were fulfilled.¹¹

1. Jayapala SR. 2. He set her on his lap there SR. 3. JR omits this reflection. 4. In MR he does not show her to the painter, but only tells him that she is a padminī. JR does not mention the word padminī. 5. Or °nanda; the mss. of all versions vary. In MR the king sends the painter to show it to Ç.; in SR Ç. happened to be present and saw it. 6. The examination is not mentioned in JR. 7. In MR he advises caution but is overruled. In JR he reflects that the greatness of the great is their own destruction, as in Ç.'s case. 8. In SR Ç. reflects on the unreliability of kings, but consoles himself by thinking that good deeds are a protection in danger. 9. "A distinguisht man" JR; but at the end of Section VII "brahman-murder" is the phrase used even in JR. 10. In a cave MR. In JR he quotes a vs on hasty action. 11. Not in JR.

VII (not in BR). Frame-story: Seventh Section. The jealous King and the ungrateful Prince, Part 2

Once as the king's son Vijayapāla was going forth to hunt, evil omens occurred. His friends ¹ tried to restrain him, but he scorned the evil omens. His advisers¹ deprecated this (vs 352),² but in vain; the prince insisted on going out. (His loss of sense indicated his approaching destruction; vs 639.)³ The prince went into the forest, pursued a boar,⁴ got into the jungle, and became separated from his followers,⁵ who returned to the city. He lost sight of the boar,⁴ and came to a beautiful lake. Dismounting and tying his horse⁶ to a tree he drank of the water and lay down under the tree to rest. A tiger came up; the horse⁶ broke away and ran to the city, while the prince climbed the tree; but seeing a bear⁷ above he became still more frightened. The bear reassured him, and the prince, acknowledging himself as his suppliant,⁸ expressed gratitude. The tiger remained at the foot of the tree. At night the prince became sleepy, and on the bear's invitation went to sleep in his bosom. The tiger urged the bear to throw him down to be eaten, since he was a hunter and a natural enemy of beasts, and would return only evil for good. The bear refused on the ground that he was his suppliant. Afterwards the prince awoke, and the bear slept while the prince watched. The tiger urged him to throw the bear down, as being a beast and so unreliable (vss 343,195).⁹ He declared that the bear was intending to eat him himself,¹⁰ and promised to let the prince go in peace if he would throw the bear down. The prince did so, but the bear caught on an intermediate branch. The prince was greatly frightened. The bear told him that his evil deeds must bring their own fruition, and cursed him with insanity; he was to go about constantly saying *sa, se, mi, rā*.¹¹ At dawn the tiger and the bear went away, while the prince wandered about insane. His horse meanwhile returned to the city, and the people ¹² reported it to the king, who recollected the evil omen of the day before,¹³ and suspecting the worst went with his retinue to the forest. There he found his son, mad and saying nothing but *sa, se, mi, rā*,¹¹ and brought him to the city. In spite of the greatest efforts with amulets, charms, medicines, etc., the prince could not be cured. The king reflected that Āradānandana, whom he had killed without cause, could have easily cured him. The minister replied that fate had decided that matter once for all; but he advised ¹⁴ the

king to have proclamation made, offering half his kingdom to whosoever should cure the prince. This was done. The minister reported it to Çaradānandana, who was still hidden in his cellar; Ç. told him to tell the king that he had at home a certain seven-year-old girl,¹⁵ who would be able to cure the prince. Hearing this the king came to the minister's house¹⁶ with his court and with the mad prince; and Ç., hidden behind a curtain, spoke successively the four vss 638, 680, 466, and 541, each of which in the Sanskrit begins with one of the four syllables sa, se, mi, rā.¹¹ After each verse the prince dropt one of the four syllables he had kept repeating, and after the fourth verse he became perfectly normal. The prince then told the story of the bear and the tiger. The king with vs 220 askt the supposed girl how she knew about all this, and with vs 308 Ç. replied that he knew it by the power of Sarasvatī, that is Divine Wisdom personified, even as he knew of Bhānumatī's mole. In amazement the king drew the curtain and saw Ç., and bowed before him. The minister then told of what he had done; the king complimented and rewarded him, and remarkt on the value of having such men about a king.¹⁷

1. So MR; the minister's son Buddhisāgara SR. In JR nothing is said about the attempt to restrain him; he disregarded the omens and went. 2. In both SR and MR. 3. This reflection, with the vs, occurs in SR and one ms. of MR, but was probably not in the true text of MR. See the passage and the Critical Apparatus. 4. Antelope SR. 5. No followers mentioned in JR. 6. Horse not mentioned here in JR; but below it is mentioned in all. 7. Ape, in which the deity of the tree was incarnate JR (which greatly abbreviates the following colloquy). 8. This acknowledgment only in SR. 9. These vss not in MR. 10. Not in JR. 11. JR vi for sa, since vs 638 begins with vi in JR. 12. Not mentioned in JR. 13. This clause not in JR. 14. The suggestion is made by the king in SR. 15. Age not mentioned in SR; a seven-year-old daughter of Ç., MR. 16. To the cave where Ç. was, MR. 17. The king's closing speech is very brief in JR; simply one sentence of thanks to Bahugrta.

VIII. Frame-story: Eighth Section. Bhoja's first Attempt to Mount the Throne

Pleased by the minister's tale and its moral,¹ King Bhoja went to Dhārā, taking the throne with him. He erected a beautiful hall of a thousand columns, and set up the throne in it. He caused to be brought together all the paraphernalia² for the royal coronation; yellow orpiment,³ mustard,⁴ turmeric,⁵ sandalwood,⁶ and dūrva-plants,⁷ and water from sacred watering-places;⁸ various kinds of fruits,⁹ and other auspicious objects. He had the earth with its seven

continents depicted on a tiger's skin,¹⁰ and set up beside it a sword,¹⁰ a white parasol, and chowries, as emblems of royalty. Brahmans¹¹ skilled in the Vedas and bards knowing genealogies sang his praises; his virtuous wives, blest with children, waved lamps (in the nīrājana-rite) before him; instruments of music were sounded.¹² Clad in his royal splendor, at the moment prescribed by the soothsayers¹³ he advanst to mount the throne, and put his foot on the head of one of the statues; but the statue spoke to him with a human voice and declared that only one having rare magnanimity was worthy to mount the throne.¹⁴ He replied with vs 142,¹⁵ saying that when pleased he was wont to give away a lac and a quarter.¹⁶ The statue replied censuring his self-praise (vss 145, 98),¹⁷ whereupon Bhoja was astonished and ashamed,¹⁸ and askt to hear of the magnanimity of him whose throne this was.

1. By his words BR; not in JR. 2. Not in SR. The order in which the following details are mentioned varies in the different versions. 3. Not in SR. 4. So MR, JR; "divine herbs" SR. 5. MR, JR. 6. Not SR. 7. Not SR. 8. SR, JR. 9. BR, JR. 10. Not SR. 11. Not JR, which however mentions ministers, grand viziers, generals, and vassals besides bards. 12. MR, BR. 13. MR, BR; "in an auspicious moment" JR. 14. "magnanimity worthy of this throne" JR; "magnanimity like that of Vikramārka" BR; "such magnanimity" or "magnanimity such as *he* had" (no name mentioned) SR, MR. 15. This vs in BR, JR, and a close equivalent in MR; SR simply "I grant to all suppliants what is suitable to each occasion." 16. So, clearly, MR; for SR see the preceding note; for BR and JR see my note to the passage in the Critical Apparatus, at end of vol. 27. BR and JR perhaps mean "a whole lac" or "more than a lac" instead of "a lac and a quarter." 17. Vs 145 BR, JR; vs 98 SR, MR; other vss to like effect in SR, MR, JR. 18. So SR, JR.

1. Story of the First Statuette. Vikrama's Rule for Giving in Alms

King Vikrama's permanent rule of action was to give 1000 pieces of money upon the mere sight of a beggar, 10,000 to one to whom he spoke, 100,000 if he (the king) smiled, and a crore (a fabulously large sum; accurately, 10,000,000) if his favor was won.

This is exprest by vs 372 in SR and MR, by vs 103 in BR and JR. In SR, MR, and BR this constitutes the whole of the first "story"; it is preceded and followed only by introductory and closing sentences. In JR this vs is the closing vs of the story, which in its opening part undertakes to tell the origin of the custom, namely the episode of the modest beggar who is alleged to have told to the king the story of the Jealous King and the Ungrateful Prince. See the text, and p. xlii f.

2. Story of the Second Statuette. The Brahman's unsuccessful Sacrifice

Vikrama once sent forth agents to observe the noteworthy things of the earth and report to him.¹ One of them returned and told the king of a shrine on Mount Citrakūṭa, where flowed a stream of holy water; the water possest the power of showing whether one who bathed in it was holy or wicked. If holy, the water on his body was clear; if wicked, it appeared black.² Near by was a brahman³ who had for a long time been making sacrifice in a vow of silence; no one knew how long, or why. The ashes of his burnt-offerings were piled up mountain-high.⁴ The king went with his informant to the place, proved his righteousness by bathing in the water, visited the brahman,⁵ and askt him how long he had been sacrificing. "100 years."⁶ The king offered a sacrifice himself in the brahman's⁷ behalf, but in vain. The king then started to offer his own head for the brahman; thereupon the goddess became appeased and offered him a wish. In response to his query why she had not granted the brahman his wish, the goddess explained that it was because the brahman had not the right spirit in his sacrifice (vss 8, 336, 447).⁸ The king then askt as his boon that the brahman⁹ receive his desires, to which the goddess agreed.⁹

1. No mention of this in BR; the story is told the king by a chance traveler from foreign parts. 2. This is not specifically stated, but clearly understood, in BR. SR is a little different; by bathing here a man became free from all guilt, but a wicked man made the water black. 3. JR here vidyāsādhaka, magician; but below vipra! Cf. note 7. The argumentum of JR also calls him a brahman (mukhaja). 4. This is not found in JR. 5. JR here inserts vs 61 and omits the following sentence. 6. SR and JR have all three vss (but JR puts vs 336 into the mouth of the king); MR and BR have vss 8 and 336 but lack 447. 7. Here vipra in JR; cf. note 3. 8. SR adds a passage in which the goddess praises the king's generosity.

3. Story of the Third Statuette. The Sea-God's Gift of Four Magic Jewels

Vikrama¹ was both generous and resolute (vss 121, 179² in praise of resolution, with allusion in the latter to the story of the Weaver as Viṣṇu³). Once he reflected that wealth and fortune were uncertain (vs 175)⁴ and that the best use of money was to spend it on pious objects. He accordingly instituted a great festival of sacrifice and alms, inviting all gods and men; and he sent a brahman to summon

the sea-god. The brahman paid his respects to the sea, and invited him, but received no response at first, and turned back disappointed; * as he was returning, the sea-god met him in human form and assured him of his friendly feeling for Vikrama (distance is no bar to friendship, vss 305, 212 *). And he sent to the king by the hand of the brahman four jewels, which furnisht respectively gold, an army, food, and ornaments. When the brahman returned, the sacrifice was over, and all the fees dispenst; ⁷ so, as a fee, the king offered the brahman his choice of the four jewels. He askt to consult his family; but it turned out that his son wanted the army, his wife food, his daughter-in-law ornaments, while he himself preferred gold.⁸ Saddened by the quarrel which arose, the brahman brought back the jewels to the king and told him of their inability to agree on a choice; whereupon the king gave him all the jewels.⁹

1. BR has nothing of the first sentence. 2. Both vss in SR, JR, MR. 3. MR interpolates the whole story of the Weaver as Viṣṇu in a condensd form. 4. Not in SR. 5. In JR the sea-god at once appears before him and gives him the message and the jewels; in BR apparently likewise (at least no delay is mentioned). 6. Both vss only in SR and MR, but JR has vs 337 of like meaning. BR omits even the sentiment. 7. Not mentioned in BR. 8. The quarrel and the arguments used by each are given with some detail in SR and MR; BR on the other hand is very brief, and does not even specify which person chose which jewel. 9. SR closes with vs 228, address by the narrating statue to Bhoja, apropos of the natural tendency to generosity shown by Vikrama.

4. Story of the Fourth Statuette. Vikrama's Gratitude Tested by Devadatta

In Vikrama's city ¹ *was a very learned brahman, who was childless. His wife urged him to do something to procure a son.² He replied that a man might obtain wealth by effort, and knowledge by obedience to a teacher, but that glory and offspring may be obtained only by the favor of Īiva (vs 370 SR, MR; vs 382 MR, JR). She urged him then to undertake to propitiate Īiva, and he consented. Īiva appeared to him in a dream and promist him a son if he would perform a certain rite.³ So he received a son, and named him Devadatta. After all the prescribed ceremonies had been performed for him, in the course of time the boy became himself a householder. Then his father, seeing him skilled in all the arts, gave him sage counsel⁴ and went away on a pilgrimage.* Devadatta was gathering firewood in the forest one day when the king, hunting a boar,⁴ lost his way there, and

met Devadatta, who guided him to the city. The king rewarded him duly,⁵ but some time afterwards was heard to remark that he could never feel free from this service.⁶ To try him D. stole the king's son and hid him in his own house. He sent his own servant⁷ with one of the prince's ornaments to the market to sell it, and the king's men, who in great distress were searching everywhere for the prince, found the man with the ornament and arrested him. Upon his statement D. was also arrested and brought to the king, who questioned him. D. said that out of covetousness⁸ he had killed the prince to obtain his valuable ornaments.⁹ The councillors cried out in horror and advised various punishments;¹⁰ but the king, saying that D.'s service to him was not even yet repaid,¹¹ set him free.¹² D. then brought the prince back and explained the purpose of his trick. The king remarkt that no good man could forget a service done.¹³

1. First part of the story (between the two stars) wanting in BR, which does not name the brahman. 2. Instead of this and the following sentences JR says: his wife askt him to try to obtain a son by a ceremony, to which he replied that only *virtus* would accomplish this; nevertheless to please her he tried to propitiate his *family deity*, and actually succeeded in getting a son. 3. In SR his dream is interpreted for him by learned men. 4. Hunting not mentioned in JR. 5. With an office SR (also in other ways) and MR; with riches BR; with honors JR. 6. "Some one" here expresses admiration for the king's virtue SR. 7. He himself sells the ornament BR; so the argumentum to JR. 8. So SR and MR; having conceived hate for the prince JR; no reason stated BR. 9. In SR some of those present express amazement that so learned a man could commit such a crime, while others explain it by the theory of karma. 10. The king himself first orders him punisht, but then retracts the order BR. 11. He also consoles D., saying it was all the fault of karma and so unavoidable SR. 12. JR here has an insertion like SR at note 6. 13. This last remark only in SR and BR. SR closes with praise of the king by D. 14. So SR and MR, closely parallel and at great length; not in JR.

5. Story of the Fifth Statuette. The Jewel-Carrier's Dilemma

A jeweller came and sold (ordinary) jewels to the king,¹ and afterwards showed him a jewel of very rare beauty. The king bought this also, for a crore,² and askt if he had any others like it. The merchant said he had ten at home. The king therefore sent a servant with him, bidding him bring the jewels back within eight³ days. He went⁴ and got the jewels, and as he was returning, near the city he came upon a swollen torrent, which he could not cross. Asking a boatman to take him over, he met with a refusal, on the ground that such a swollen river was dangerous (vss 456, 229).⁵ The messenger said this was an

exceptional case, which should prevail in spite of the general rule (vs 661).⁶ Being questioned he explained that the case was exceptional because the king's business was concerned. The boatman then offered to take him over for five of the ten jewels; and the messenger consented, so as to fulfil the king's command. He brought the remaining five jewels to the king at the appointed time, and explained the loss of the other five, quoting vss 89, 90⁷ to show the sanctity of a king's commands. The king was pleased and gave him the other five jewels as a reward.

1. SR does not mention these ordinary jewels. 2. So JR; SR and MR say for a large sum, but MR mentions ten crores as the price of the ten similar jewels, and SR puts their price at six crores apiece. BR similarly mentions a crore and a quarter apiece as the price of the ten jewels. In SR the king appeals to "judges of jewels" to fix the price of this rare jewel; and similarly in MR to fix the price of the ten others which he sends after. This seems to be hinted at in JR also. 3. Four BR, JR. 4. All that follows of the messenger's adventures MR puts into the messenger's own mouth; he tells it to the king on his return. 5. Vs 456 only in SR, JR; 229 only in SR, MR. 6. BR omits this whole sentence, and the vs is not found in MR either. 7. Vs 89 in all; 90 only in MR, JR, while BR has the similar vs 88.

6. Story of the Sixth Statuette. Vikrama Gratifies a lying Ascetic

Once in the spring Vikrama went into a pleasure-grove (elaborately described) to enjoy amorous delights with his women (also described with much detail).¹ Near here was a shrine of Caṇḍī,² where a certain ascetic dwelt in celibacy. His passions were aroused by the sight of the king's harem, and he reflected that asceticism was foolish, and that he might better apply to the king and obtain worldly delights.³ He did so, saying that after 50⁴ years of penance the goddess had become propitiated,⁵ and had sent him to King Vikrama to obtain fulfilment of his desires, alleging that she had given the king instructions as to what to give him. The king knew this story to be false,⁶ but because the man was a suppliant he granted his desires, built a city for him, and gave him untold riches and many beautiful women.⁷

1. BR has nothing of this. 2. JR does not mention this; simply an ascetic in the forest. 3. This sentence not in BR. 4. So SR, BR; 100 years MR; 100 period named JR. 5. In SR the goddess is represented to have commanded him directly to become a family man ("householder"). 6. In JR he reflects on the difficulty of completely conquering the passions, and the danger which the sight of women brings to a celibate. 7. Curiously, MR does not include women in the gift.

7. Story of the Seventh Statuette. Two headless Bodies brought to Life by Vikrama

While Vikrama¹ was king all people were virtuous and pure (their virtues are enumerated in closely parallel details by SR, MR, JR). In his city there dwelt a very rich merchant named Dhanada, who in time became aware that worldly goods are of no permanent value, and should be used only to perform deeds of righteousness. So he gave away enormous sums in largess, following the orthodox prescriptions² for making gifts. To fully consecrate his acts he undertook a pilgrimage to Dvāravatī to visit Kṛṣṇa.³ Embarking with many worthy persons on a ship he came first to an island in the sea, where was a shrine of the Great Goddess.⁴ Near her statue he saw the headless bodies of a man and a woman, with an inscription stating that they would come back to life again if anyone offered his own head to the goddess.⁴ Going on¹ to Dvāravatī he worshipped Kṛṣṇa³ and received his favor, and returning¹ told the king about what he had seen on the island. The king went thither with him, and beholding the marvel offered to cut off his own head.⁵ The goddess⁴ stopt him however, and granted him a boon; the king asked that life⁶ and a kingdom⁷ be given to the pair, to which the goddess⁴ agreed.⁸

1. BR has nothing of Dhanada or his adventures, nor of the first part of the story. The story of the island and the corpses is told to the king by an unnamed wanderer. 2. "Book of gifts" JR; "Hemādri's book on gifts" SR. See p. liii, above. 3. JR has nothing about Dvāravatī or Kṛṣṇa; it is simply a "pilgrimage." 4. Caṇḍī BR; Bhuvaneśvarī SR; devatā JR; Īṣa! MR. 5. In JR he reflects on the necessity of helping others if it be in one's power. 6. In SR and MR the couple become alive as soon as the king puts his sword to his throat, and without his express wish. 7. Not in BR. 8. In JR the goddess replies that the figures were placed there only to make trial of great men, implying that they were a mere semblance, not a reality.

8. Story of the Eighth Statuette. Vikrama causes a Water-tank to be Filled

King Vikrama sent out his spies¹ over the earth (vs 211²); some³ of them came back and told him of a water-tank dug by a certain very rich merchant in the land of Kashmir. A shrine of Viṣṇu Resting-on-the-water⁴ was set up there, but in no way could water be made to stay in the tank. A voice in the air declared that water would stay there if only a man with the 32 superior marks should offer his life's blood. The merchant set up an image containing ten bhāras of gold,⁵ and

offered it to any such man who would offer his blood. Hearing of this the king went thither, and reflecting⁶ that life is transitory at best and can be most profitably spent in serving others, determined to offer his blood. The deity however checked him and granted his desire that the pond be filled with water; and the king left the spot without being seen by any one,⁷ and without taking the golden image.⁸

1. Not so BR, where the king himself in his wanderings comes to the place, which is not located definitely. 2. Only SR and JR. After this vs SR inserts a dissertation on duties of king to subjects. 3. Two MR; one JR; "his spies" SR. 4. No shrine or god named in BR, JR. 5. So BR, JR. In MR it is seven images, fashioned of seven crores of gold. In SR more elaborately; he erects a dining pavilion and invites all people to come and eat, and offers to all who come a present of 100 bhāras of gold, on condition that they offer themselves. In JR also a house of refuge or hospice is erected, where people are entertained, and the image is put in it. 6. These reflections not found in JR, BR. 7. This is alluded to only in JR and MR, in both of which the king specially requests the deity not to tell of his coming. 8. Stated only in JR, but implied in all.

9. Story of the Ninth Statuette. The fair Courtezan who was Visited by a Demon

King Vikrama¹ had as his minister Bhaṭṭi,² as his sub-vizier Govinda,³ as his general Candraçekhara,⁴ as his house-priest Trivikrama.⁵ This Trivikrama had a son Kamalākara, who was a wayward youth, over-indulged and lazy, and spent his time in amusements rather than in study.⁶ His father once remonstrated with him, saying that tho he had obtained birth as a man and a brahman,⁷ he was wasting his opportunities and making himself no better than a beast by not pursuing knowledge (vs 524);⁸ praise of knowledge.⁹ Kamalākara was shamed by these words, and vowed¹⁰ not to see his father's face again until he had acquired perfect knowledge. He went to the land of Kashmir and sat at the feet of the teacher Candramāuli;¹¹ for thus may knowledge be acquired (vs 215).¹² From him he won at last the charm of perfect knowledge (siddhasārasvatamantra).¹³ Returning he came to the city of Kāñci,¹⁴ where he saw a courtezan¹⁵ Naramohinī; she was so beautiful that all men were mad with love for her, but whoever visited her by night was killed by a rākṣasa.¹⁶ K. returned¹⁷ and told this to the king, who went to the city and was amazed by the beauty of N. Going to her house he was hospitably entertained and waited for the night, hiding in ambush for the rākṣasa. The demon came at midnight,¹⁸ and seeing N. sleeping alone was

about to depart,¹⁹ when Vikrama stopt him and killed him. In deep gratitude N. offered to do whatever the king might ask; and he gave her to Kamalākara and returned to his city.

1. First part of the story not in BR; a servant of the king (unnamed) is sent to Benares to worship Īiva (!), and on his return sees Naramohini. 2. Not in JR. 3. SR; not in MR, JR. 4. Govindacandra MR (evidently an accidental combination of the preceding name of SR with this); not in JR. 5. Tripuṣkara JR. 6. Much briefer in JR, which merely says that he was a dunce. 7. No mention of brahmanhood in JR. 8. SR, JR; in MR an equivalent, vs 591. 9. In a number of different vss. 10. Not in JR. 11. Candracūḍa MR. 12. Not in MR. 13. This word used in SR, JR; not in MR. 14. Kānti JR (but VarR Kānti!); not named BR. The king of the city is named Anaṅgasena SR, Jayasena MR. 15. King's daughter BR; "woman" SR, MR. 16. Unknown how or by what means the lovers perisht, BR. 17. He is kindly received by his family and gives an exhibition of his skill in science before the king SR, MR. In JR, BR we are told that K. (or the "servant") fell in love with N. when he first saw her; this is implied in the others too. 18. In the second watch SR; time not specified JR. 19. Not in JR.

10. Story of the Tenth Statuette. Vikrama obtains a magic Charm from an Ascetic

Once there came to Ujjayini¹ a very learned and far-famed ascetic. The king sent men to test him² and summon him into his presence; but the ascetic refused to come, having no interest in kings or any worldly matters (vs 439).³ So the king went himself to see him, and enjoyed his conversation on learned topics for a long time. Once he askt him his age;⁴ but the ascetic refused to answer the question, age being to him a matter of no moment, and it being possible thru ascetic practice to prolong life indefinitely. The king askt how this might be done, and the ascetic told him. The king accordingly spent a year in continence and asceticism in the forest, reciting a charm taught him by the ascetic, and at the end of that time performed a sacrifice; from the sacrificial fireplace came forth a man, who gave the king a fruit giving freedom from old age, disease, and death,⁵ as promist by the ascetic. On the way to the city the king met an aged brahman afflicted by a plague,⁶ and gave him the fruit.

1. BR as usual practically omits the first part; the king once met a mahāpuruṣa, and askt him how immortality could be obtained, to which the saint replied giving him the charm, etc. 2. In JR he bids them find out whether he really is learned, and summon him in case he proves to be so; in MR he makes the summons itself a test (if he had come he would have showed himself a hypocrite); in SR (in which the house priest is the messenger) no mention is made of the test. 3. The vs only in SR,

JR. 4. This and the following, including the manner of getting the fruit, are changed in JR; the king quotes several vss on the blessings of asceticism, whereupon the ascetic is pleased and gives him the fruit outright, telling him its power. Text with SR, MR; so also BR, barring the question as to the ascetic's age. 5. Only immortality BR; only freedom from disease JR. 6. An aged brahman BR; a sick and plague-afflicted man JR; a brahman whose body was so wasted with leprosy that he could not perform his sacred duties SR (in some detail, with vss); an aged and deformed and diseased brahman MR.

11. Story of the Eleventh Statuette. Vicarious Sacrifice for a Man who was Dedicated to an Ogre

While Vikrama was wandering about the earth¹ he stopt once by night under a tree where dwelt a venerable bird² named Long-lived (Cirañjivin). At night his bird-friends gathered together,³ and he askt them⁴ about their doings during the day. One of them was in great grief this night; being askt to declare the cause, he at first refused, on the ground that it would do no good.⁵ But being urged on the ground that sorrow is relieved by the telling of it, he told a story of a city⁶ subject to a rākṣasa, where each household in turn had to give a man a day as food for the rākṣasa. The turn had now come to a brahman,¹¹ a friend of the speaking bird⁷ in a former birth, who must sacrifice himself or his only son. Therefore the bird was grieved, as befits a friend. The king hearing this went thither by his magic sandals,⁸ and took his seat upon the sacrificial rock, waiting for the rākṣasa.⁹ The rākṣasa came and was astonished to see his cheerful expression,¹⁰ and learning that he was giving himself for others offered to grant him any desire. The king obtained from him the promise to abstain from eating men henceforth.

1. SR explains that V. did not need to take great thought for his kingdom, because his authority was so mighty. JR inserts a vs on the benefits of travel. 2. A bird-king SR, MR. 3. They brought him food SR. 4. They askt each other BR, JR. 5. No mention of the hesitation in telling the story in MR, BR, nor of the grief in MR. 6. In an island in mid-ocean BR, JR. 7. Not of the speaker, but of a heron whom he had met during the day, and who told him the story MR. It is therefore the heron who shows grief in MR. 8. Only BR, JR mention the sandals. 9. In JR he sends away the man whom he found sitting there (the allotted victim). 10. The conversation between the rākṣasa and the king varies in details in the different recensions. BR compresses it greatly, while in SR it is very long, and contains a number of vss (especially four which form a sermon address by the king to the demon on the sin of taking life). 11. Merely a "man" (not a brahman) BR, JR.

12. Story of the Twelfth Statuette. The spendthrift Heir, and the Woman tormented by an Ogre

In Vikrama's city dwelt a rich merchant named Bhadrasena,¹ whose son was named Purandara.¹ When Bh. died, P. began to waste his goods extravagantly. His friends² warned him to save his money, calling attention to the great power of wealth; but he replied that there was no use in hoarding money, and that one should live for the present alone, since what is to be must be (vss 208, 432).³ So he spent all his wealth; and when he had become poor his friends and kinsmen would not have anything to do with him.⁴ So reflecting on the changes that poverty brings, and finding life at home unbearable, he left the city. And in a distant land⁵ as he slept by night in a house near a grove, he heard the voice of a woman in distress calling from the grove for help. He askt the people of the place what it meant, but they could not tell him. He returned home, and told this story to Vikrama. V. went thither, and hearing the cries went into the grove, and found a rākṣasa beating a woman to death. He challenged the demon to fight, and killed him.⁶ He then askt the woman for her story, and she told him. She had been the wife of a brahman, but had no love for him and could not live with him;⁷ so he curst her⁸ at the time of his death, saying that she should be tormented every night by a rākṣasa. When she askt for mercy, he granted this much, that when some hero should come and kill the rākṣasa she should obtain release.⁹ She then gave him as a gift of gratitude nine jars of treasure⁹ which she had; these the king gave to Purandara, and returned to his city.

1. Not named in BR. 2. His friend Dhanada SR. 3. The vss in all but BR, which is very brief here. 4. This sentence and the following reflection are not in BR. 5. In a city (named Madhurā MR) near the Himālaya SR, MR; near Mount Malaya (evidently a secondary corruption of the other) JR. Place not specified BR. 6. The challenge and the fight are described at great length in MR. 7. So SR, JR; in MR, BR we are told that she was unfaithful to him. 8. So SR, MR, BR; in JR the brahman died of grief at his wife's lack of affection and, becoming himself a rākṣasa, returned to torment her every night. Of course, therefore, JR has nothing of the curse or the promise of release from it. 9. So SR, BR, JR; in MR she tells the king where the rākṣasa had stored up a great treasure. In SR and BR we are told that she was at the point of death, and in fact in SR she dies in the king's presence.

13. Story of the Thirteenth Statuette. Vikrama Shames the wise Men by an Example of Unselfishness

Wandering about the earth Vikrama once came to a town on the bank of the Ganges;¹ and near a shrine by the river he found a company of people listening to readings from the purāṇas.² He joined them, and heard read texts which enjoined self-sacrifice and devotion to others. During the reading an aged brahman³ and his wife,⁴ trying to cross the river, were carried away by the current,⁵ and cried loudly for aid. The rest of the people, in spite of the instruction they had just heard, did not heed the cries;⁶ but V. rusht in and dragged the brahman forth. In gratitude the brahman gave him all the religious merit he had obtained by standing for 12 years waist deep in the Narmadā river,⁷ and also the power of going to heaven in a vimāna⁸ or celestial car, gained by the same performance. As the king was going away⁹ he was approacht by a brahman-rākṣasa,¹⁰ of frightful aspect, who told his tale of woe: he had been a brahman in a near-by place, and for various sins had fallen to existence as a rākṣasa, for a thousand¹¹ years. Upon his request the king gave him the merit he had obtained from the brahman, thus releasing him from his evil karma, and also gave him the heavenly car, in which the former rākṣasa mounted to heaven.¹²

1. Simply "a river" SR, JR. 2. BR does not mention this incident; in JR the people were simply showing off their would-be cleverness in discussing learned questions. Both SR and MR quote a number of stanzas, alleged to be from the purāṇas, which in JR are replaced by some vss address by the king to the company. 3. "A very handsome man" (not a brahman) JR; but JR's argumentum says a brahman (dvija) like the others. 4. Not mentioned in BR. 5. In MR the brahman was dragged off by an alligator, and his wife ran with cries of alarm to get aid. 6. This is not mentioned in MR; BR, which has no mention of other people up to this time, says "no one entered the water." 7. SR the Godāvarī; otherwise SR and BR go with text; in MR he had propitiated Viṣṇu after bathing in the Narmadā. In JR instead of the merit and the vimāna he gives the king a wish-granting herb; how he got it is not stated. 8. Not in SR. In MR the king at first refuses the gift. 9. In MR he meets him later in the forest. 10. None of the following occurs in JR; the king meets a pauper (instead of the demon) who asks him for a present and receives the herb. 11. So MR; 10,000 SR; 5,000 BR. 12. So all except JR, tho in SR the car is not mentioned; the rākṣasa nevertheless goes to heaven.

14. Story of the Fourteenth Statuette. An Ascetic warns Vikrama against Neglect of kingly Duty

Once as King Vikrama wandered abroad he met an ascetic, who askt him who he was. V. replied that he was merely a wanderer. But the ascetic said: "No, you are King Vikrama; I saw you once at Ujjayini, and so I recognized you. Why are you so far from your capital and alone?"¹ Hearing that V. had left his kingdom in the care of his ministers while he traveled, the ascetic reproacht him for such carelessness, saying that kingship ought to be carefully guarded (vs 181).² The king replied that all such things are in the hands of fate, subject only to the effects of past deeds, and that human exertion is useless. To illustrate this he told the story of the Fatalist King.³

A certain king named Rājacekhara⁴ was driven out of his kingdom with his queen;⁵ they slept one night in a wood under a tree. The king heard five yakṣas⁶ (spirits) in the tree saying that the local throne was to become vacant on the next day, and determined to make himself king. On the morrow he went to the city, and was made king by the state-elephant⁷ which had been duly consecrated for the purpose of choosing a new king. After a time the neighboring kings banded together to overthrow him as an upstart. They besieged the city, but he took no steps to oppose them, but sat playing dice with the queen. When she urged him to activity he replied with vs 656, leaving all in the hands of the yakṣas⁸ which had made him king. To save their own prestige they came to the rescue and routed his enemies. After this he ruled without opposition.⁹

Hearing this story the ascetic was pleased, and gave the king a Kash-mirian liṅga,¹⁰ which granted all desires. This the king gave away to a begging brahman¹¹ whom he met on his way home.

1. This conversation much comprest in BR, where V. admits his identity at once (so MR), and to a less extent in JR, which makes the ascetic address the king at once by name, without preliminary question. 2. The vs not in JR. 3. This inserted story is omitted in BR. 4. Jayacekhara JR. 5. And their son SR. 6. "Birds" SR (see p. xxxii); but vs 656 even in its SR form refers to yakṣas. 7. By the pañcadi-vyāni JR. See Edgerton, JAOS. 33.158 ff. 8. Of the "deity" who had given him the kingdom SR. 9. JR adds a characteristic touch; the five yakṣas appear before the queen and explain that their lives had been saved by the king in a former birth; hence their protection of him. 10. Simply a liṅga MR; a wishing-stone JR. 11. To "a certain poor man" JR; in SR the brahman had lost a liṅga and wisht to replace it.

15. Story of the Fifteenth Statuette. The heavenly Nymph and the Kettle of boiling Oil

Vikrama's housepriest,¹ Vasumitra² by name, was noble, beautiful, rich, and learned. One time he set out to bathe in the Ganges³ and to visit the holy places of pilgrimage, such as Benares, Prayāga (Allahabad), and Gayā.⁴ Having performed the proper rites at these places, on his return he came to a town ruled by a divine woman or nymph named Manmathasaṃjivini.⁵ Here in a temple of Lakṣmī and Nārāyaṇa⁶ a marriage-pavilion⁷ was set up, and there was placed a pot of boiling oil; and it was promised that whoever threw himself into it should obtain the kingdom and the hand of the divine woman. This Vasumitra reported to Vikrama, who went thither and threw himself into the boiling oil. His body was reduced to a mere lump of flesh; but M. came and restored him to a form of wonderful beauty by sprinkling him with nectar. She declared herself and her kingdom at his disposal, and Vikrama gave both to Vasumitra.

1. Friend JR; son of his housepriest BR. 2. Sumitra JR; Suçruta MR. 3. SR here inserts 11 vs on the virtues of the Ganges water. 4. This sentence follows SR and MR; in BR "some holy fords"; in JR these brahmanical holy places are replaced by Çakrāvātāratīrtha, where the pilgrim paid homage to Yugaḍideva (the first Jina) with praises, which are quoted. 5. Madanasamjivini JR; Kandarapajivanā MR. The forms of the name are all synonyms ("arouser of love"). According to SR and BR she was "subject to a curse" (and hence living on earth?). 6. L. and N. are not named in BR, nor (of course) in JR. 7. Not in JR; simply a "pavilion" BR.

16. Story of the Sixteenth Statuette. The spring Festival and the Brahman's Daughter

Once the king went forth¹ and conquered all parts of the earth. As he returned to his city a soothsayer warned him that for four days there would be no favorable moment for entering the city.² So he camped outside, and as it was the spring season he decided, at the suggestion of a minister, to hold a festival in honor of spring. The festival is described in detail, in all recensions, and in closely parallel terms, suggesting Bhoja's preparations as described in Section VIII, q. v. During the festivities³ a brahman came in with a little girl, his daughter, and explained his need as follows. The daughter was born as a result of a vow to the Goddess;⁴ he had promised⁵ to give her weight in gold as a dowry with the girl to some Veda-learned suitor. Having

no money, he applied to Vikrama, who gave him the girl's weight in gold, and in addition 8 crores of gold⁶ for the 'aṣṭavarga.'

1. Introduction wanting in BR, which begins at once with the festival. 2. This connecting link, leading up to the spring festival, occurs only in SR, but is probably original. 3. From here on JR is wholly at variance with the others. A preacher lectures the king (right in the midst of the festival) on the transitoriness of worldly things, and is rewarded by 8 crores of gold (cf. below!) and 16 grants of land. — BR is so condensed that the story is unrecognizable; 8 crores of gold are apparently given to a brahman who simply gave the king a blessing. 4. So SR; Çiva MR. 5. Our account summarizes SR. In MR no definite promise is mentioned, but the brahman has no money to give as a dowry, and is advised by Çiva in a dream to apply to V. 6. So SR; in MR a jeweled ornament and 8 crores of gold. Both SR and MR contain the word aṣṭavarga, 'eight-series,' tho the mss. of both contain many variations, showing that the scribes did not understand the expression. One ms. of SR has aṣṭamūrti-prītyartham, 'to propitiate the Eight-formed (Çiva).' But it is unlikely that aṣṭavarga means the same as aṣṭamūrti. It presumably refers to some performance in connexion with the marriage ceremony.

17. Story of the Seventeenth Statuette. Vikrama offers Himself for his Rival's Benefit

Boundless generosity was a main characteristic of Vikrama (vs 512).¹ Once a bard went to the court of an enemy² of Vikrama's and praised Vikrama's generosity. This king askt why all bards kept praising only V., and was told that it was because no other king was so perfectly and permanently generous. Desiring to surpass V., this king, on the advice of a great saint,³ undertook to propitiate the witches (yoginī),⁴ by making a sacrifice and throwing himself into the sacred fire.⁵ The witches restored him to life, and when he wisht for seven houses⁶ to be filled with gold each day, they granted it on condition that he should likewise offer up his body every day. This the king did, and so gave away vast amounts to suppliants. V. heard of this, and to save the king this pain went himself and offered up his body,⁷ and askt for and obtained as a boon the release of his enemy from the necessity of the daily sacrifice.⁸

1. BR has nothing of this. It is stated in one sentence in JR, and in 12 lines in MR, while SR is more lengthy, including five vss in praise of liberality, of which one (vs 512) is found also in MR. 2. This is clearly stated in JR, which names him, Candracekhara; the other three use ambiguous words which might mean simply "another king." 3. No advice mentioned in JR; nor does BR's much compressed and confused account clearly allude to it, tho it seems to be based on essentially the same text as SR, MR. 4. The word is singular in BR; in JR it is replaced by a "goddess."

5. Into a pot of hot oil BR (but below BR refers to the *fire*, instead). JR does not mention the manner in which he first propitiated the goddess; his daily task is the same as in the others. 6. So MR, BR; seven kettles SR; JR more vaguely, "as much riches as he desired." 7. In MR the witches intervene and grant his wish without the intended sacrifice. 8. JR adds several *vas* in praise of the king, spoken by "the people" on this occasion.

18. Story of the Eighteenth Statuette. Vikrama Visits the Sun's Orb

Once a stranger¹ came into the assembly, and in answer to the king's question told of a strange thing he had seen. Near the eastern mountain² was a lake,³ with a temple of the sun and a shrine of Çiva.⁴ In the middle of the water there was a golden pillar, with a wondrous throne upon it, which rose from the water every morning at sunrise, mounted together with the sun, and at noon toucht the sun's disk; then descending it sank under the water at sunset. This holy ford was called Purger from Sin.⁵ Hearing this the king went thither,⁶ and stayed over night; at sunrise he mounted the throne when it came out of the water, and was gradually carried by it up to the sun. Tho burnt to a crisp, he addrest *vss*⁷ of praise to the Sun, who was pleased and restored him with nectar.⁸ Tho the king declared he desired nothing,⁹ as a mark of his favor the Sun gave him two rings which yielded a load of gold each day. Taking leave of the Sun the king returned with the pillar-throne to the earth.¹⁰ On his way back to the city he met a very poor begging brahman,¹¹ to whom he gave the two rings.

1. MR has a few prefatory lines in praise of Vikrama. SR prefixes a long dissertation on conduct in general, a miniature *nitiçulstra*, which the speaking statue claims to have overheard a brahman Govindaçarman telling to his son. 2. "On the shore of the ocean"! BR. 3. So BR, JR, but in SR, MR a river (the Ganges SR, the *Sūrya-prabhā* MR). 4. The shrine of Çiva only in SR, BR. 5. This title not in BR. 6. By his magic sandals BR, JR. 7. Not in BR. Some (but different) *vss* are quoted in SR, JR. 8. So SR, JR. 9. Not mentioned in MR. 10. MR has a curious addition here; the king does not stop at the surface of the earth as he returns, but plunges into the river to find where the pillar comes from; he discovers the home of the goddess *Prabhā* ("Splendor"), the bride of the Sun, who gives him a magic amulet (which he afterwards gives away along with the rings). 11. Simply a beggar JR; a begging brahman and his wife MR. BR has a curious independent variant; the devotees of the sun's temple at the ford pause in their service and give the king a blessing, and beg for a gift; he gives them the rings.

19. Story of the Nineteenth Statuette. Vikrama Visits Bali, King of the Nether World

In Vikrama's reign all people were happy and virtuous; women were chaste, men long-lived, trees fruitful, rain plenteous, the earth fertile; people feared evil, showed hospitality, compassion, generosity to worthy persons, and reverence for the reverend.¹ One day he was mounted on his throne, surrounded by vassal princes, when a hunter² came in and told him of the approach of a mighty boar.³ With his whole court he went out to hunt it; it eluded them all, except V., who pursued it alone and came to a cave in the mountain, in which the boar disappeared.⁴ Dismounting from his horse he entered the cave and went along for some time in perfect darkness, but finally came into a great light and saw a magnificent city, shining with golden palaces, etc. He entered into this place, which was the capital of Bali, king of Pātāla in the underworld.⁵ He was ushered into Bali's palace and hospitably received by him; he expressed admiration for the greatness of Bali, before whom even Viṣṇu had humbled himself as a dwarf, becoming his doorkeeper.⁶ Bali presented upon Vikrama a gift, as a sign of friendship (vs 280),⁷ viz. a potion and an elixir, one of which turned the baser metals into gold, while the other gave freedom from old age and death.⁸ V. took leave of Bali and left thru the same cave,⁹ and mounted his horse¹⁰ to return to the city. On the way two brahmans, father and son, begged of him, and he offered them their choice of the two objects. The father wanted freedom from old age and death, the son preferred the power of producing gold. As they could not agree, to stop their quarrel Vikrama gave them both the magic objects.

1. This description appears in almost the same words in SR and JR; MR sums it up in one couplet; it is lacking in BR. 2. A keeper of the royal park JR. 3. Different and briefer in BR; no mention of princes or hunter. 4. So distinctly stated only in SR, MR. 5. In JR V. recognizes the home of Bali by the fact that Kṛṣṇa (Viṣṇu) stands there as doorkeeper. 6. Nothing of this in BR; in SR Viṣṇu is simply said to have come to B. "with a request;" but MR is much fuller in the depiction of Viṣṇu's humiliation than is JR. 7. This vs only SR, JR. 8. Freedom from bodily ailments JR; a new body BR. 9. In MR guided out by a servant of Bali's, who had taken the form of a boar to bring him in. 10. Not mentioned BR, JR.

20. Story of the Twentieth Statuette. Vikrama Visits a Forest Ascetic

King Vikrama was wont to conduct his government for six months during the year, and to travel for the other six.¹ Once as he journeyed about the earth he came to a city named Padmālaya,² near which was a shrine and temple of Īiva³ and a grove,⁴ with a fair lake.⁴ Here the king rested. There were certain strangers there, who⁵ were saying that they had seen many great sights and places of pilgrimage, but had never succeeded in seeing the ascetic Trikālanātha,⁶ who dwelt on a mountain so inaccessible that to attempt to get to see him would be to throw away one's life (vss 405, 44).⁷ The king however, thinking that nothing is impossible for a man of real courage (vs 185),⁸ set out for the place; all manner of obstructions hindered him,¹² and serpents coiled themselves about him,¹² but he persisted until he reached the ascetic's abode, whereupon the serpents left him free. The king expressed his delight; the ascetic asked if he were weary from the journey, and the king said his weariness had disappeared at the sight of him. Though the king declared he wished nothing, the ascetic gave him a magic piece of chalk, with which an army could be depicted,⁹ a wand by which the army could be brought to life with the right hand or dismissed again with the left,¹⁰ and a magic cloth to grant all desires. These the king took, and left the ascetic. On the way back he saw a man collecting firewood,¹¹ and upon inquiry found him to be a young king, who, being expelled from his kingdom by his kinsmen, in despair was constructing what he meant to be his own funeral pyre. Vikrama gave him the three magic objects to get back his kingdom.

1. This sentence not in BR, JR. 2. Not named BR. 3. Not named SR, JR; nor does SR mention the shrine and temple. 4. Not in JR, BR. 5. The following account goes with BR, JR; MR is only slightly different (the king asks if they have seen any marvel, they reply no, but they have heard of one, viz., etc.). SR is markedly different: the strangers say they have never seen any great saint (vss 405, 44, and others); the king responds with vss urging vigor and determination, and tells them of Trika, whom he is now going to visit. They attempt to go with him, and go part way, but after some wavering are frightened by the dragon in the way, and turn back. The king keeps on alone, etc. 6. Trikalajāta MR. 7. Vs 405 not in BR; neither sentiment nor vss in MR. 8. Neither sentiment nor vs in MR, BR. 9. So JR; for BR see next note; in MR the use of the chalk is not made quite clear, it seems to function together with the wand; in SR lines are drawn on the earth with the chalk, and one can travel as many leagues a day as there are lines drawn. 10. So MR, JR; in SR if used with the left hand it destroys an enemy's army. In BR the power of the wand

is not specified, but the *chalk* brings to life an army if a line be drawn on the ground with it held in the right hand, and destroys a hostile army if the same be done with the left hand. In other words, BR mixes up the wand with the chalk. 11. This and the following are told in closely parallel terms (except for different vss quoted) in SR, MR, JR. In BR the funeral pyre is not mentioned. 12. Not in JR, which brings him to the place very easily by magic sandals.

21. Story of the Twenty-first Statuette. Vikrama is Entertained by Personifications of the Eight Magic Powers

Vikrama had a minister ¹ named Buddhisindhu,² who had a son named Anargala.³ This son was a foolish good-for-nothing, and would not study. His father reproached him with vs 42⁴ and other sayings on the value of knowledge, and the uselessness to a family of foolish and vicious sons. Stung by his father's words, the son went into a far country⁵ and studied until he had acquired great learning. As he was coming back home, he came to a certain temple,⁶ near which was a lake; and at one spot in the lake the water was boiling hot. He abode here over night, and in the night there came forth from the hot water 8 divine women, who performed ceremonies with music and dancing before the god in the temple, and towards morning returned. As they left, one of them saw the minister's son and called to him to come with them; he went as far as the bank of the pond, but when they jumped into the hot water he was afraid, and stayed behind.⁷ He went home then,⁸ and told the king of the strange things he had seen; and the king went to the lake with the hot water, and at night saw the 8 women come out as before. Being invited⁹ by them he followed and jumped into the water. He thus came to a beautiful city and palace, where the 8 women entertained him with great honors, and offered him their kingdom and themselves.¹⁰ He declined on the ground that he already had a kingdom. They offered him any desired boon; and when he learned that they were the eight Great Magic Powers (mahāsiddhi), he asked them for their 8 powers.¹¹ They gave him 8 jewels conferring these powers, and he left them. On the way back he met a brahman¹² who because of his extreme poverty had been scolded by his wife until he had to leave home. The king gave him the 8 jewels.

1. All the first part is omitted in BR, which does not mention the minister or his son; the king hears of the 8 women from a chance traveler. 2. Buddhisāgara JR.
3. So SR; Gūhila MR, Buddhicekhara JR. 4. This vs not in JR. 5. Karpāta MR.
6. Of (Civa) Uṣṇeṣvara MR, of Kātyāyana BR, of Yugaḍideva JR, no deity named

SR. 7. Nothing of this entire sentence in BR, in which nothing is said of the water's being hot. 8. And astonished and pleased both his family and the king with his vast learning MR. 9. No invitation in BR. 10. Much fuller in MR; one of them names and describes herself and the rest and their several powers. 11. So SR; in the other three no definite request on the king's part is mentioned. 12. Simply 'beggar' JR. In SR, MR, JR this episode is told in much detail, with a number of vss (none of which occur in more than one version); in BR we hear only of a brahman who asks for something to eat, whereupon the king gave him the jewels.

22. Story of the Twenty-second Statuette. Vikrama Wins Kāmākṣī's Quicksilver for another Man

Once as Vikrama wandered¹ about the earth he came to a certain shrine, where he worshipped the deity² with vss 450 and 365.³ He met there a certain brahman,⁴ who recognized him by his bodily marks as a great king, and asked why he was so foolish and careless as to wander about alone, risking his kingdom. Without attempting to argue the question (?)⁵ the king, seeing that the brahman looked despondent, asked him the cause of his grief. He replied that for twelve years he had tried, by reciting the Kāmākṣī⁶-charm,⁷ to get into the cave of the goddess Kāmākṣī,⁸ which contained a jar of magic quicksilver.⁹ But in spite of this he could not obtain it. The king then went with him to the spot, and as he slept there at night the goddess came and told him that the cave would be opened if a man bearing the 32 superior marks⁹ should sacrifice himself there. The king accordingly started to do so, but the goddess relented and gave him his wish without it; and the king chose as his wish that the quicksilver should be given to the brahman.

1. First part wanting in BR; the king as he wanders about the earth sees a brahman on the banks of the Ganges and asks why he looks dejected — etc. 2. Viṣṇu SR, Yugaḍideva JR; in MR the shrine belongs to Kātyāyana, but no worship by the king is mentioned. 3. Both vss in SR, JR (the name of the deity being changed). 4. Traveler JR. 5. SR says the king recognized the advice as sound; in MR he replies "that is my mode of conduct;" in JR he replies with some vss showing that worldly fortune is of small account compared with righteousness. Compare Story 14. 6. Kāmākṣā (v. l. Kāmākhyā) JR. The cave is located on Mount Nīla SR, on Mt. Mahānīla JR, on a distant mountain BR, near the city of Kāñci MR. 7. So SR, JR; in MR, BR by "performing devotions" for 12 years. 8. By which the base metals are changed into gold SR. 9. Simply 'a man' BR.

23. Story of the Twenty-third Statuette. Vikrama's daily Life : His evil Dream

Returning once from a journey,¹ the king was welcomed by his people with great joy. He entered his palace and presided over his court for a time; then having had his body anointed, and clad in his royal state, he performed divine service, gave rich largess to the poor and distressed, and sat down to dine with his family and friends.² After dinner he rested for a time (vs 438).³ In the afternoon he amused himself with worldly pleasures,⁴ and in the evening he performed the required ceremonies and lay down to sleep peacefully on his state bed. And in a dream he saw himself mounted on a buffalo and riding to the south.⁵ He awoke in alarm,⁶ and in the morning consulted authorities,⁷ and was told that it was an evil dream; here is inserted a dissertation⁸ on good and evil dreams (including vs 101).⁹ On the advice of his councillors,¹⁰ to ward off the evils predicted by the dream, he opened his treasury for three days,¹¹ and allowed all people to come and take as much as they chose.

1. The entire account of the king's daily routine life is lacking in MR and BR. In JR it is even fuller than in SR (which the above account follows in the main); the most notable addition in JR is an account of his morning activities, from his waking up at the brahman-hour on. This necessitates the omission of the clause which opens the story with his return from a journey — a statement which is found in MR and is probably original. 2. In SR he causes his dependents (old men, women, etc.) to eat first, before himself. 3. This vs in SR, JR. 4. Only JR. 5. JR says simply that he had "an evil dream." 6. So SR, JR; in both he calls upon God (Viṣṇu or the Jina). 7. Brahmins—one of whom was Sarvajña Bhaṭṭa ("Doctor Know-it-all") SR; Veda-knowers and astrologers BR; his ministers MR, JR. 8. Nothing of this in JR, but the others agree very closely. 9. This vs in SR, BR; other vs on dreams in SR, MR. 10. On his own initiative JR. 11. So SR, JR; a day and a night BR; seven days MR. They took 13 arbudas (1,800,000,000) of money MR.

24. Story of the Twenty-fourth Statuette. A strange Inheritance : Cālivāhana and Vikrama

In the city of Purandarapura¹ was a rich merchant² who had four sons. Fearing³ that they would quarrel about his property after his death, he told them he had indicated a division of it among them, in four vessels, placed one under each foot of his bed;⁴ these they must take in order, from the oldest to the youngest.⁵ After his death⁶ they looked and found in the vessels earth, straw, coals, and bones respec-

tively. They did not understand what was intended, and tho they askt many people they could not find a solution. Traveling about for this purpose they came to Vikrama's assembly, but no one even here could solve it. They came to Pratiṣṭhāna⁷ then, and Čālivāhana⁸ solved the problem, saying that land, grain, gold and other metals, and live-stock were indicated by earth, straw, coals, and bones respectively. When Vikrama heard of this he sent⁹ to Pratiṣṭhāna to summon Čālivāhana. But Č. would not come, and returned an insolent answer. Then in anger V. marcht with an army against Pr., and besieged it. Upon appeal, Čeṣa, the father of Č., brought to life a toy-army (made of clay)¹⁰ which Čālivāhana had made in the potter's house where he dwelt; and this army fought the army of Vikrama, but without success¹¹ until, upon further prayer, Čeṣa sent serpents who stung the army of Vikrama into insensibility. V. by propitiatory rites won from the serpent-king Vāsuki a jar of nectar to revivify his army. On the way he met two brahmans¹² who obtained from him a promise to grant whatever they askt; thereupon they askt for the jar of nectar. Asking who they were, he found that they were envoys of Čālivāhana;¹³ but because he had once given his promise he nevertheless gave them the nectar.¹⁴

1. Purandarapurī SR; no name in BR. 2. Named Dhanapati JR, Dhanadatta MR. 3. In MR we first hear the story of the four vessels from the lips of the four men themselves, who tell it to Vikrama. 4. This location not mentioned in BR, JR. 5. This order not mentioned in BR, JR; stated later in MR. 6. After a quarrel among the sons JR, among their wives SR. 7. Pṛthasthāna BR. 8. All versions say he is the son of a serpent-prince (Čeṣa, not named in JR), but the story of his birth is told only in JR, and JR's account is different from that found in Section IV, p. 24. JR here says that he was the son of a beautiful widow, whose two brothers suspected each other of being their sister's seducer and left the country, while Čālivāhana was brought up by his mother, in the house of a potter. 9. The letter is quoted in full in SR. 10. Not mentioned in BR. In SR Čālivāhana brings the army to life with a charm, instead of by appeal to his father as in MR, JR. 11. The preliminary success of Vikrama is stated in SR, JR, and omitted or only implied in MR, BR. SR describes the battle vividly in several long verses. 12. Two men JR; a single brahman SR, BR; in MR the two were really serpent-princes in disguise, sent by Čeṣa personally to get the nectar from V. 13. Of Čeṣa MR. 14. JR tells us that Vāsuki was so pleased with the king's honorable conduct that he raised up his army. In MR the king goes to fight Č. in spite of the loss of the nectar; but in SR he returns home, and this is implied in BR also.

25. Story of the Twenty-fifth Statuette. Vikrama Averts an Astrological evil Omen

One time there came into Vikrama's assembly an astrologer, who began to tell him about astronomical signs.¹ When the king asked him what the stars indicated for the immediate future, he was told that there was to be a drought for 12 years,² because Saturn was about to pass thru the car of Rohinī (vs 437 JR, BR; cf. vs 484 SR).³ To prevent this, on the advice of the astrologer,⁴ the king undertook offerings to the planets⁵ and vast gifts of benevolence, but still rain did not come. The king was in great distress on this account. One time a divine voice told him⁶ that rain would fall if a man bearing the 32 superior marks should be sacrificed.⁷ Thereupon the king started to sacrifice himself; but the deity interfered, and granted his wish that rain should fall.⁸

1. In MR he first gives the king a dissertation on virtue in general, which he says is the cause of long life and prosperity. Cf. Note 3. 2. So clearly MR, BR, JR, supported by two vss of SR, whose prose text seems to indicate that the drought was to last only for one year. 3. In JR the king demands how this can happen, in view of the fact that the people of his land are all righteous, and he enumerates their virtues in a list somewhat resembling that in MR above, see Note 1. 4. Advice not mentioned JR. 5. To Varuṇa and Indra BR; to the rain-god JR. 6. MR has a curious variation on the following; the voice tells the king that the "wish-granting goddess" whom he has propitiated will lend him her divine car and weapons, and with these the king travels to the car of Rohinī (an asterism in the sky) and obstructs by force the irregular course of Saturn, who is appeased and agrees that there shall be no drought in his land. There is, then, no attempt at self-sacrifice on the part of the king in MR. 7. To the wish-granting goddess SR (cf. note 6); to the 64 witches ("the flesh of a man" is to be offered) BR; to Parjanya, the rain-god, JR. 8. In JR he wishes that there shall be no more famine at all in his land; and the text adds that there is consequently, even now, "generally speaking," no famine in the land of Mālava.

26. Story of the Twenty-sixth Statuette. Vikrama and the Cow that Grants every Wish ("Cow-of-wishes")

Once as Indra sat in the assembly of the gods surrounded by all his court,¹ the gods of all sorts, gandharvas, apsaras, etc., Nārada² spoke in praise of Vikrama in such high terms that all were astonished. But the Cow of Wishes declared that there was nothing particularly remarkable about the qualities attributed to Vikrama.³ Indra then ordered her to go to earth and make trial of Vikrama's virtues. So she went and took the form of a feeble earthly cow, and stood stuck

in a muddy swamp where the king was passing by, and cried piteously. Hearing her the king went and tried to pull her out, but without success. As the night came on it began to rain heavily,⁴ and a tiger⁵ came up and attackt the cow; but the king stood there thru the night protecting her. In the morning the cow⁶ took her true form, and being pleased offered the king a wish. When he declined to ask for anything, she said she would follow along as his constant companion. Upon the way a poor brahman⁷ begged of the king, and he gave him the Cow of Wishes.⁸

1. The composition of Indra's court is described in much detail in SR, MR, which are closely parallel at this point. 2. An unnamed person BR; Indra himself JR. 3. So SR, BR; nothing of this MR. In JR the frame of the story is different from here on. Two gods in the company doubt the words of Indra, and decide themselves to go to earth and make trial of Vikrama. One of them takes the form of a cow, who plays the rôle played by the Cow of Wishes, while the other becomes a lion, replacing the tiger of the other versions. 4. Rain not mentioned in JR. 5. Lion JR (see note 3). In MR the tiger does not appear until morning. 6. In JR the two gods appear to Vikrama, and when he says he has no desire they nevertheless send along with him "this Cow of Wishes" (who has not been previously mentioned!). 7. A beggar JR. In SR he describes the misery of his condition at length in two vss. 8. Who fulfils the brahman's desires and then returns to heaven MR.

27. Story of the Twenty-seventh Statuette. Vikrama Reforms a Gambler

As Vikrama traveled about the earth he came to a certain city,¹ and entered into a temple there. As he rested, there came in a man clad in brilliant garments and ornaments, and attended by a crowd of revelers.² The king wondered who he was.³ On the next day the same man came back alone, clad only in rags, and presenting altogether a wretched appearance. The king askt the reason for the change in his appearance, and was told that it was due to nothing but fate and karma.⁴ The king askt who he was; he replied that he was a gambler, skillful at all games; but what did that matter, since fate alone could prevail? The king askt: "Since you are as it seems an intelligent man, how can you devote yourself to such a vice as gambling?" The man replied praising the ineffable joys of the game.⁵ The king urged him to give it up; the gambler said he would do so if the king would furnish him with some other means of livelihood.⁶ Just then two strangers came in, conversing;⁷ and the king heard them tell of a goddess Manahsiddhi,⁸ on a certain mountain,⁹ in whose shrine

were statues of the 8 Bhāiravas¹⁰ (forms of Çiva); if anyone offered blood from his 8 members¹¹ to the 8 Bhāiravas, and from his neck to the goddess,¹² he would obtain whatever desire he might wish.¹³ The king then proceeded to the place, and was about to sacrifice his own blood, but the deity checked him¹⁴ and granted him a wish, which he transferred to the gambler.¹⁵

N.B. In this story, especially in the conversation between the king and the gambler, the versions differ much more widely than usual, and our account is therefore necessarily more eclectic and synthetic than usual.

1. Named Candravatī MR, Yoginīpura BR. 2. By harlots SR; by two other men BR; no companions mentioned JR. 3. In JR he thinks ill of him, from his over-splendid appearance. 4. See prefatory note above. The moralizing on fate is not found in JR. 5. Not in SR. 6. So SR and (in essence) JR; in BR, MR he refuses point-blank to give it up, in spite of which Vikrama assists him. 7. So SR, BR, MR; in JR the gambler himself tells of the opportunity and asks the king to perform the deed for him. 8. No goddess appears in SR; in BR it is Kālikā, in whose temple the gambler and the king are standing. 9. Only JR (Mt. Ratnasānu) and MR (Mt. Indrakīla); in SR, BR the scene is the temple where the king and the gambler were. 10. Not in JR; only (one) Bhāirava (i.e. Çiva) in SR. 11. In SR simply "sprinkles Bh. with his own blood"; in JR it is necessary to bathe with water the statue of the goddess, which is within a cave whose door opens and shuts again every instant, and then to offer one's head to the goddess. 12. Not in SR. 13. He would receive three jars full of dīnāras SR. 14. In BR apparently he actually performs the sacrifice; only then is the goddess propitiated. 15. So, simply, JR; in SR the gift is the dīnāras (see Note 13); in MR it is a marvelous pellet which gives good luck in gambling; in BR it is simply good luck in gambling.

28. Story of the Twenty-eighth Statuette. Vikrama Abolishes the Sacrificing of Men to a Bloody Goddess

As Vikrama traveled about the earth he came once to a certain city, and entered into a grove outside of it.¹ There he met four strangers,² who in conversation with him told him of a strange experience they had had. In a certain city called Vetālapura³ dwelt a bloody goddess named Çoṇitapriyā,⁴ fond of human flesh. To obtain their desires the people of the place were wont to offer a human sacrifice, either buying a man for the purpose⁵ or seizing a stranger by force. The narrators had arrived there by chance, and had barely escaped with their lives. Hearing this the king went to the place, entered into the shrine of the goddess, and offered praise to her. Just then a crowd of people arrived in a solemn and festive procession with music etc., bringing in a miserable, frightened wretch, deckt out with garlands as for the sacrifice. And the king, perceiving that they meant to sacrifice

him, reflected that as life was transitory at best it should be spent for others (vss 230, 23).⁶ So he interfered and suggested that, as the proposed victim was a poor, wretched, and unappetizing person, the goddess would be better pleased with his own well-developed body.⁷ The king himself then took the place of the other man and offered himself for slaughter. The goddess was appeased and granted the king his life and a boon, and he requested her to abstain from human sacrifices. To this she consented; the people praised the king,⁸ and he returned to his city.

1. First sentence lacking in BR. 2. The king asked a (single) chance arrival for a story, and he told him this experience BR. 3. So JR; Çonitapura BR, Vetālapuri SR, Vetālanagara MR. 4. Māṃsapriyā BR. 5. This method of acquiring the victim is not mentioned in SR, MR. 6. These vss only SR, MR; in JR the same thought is expressed, and the king also expresses disapproval of the cruelty of the goddess and of the people. BR says only that he was "filled with compassion." 7. The comparison of the bodily condition of the king and the other man is not found in the version of MR adopted by us; in Dn's version it appears. (See Critical Apparatus.) JR here quotes the astonished remarks of the people. 8. Not in BR; in SR at some length.

29 (not in JR). Story of the Twenty-ninth Statuette. Vikrama's Lavishness Praised by a Bard

Once a panegyrist came into Vikrama's presence, and recited a blessing and praised him.¹ Then he told how a certain king² in the region³ near the Himālaya⁴ had given away vast amounts⁵ to all who came, upon the occasion of a spring festival on the seventh day of the light half of the month Māgha;⁶ yet even in that place, said the bard, Vikrama's fame was not overshadowed.⁷ Vikrama ordered his minister to take the bard into his treasure-house and give him as much wealth as he desired. Having loaded the bard with riches⁸ the minister returned and presented to the king an account of the money which he — Vikrama — had spent at the recent spring festival on the seventh⁹ day of the light half of Māgha, for religious purposes alone, not counting charitable and personal expenses. The amount was 50 crores,¹⁰ vastly greater than that spent by the other king.¹¹

N.B. This story is replaced in JR by the story of Vikrama and the Sign-reader; see p. xii.

1. MR prefaces the story with a rather long description of Vikrama's nobility. In BR the bard praises only the foreign king, not Vikrama. 2. Named Dhaneçvara SR, Rājacekhara successor to Vijayasena MR, Virasena BR. 3. In a city named Daçapurandama MR, in Jambira-city SR. 4. So SR, MR; not in BR. 5. A crore

BR, 18 crores SR, no amount stated MR. 6. The date not mentioned here in BR. 7. This is not stated in BR. 8. In SR the bard then returns and expresses his gratitude to the king in further panegyrics, and with this the story closes; the accounting which follows is found only in MR and BR. 9. So BR; in our mss. of MR "ninth," doubtless a corruption, cf. above. 10. So BR; MR says "thrice fifty crores of *ṭaṅkas*, besides 60 lacs and 5 hundreds (6,000,500) in fees"; the MR ms. Dn (see Critical Apparatus, vol. 27) states the amount given to the *bard* on this date at 50 crores and 60 lacs, and mentions no other expenditures. 11. This is evidently intended to be the point of the story, tho it is not definitely stated in words.

30. Story of the Thirtieth Statuette. The clever Mountebank

Once as the king¹ was in his assembly a juggler came in and askt permission to exhibit his art. The king agreed, and set a time for him,² and the juggler left saying he would bring his implements.³ At the time named a handsome warrior⁴ came into the assembly with a beautiful woman; he told the king that he was a servant of Indra dwelling upon earth because of a curse,⁵ that to-day a battle was to take place in heaven between the gods and the demons, and that he was going thither to help. Knowing Vikrama to be a respecter of other men's wives, he askt permission to leave his wife in V.'s care while he was gone. Thereupon he mounted into heaven in sight of all. Then the sounds of a battle were heard in heaven, with cries of men and sounds of weapons; and shortly the members of the warrior's body fell from the sky one by one. Thereupon his wife insisted on entering the fire, and tho the king tried to dissuade her,⁶ she caused herself to be burnt in sight of all, along with her husband's body. But as the king stood mourning the dead couple, the man himself appeared,⁷ and told the king the story of the battle; how the gods had conquered, and how Indra, pleased with his prowess, had invited him to live henceforth at his court. He had therefore come to get his wife and go permanently to heaven. The king did not know what to say. The people of the assembly told the warrior that his wife had entered the fire;⁸ he scornfully accused them of wilful lying. But seeing how downcast the king was at this, he showed himself in his true form as the juggler, and assured the king that it was all a skillful illusion. The king was delighted, and gave him a rich reward — all the tribute sent by the king of Pāṇḍya,⁹ which arrived at that moment (vs 69).¹⁰

1. MR opens with a long description of the pious activities of Vikrama. 2. In SR he postpones it till the morrow; in BR, JR he agrees to see it at once. 3. So BR, MR.

4. In JR the juggler remains present thru the whole performance, and the man who comes in now is therefore not the juggler. 5. The curse is not mentioned in BR, JR. In BR he says he has been sent to summon Vikrama to the battle. 6. In SR she recites, in reply to the king's remonstrance, 15 vs on the virtues and rewards of the sati, and the distress of the widow's state. 7. On the next day SR. 8. In BR the king himself says this, while the people support him in it; in JR it is not said at all, but the man asserts that his wife is in the king's harem, and asks permission to bring her forth, which he does, to the astonishment of all and the shame of the king. 9. The Pāṇḍu king BR, and some mss. of the other recensions. 10. This vs, describing the amount of the gift, occurs in all versions.

31 (not in JR). Story of the Thirty-first Statuette. Vikrama and the Vampire or Vetāla

Once an ascetic came into the king's presence and blest him, and askt his assistance at a magic ceremony he wisht to perform at dead of night in a great cemetery.¹ The king agreed and went with him. The ascetic sent him to take down and bring in perfect silence² a dead body containing a vetāla (vampire or demon), which hung on the limb of a tree.³ As the king was bringing the body, the vetāla proposed that a story be told to while away the time;⁴ and when the king, fearing to break the silence, would not speak, the vetāla himself told the story of the Prince who insulted a Brahman.⁵

In a city⁶ in the northern country there was a king named Suvicāra,⁷ whose son Jayasena was devoted to the hunt. One day he pursued an animal into the jungle until he lost sight of it; and he came to a river where a brahman was performing a ceremony. The prince ordered the brahman to hold his horse while he drank of the water; but the brahman refused, saying: "Am I then your servant?" The prince was angry and beat him with his whip, whereupon the brahman ran howling to the king and made complaint. The king in anger ordered his son to be exiled, because he had insulted the sanctity of a brahman, thus endangering the prosperity of the kingdom (vs 352).⁸ The minister protested against such punishment for one rash act of a young man otherwise worthy to succeed his father and rule the kingdom; but the king insisted that he should be punished, and ordered that his hand should be struck off. The brahman came in then and askt that the prince be forgiven for his sake. So the prince was saved.

The vetāla askt the king whether the brahman or the king showed the greater virtue, and Vikrama said "The king." As soon as he spoke the vetāla disappeared from his shoulder and returned to the tree.

This was repeated until the vetāla had told 25 stories (the rest of which are, however, not related in our texts). Then the vetāla, perceiving the king's courage and perseverance, was appeased and gave the king a boon; the king received from him the 8 Magic Powers, and the promise of attendance in person⁹ when the king should call upon him.

N.B. JR replaces this story by a different one, the Haunted House; see p. xii. BR simplifies the story to such an extent that there is hardly anything left of it. Our summary follows SR and MR and does not always specify omissions in BR.

1. So SR; in a wood MR; not located BR. 2. Not mentioned in MR. 3. A çam-tree SR, a çitçapā-tree MR. The tree is not alluded to in BR. 4. BR simply says the vetāla devised a way to make the king speak; in it the story told by the vetāla is wholly wanting. In MR the vetāla begins the narration himself without trying to get the king to tell a story. 5. In SR he threatens that if the king knows the answer to the question he will ask at the end, and does not tell it, his head will split. The story is found only in SR and MR (cf. preceding note). 6. Named Vindhyavati SR, Viçrāntā MR. 7. SR; Viçārapara MR. 8. This is the only vs found in both SR and MR, but both expound the idea at length; SR has 12 vs on the subject. 9. This promise is mentioned by both SR and BR, not by MR. MR and BR agree in the ending of the story as given above; the full story of how the ascetic's treachery was revealed by the vetāla to the king, and how with his aid the king outwitted and killed the ascetic, is found here only in SR (cf. Section IIIa of the Frame-story, which also supplies the ending missing in MR, BR at this place). SR here has the vetāla bring the ascetic back to life at the request of the forgiving king.

32 (not in MR, JR). Story of the Thirty-second Statuette.

Vikrama's Power and Magnanimity

Such a king was Vikrama. He overcame the whole earth by his valor, and banished poverty from the world by his generosity; his power was universally established.

A brief panegyric to the above effect is all that SR and BR have in lieu of Story 32. They undoubtedly represent the original in this respect. JR has, as in the case of Stories 29 and 31, another story — the Poverty Statue. MR also, after a couple of stanzas of panegyric, puts in a story of its own, in which it is related how Bhāṭṭi became Vikrama's minister.

33. Conclusion. The Cursing of the Statuettes and their Release

Again the last statue¹ spoke and said to Bhoja: "Such a king was Vikrama.² But you also are a great, glorious, and generous king, and like him an incarnation of Viṣṇu.³ Thru you we are releast from a curse." The king askt how this was, and was told that the 32 statues (whose names are given⁴) were 32 divine women, servants of Pārvatī.⁵ Once Çiva made love to them,⁶ and they desired him in their hearts;⁷ perceiving this, Pārvatī curst them to become lifeless statues on Indra's throne.⁸ When they begged for mercy,⁹ she said that when the throne should have been presented to Vikrama and should afterwards have come into Bhoja's hands, they were to tell to Bhoja the deeds of Vikrama, and then they should be releast. Therefore they said they were now pleased with Bhoja, and offered him a wish. He said he needed nothing; but for the good of others he askt¹⁰ that whoever should hear or recite¹¹ the Adventures of Vikrama should be blest with rich fortune, glory, and might.¹² The statues granted this wish, and ascended into heaven.¹³ And King Bhoja placed divine images on the throne, and held a festival in its honor.¹⁴ And he reigned long and prosperously.¹⁵

1. So SR, MR; the 32 statues collectively JR (and BR, as is evident from the sequel). 2. This sentence not in BR, JR. 3. A divine incarnation BR; not in JR. 4. No names in BR. 5. This and the following are changed in JR: according to it they were servants of Indra, and were curst by him for laughing irreverently at a dirty ascetic whom they saw one day. 6. Not in MR. 7. Not in SR. 8. On earth (no mention of Indra's throne here or in the next sentence) MR, BR. 9. In JR there is no begging for mercy, but at the time when Indra gave his throne to Vikrama (Frame-story IIIb, JR VIII) he laid this injunction upon them, accompanying it by the promise of release. Cf. the preceding note for MR, BR. 10. So SR, MR; in BR, JR he makes no request, but the statues of their own accord grant this blessing. 11. Only "hear" MR, BR. 12. With the magic powers, MR. SR adds that they shall be immune to all manner of natural and supernatural dangers. 13. No mention of ascent into heaven in MR, BR; SR says they went to their own abode (which of course means heaven). 14. So SR, BR; nothing of this in JR; in MR he himself mounts the throne. 15. SR, remembering that the whole book was supposed to be told to Pārvatī by Çiva (Frame-story I), closes with a statement of how the goddess was pleased with the story.

Part VII. Principles underlying text and translation; typographical devices

Principles followed in the construction of the text and typographical devices used therein.— I have endeavored to furnish a “conservative” text. I have tried to determine in every case what the archetype of all the manuscripts read. When this could not be done with an approach to certainty, I have made it a rule at least to adhere to the readings of some manuscript or manuscripts. I have resorted to emendation, as a rule, only when the readings of all manuscripts seemed impossible.

Every emendation is indicated in the printed text by an asterisk (*) placed immediately before the emended word. The asterisk means that there is some element of *the word which follows it* that is not found in any manuscript.

The only departures from my manuscript authorities which are not marked by this asterisk are corrections of sandhi and punctuation. The sandhi of most of the authorities is so bad that it seemed to me allowable and necessary to neglect it almost altogether. As a rule I have not noted the sandhi of the manuscripts even in my Critical Apparatus. Furthermore, I have freely punctuated the text according to sense, largely without regard to the punctuation of the manuscripts.

I have followed the accepted rules of sandhi in printing the text. Before any mark of punctuation I have introduced (or kept) the form called for by the rules of euphony in the pause, except in the metrical portions. In these I have followed the usual practice of employing pause-euphony at the end of each half-stanza, and nowhere else.

For the purposes of citation, each Section of the Frame-story and each Statuette-story (briefly each “unit”) is treated as a separate unit, and these units are numbered in the same sequence as that in which they stand in the Translation and the Text and the Tables of Contents of the present volumes.

The lines (not the stanzas) of each unit of the Metrical Recension are numbered starting at the beginning of each unit with number 1.— Similarly, with the other recensions (those in mingled prose and verse), the stanzas of each unit are numbered starting in each unit with num-

ber 1. And the prose lines between any two consecutive stanzas are numbered from the prior stanza to the latter stanza, starting afresh with number 1 after each stanza.

In referring to the texts of the present volumes therefore, two numbers only are necessary if the reference is to a stanza, whereas in referring to a line of prose three numbers are to be used, of which the first refers to the unit, the second to the stanza next preceding the line of prose in question, and the third to the particular line of prose to be indicated. If the line of prose comes before any stanza, the zero-sign (0) replaces the number of the stanza.

Principles followed in the making of the translation and typographical devices used therein. — I have endeavored to translate the text into as good literary English as possible. At the same time, I have tried to give an accurate reproduction of the precise meaning of the Sanskrit. I hope that my translation will satisfy the needs of two classes of readers: first, those who wish to read the English without reference to the Sanskrit, and secondly, those who wish to use the English to find out my idea of just what the Sanskrit means. Most of the Sanskrit text is, indeed, so comparatively easy that the translation will not be of very much use for this second purpose. Nevertheless, there are quite a good many individual passages where I, at least, have had a good deal of trouble. There are even a few problems of interpretation which I fear I have not solved entirely or with absolute correctness.

In making the meaning clear I have had recourse to explanatory insertions to a considerable extent. Many of these would have been put into footnotes but for typographical difficulties. Moreover, the metrical parts of the text abound in plays upon words, sometimes very intricate ones, in which a whole series of words in the Sanskrit have double meanings. It is impossible to translate these into English except by double translations — a very ungraceful, but necessary, procedure.

Alternative translations of the sort just referred to, and all other explanatory matter—in short, everything that is not meant to be a direct reproduction of something in the Sanskrit text—is put within either square brackets or parentheses. The distinction between the two which I have followed may perhaps not be worth while; but it seems to me that at least it cannot do any harm, and that it may be useful. It is as follows:

Parentheses () are used to enclose matter which seems to me to be a necessary part of the English rendering, altho it is not directly exprest in the Sanskrit, but understood — either from the context, or from the general mental stock-in-trade of Hindus who would read the text. This matter contained in parentheses may be read straight along with the context, without interrupting the flow of the narrative — just as if the parentheses were not there.

Square brackets [] on the other hand are used to enclose matter of a more strictly explanatory sort, or alternative renderings — in short, anything which interrupts the narrative, so that it cannot be read as an integral part of the continuous story.

The stanzas of the original text of the recensions in mingled prose and verse are made to constitute each a separate paragraph of the translation. And these paragraphs are numbered with numbers which correspond to the numbering of the stanzas in the original Sanskrit.

EXPLANATION OF HEAD-LINES AND SUBORDINATE HEADINGS

of the pages containing the Translation and (in volume 27) the Text

Sections of the Frame-story are numbered with Roman numerals, I to XII.

Stories told by the Statuettes are numbered with Arabic numerals, 1 to 32.

It is important to remember that a Roman or an Arabic numeral always refers in this work to the *original order* of the Sections or Stories of Vikrama's Adventures, except in cases where the contrary is expressly stated.

Of this fact, due account is taken in the wording of the subordinate headings. Thus, in giving the four recensions of the Story "Headless bodies revived," the subordinate heading for the Brief Recension is not "Brief Recension, Story 7," but rather "Brief Recension of Story 7. This, in the mss. of BR, is 5."

This "original order" appears in the actual sequence of the Sections and Stories of the Translation or Text as printed in the present volumes, and as summarily tabulated above, on page xii, which see.

Section-numbers and Story-numbers given in the head-lines of each left-hand page following. — It should be borne in mind that these numbers refer to the "original order" as just explained.

Numbers given in the subordinate headings of the pages following. — In like manner, the numbers in the left-hand part of the subordinate headings refer to the same "original order." — In cases where a Section or Story has suffered dislocation in a given recension, this fact is made clear by a statement in the right-hand part of the subordinate heading, which tells what place that Section or Story occupies in the mss. of *that* recension.

TRANSLATION AND COMMENTARY

INTRODUCTORY VERSES

1. May the beautiful dance of Śiva be for your good fortune, the dance which sways over the mountains that move¹ because of the play of his staff-like pair of arms, which terrifies the world through the loud noise of his song, which causes the top of the serpent's hood² to sway under the weight of his moving feet, which makes the moon resting on his bee-brown jungle of tangled hair move in a garland of lofty waves.

2. May the breaths of Kṛṣṇa grant to you exceeding good fortune, the breaths which, being favorably inclined to grant safety to his devotees, illumine for them the interior of the three worlds, are bright in splendor, destroy the pride that comes with prosperity, are incomparable lords (= bestowers) of nectar to their two eyes slightly opened (in mystic contemplation),³ which bring calm (or, coolness) and remove the weariness of the rounds of rebirth in the three worlds.

3. I worship Hari⁴ who is of resplendent mind, possesses charming radiance (or, Lakṣmī),⁵ is wonderful and fair, whose two feet remove evil, through whose favor the learned men know the three worlds.

4. Let good men hear with interest, because of the marvels therein and in order to remember them, the twenty-five very enthralling stories of the goblin, which the illustrious Jambhaladatta heard from the lotus mouth of the "foreign minister," the illustrious Varadeva,⁶ and because of reverence for his teacher wrote down in a few well-chosen words.

5. Good sirs, if you have a desire to hear, read this wonderfully related story.

¹ Or read '*calagiribhṛāmyat*, "as it sways over the unmoving mountains with the play etc."

² The serpent is Śeṣa or Ananta, the giant cobra with a thousand heads who supports the whole universe on his hood.

³ Cf. the slightly opened eyes of meditative figures in sculpture.

⁴ Hari = Viṣṇu.

⁵ *śrī* has, besides its meaning as a common noun, the meaning of Lakṣmī, Viṣṇu's wife.

⁶ On the name and the word *sāndhi*(n) see Intro. §2.

TRANSLATION OF THE STORY OF VIKRAMA'S BIRTH

General remarks. — Weber (*Indische Studien*, 15, p. 252 ff.) summarizes a short story telling of the birth of Vikrama and his brother Bhartṛhari, which he found inserted in one of his mss. (R) of the Jainistic Recension. I have found that it is similarly prefixt to the texts of two other mss. of JR, namely Ç and Y. On the basis of these three texts, all of which are complete except that the opening paragraph of Y is missing, I have constructed the text which I give near the end of volume 27.

This section certainly does not belong to the *Vikramacarita*. Its addition in these three mss. is purely external. Its style is radically different from the style of JR — much later, and inferior. Its real interest lies in its connexion with other tales of the origin of Vikrama, on the one hand, and in its relation to the great cycle of myths of the Cupid-and-Psyche type on the other. Weber, l. c., has noted some interesting parallels.

As has been said, the following text is based on a collation of three mss., Ç, R, and Y. The ms. Y, however, is decidedly inferior. In the critical notes I have quoted its variant readings only seldom; they are of very slight value. Important variants from Ç and R are quoted. Nevertheless, in view of the lateness and comparative unimportance of the text, it has seemed to me unnecessary to quote all of the variants, even of Ç and R.

Translation of the story of Vikramāditya's birth

In Gurjari-land, between the rivers Sābhravati and Mahilā, there is a grove, where Tāmraliptarṣi was king. He had a daughter Yaçovati, whose husband was a king named Premasena. While they lived in the enjoyment of worldly pleasures, a daughter Madanarekhā was born to them; and she grew day by day like a digit of the moon. Moreover he had two young (slave-)boys,¹ one of whom was named

¹ Weber takes the word to mean "sons" (of the king), but their occupation makes this most unlikely; washing clothes is a pursuit of no more social dignity in India than in the west. Perhaps we should read with the v. l. tasyā, "she had," instead of "he had."

Devaçarman, and the other Hariçarman. Devaçarman went every day to the river to do the king's washing. There some god or other, his form unseen, said to Devaçarman with a human voice: "How now! Let that King Premasena marry his daughter to me, or else it will not go well with the king and the city." Thus every day there was (heard) a voice on high, without natural cause [literally 'unstruck']. And he reflected in his heart: "Well! No one appears in visible presence; what can be the cause (of the voice)?" So in his amazement he told the tale before the king. The king said to him: "You are saying what is not true." Said he: "Sire, I will not go today, send some one else to do the washing." So the king sent Hariçarman. He also went thither, and did the washing, and in the same manner heard the voice of the (god) who had been there before.¹ And Hariçarman too was astonished at heart; and he too came back and told the king.

When the king heard this he was filled with amazement. They both said: "There is a voice without natural cause (heard) there." Again a boy went forth to do the washing; and the king went by himself, in concealment. The king, going behind a tree, heard that voice in the very same way. There arose doubtful wonder in the king's mind: "What is this, a god, or a vyantara [a certain kind of divine being]?" Thereupon, returning to his house, he summoned his ministers and housepriests and other people and asked them: "Look now, what shall we do? Such is the voice that is heard at the river. Some one says: 'Let King Premasena give me his own daughter, and marry her to me, that things may go well (with him); otherwise a deformity will afflict him.' It is not known who this is." Thereupon the ministers and housepriests said: "O king, how can she be given to an unknown person? Ask him and find out the facts." So the king again went to the river, and the same personage spoke in the very same way. Then the king asked: "Are you a god, gandharva, or demon [kimnara], or a man?" Thereupon he appeared (and said): "O king, in former time I was warder to Indra. I was lustful after women who did not belong to me, and could not leave them alone. Tho Indra repeatedly forbade me, even then I could not leave them alone. After this I was cursed by Indra, and have been born as an ass [a type of lechery in India] in a potter's house here in your majesty's city, and roam about on the bank of the river. So I ask you for your

¹ Understanding purā usitasya, which seems more likely than pura-usitasya, "of the dweller in the city."

daughter. If you give her, it will be well with you; but if not, a deformity will afflict the people of the city and yourself." The king said: "If you are a god, I will give you my daughter; but if not, how can I give my daughter to you who have the form of an ass?" He said: "Give her!"

After this, simply to prevent such a calamity, the king, fearing for his city, gave him his daughter. Again the king said: "O god, if you have divine power, make a rampart of copper about the city, and a palace, having the thirty-two superior marks, to dwell in." So in the fourth watch of the night the god did all just as he asked. In the morning all the people awoke, and seeing the copper rampart were filled with amazement. No one could unfasten the lock with which the main gate¹ was provided, and all the people were at a loss. So it was reported to the king; and the king came to the main gate, and in astonishment called to mind the god. Hereupon he appeared and said: "O king, let the potter at whose house I am, be summoned, that he may open it with a mere touch of his hand." Then the king summoned all the potters, but they fled in all directions. The potters thought: "Perhaps the king is going to kill us at the main highway." Thereupon the king sent a summons only to the potter at whose dwelling asses were kept. He also remained in hiding in his house, but was hauled out by the king's officers by main force and brought to the place, and at the command of the king he opened the highway. The people of the city and the king rejoiced.

At this time the girl Madanarekhā heard that the king in fear had given her to an ass, to save his people and his dependents in the city. Then she thought: "Well, even if my heart breaks, this has happened as was fated; such is my karma." So the king with great pomp married his daughter to him, who had the form of an ass. And Madanarekhā herself went and remained sunk in meditation in the palace constructed by the god. But the god put off his ass-shaped body, and put on one of glorious appearance, and indulged with Madanarekhā in daily enjoyment of sensual joys, along with pārijāta and mandāra [coral-tree] flowers and fragrant garlands. He abode with her now on Mount Meru, now by the fair lake of Mānasa, now in the city of the yakṣas, gandharvas, and demons, seeing and listening to charming dancing and music, and enjoying all manner of delights. She also was filled with supreme joy. And her throng of female attendants remained at her side, and spoke with no one. So a number of years past by. Her

¹ Literally, "the main highway"; that is, the gate opening on it.

mother wondered: "How is my daughter getting along with the ass?" So the mother went to the palatial home of her daughter. Then the god came into the harem, having laid aside his ass's skin according to his usual custom, and having put on a brilliant form. And seeing his form the queen reflected in her heart: "Ah, my daughter is virtuous and blessed, since she has obtained such a husband. Happy am I who have borne such a daughter; thru her I have obtained merit." And on further reflection she thought: "I will throw his (ass's) skin into the fireplace; since his form is such, it shall remain so in the future." Thus reflecting she cast the skin into the fire. Next she beheld Gandharvasena [named here for the first time!] before her. But when he failed to see the skin, he said to his wife: "My dear, I am going to heaven; my curse is at an end, its limit has been reached." And she said: "How shall I get along? If it were not for the preservation of your unborn child in my womb, I should go with you. What shall I do?" The god said: "Remain here in peaceful meditation; protect the child, and when he is born give him the name Vikramāditya. In the womb of your slave-woman there is also a child by me; to him the name Bhartṛhari shall be given." Thus having obtained release, the god went to heaven.

The queen told the king about it. And thereupon the king asked a certain soothsayer: "What shall be born to my daughter?" He said: "A son shall be born, and he shall become king." Hearing this there arose alarm in the king's heart: "Ha, my daughter's son is to be king!" So the king sent officers to watch over her unborn child, and they kept guard. Madanarekhā thought: "Why are these men set to watch over my unborn child?" At this time a woman flower-gatherer came in, and she said to her: "Bring it about that my unborn child may be saved and protected." She agreed. And on the morning of the second day she brought a knife, and Madanarekhā cut open her womb with this knife and gave her the child, but she herself perished. Then she took that child, together with the other child Bhartṛhari, and went to a village near the city of Ujjayini, and carefully guarded them there. And he [Vikramāditya] grew up day by day with Bhartṛhari. And after this it was reported to the king: "A flower-woman has taken your daughter's child and has gone." So the king lost both of them; he had neither his daughter nor her son. And the king gave to the city the name of Stambhāvati, and this name became established.

VEDÀLA CADAI.

“How was that?” said the mighty Indran. To which Nàradan replied: “On a certain occasion, whilst I’suran and I’suri were indulging in social retirement, the latter, turning to her lord, requested him to relate to her a collection of stories, such as never were nor ever would be heard in all the world. He immediately complied with her desire; when a Siva-Brahman, overhearing his narrative, communicated it to his wife, who divulged it to her relations, and it thus became publicly known. No sooner was I’suri made acquainted with this circumstance, than turning to I’suran: “I asked thee,” said she, “for such a narrative as the whole world could not furnish; instead of which, thou hast palmed upon me a set of tales which are in every body’s mouth.” He instantly perceived, by means of his omniscience, what had occurred, and pronounced a curse on the tell-tale Siva-Brahman, that he should be transformed into a *Vedàlam*.* The affrighted Brahman ventured to inquire

* *Vedàlam*, a kind of goblin, the precise form of which, as presented to the imagination of the Hindus, I do not find described. From the position, however, which the *Vedàlam* is represented in these Tales as

when he might hope that I'suran would remove the curse, and permit him to approach his holy feet. Whereupon the Deity deigned thus to reply: "By whomsoever the questions contained in these tales shall be answered, by the same shall thy curse be removed. The Brahman instantly assumed the form of a *Vedālam*, and was transported into the midst of a wilderness, where he remained suspended, head downwards, on a *Muruca** tree.

The curse was removed by king Vicramāditya, who after completing his happy reign, attained eternal bliss, in the days of Sàlivàhana. The vedālam also went to Cailāsam,† where, in his proper form, as a brahman, he

assuming, it is probable that their notion is that of a being resembling a bat, the only animal familiarly known which is in the habit of remaining suspended head downwards on the branches of trees. Those who have been at Madras must recollect having seen, in their evening rides along the Mount Road, many of those large vampyres, usually called flying foxes, hanging from the upper branches of the banyan trees with which that beautiful road is lined. That European fancy has invested the vampyre with supernatural and malignant attributes is familiarly known.

* *Muruca* tree. (*Erythrina Indica*, Willd.) This forest tree bears a very long pod, containing dark-coloured roundish beans. Its flowers are of a beautiful red colour; the bark is prickly. The wood is employed by the *Muchis* in making light boxes, sword-scabbards, children's toys, idols, and the like; it is also used for rafts and canoes, being light and easily worked. The thorns with which the stem and branches of this tree are studded, would not a little enhance the difficulty and pain of the undertaking in which Vicramāditya will presently be found to have engaged.

† The Vedālam having been a Siva-Brahman, was translated, when he attained eternal bliss, to Cailāsam; for the Hindus suppose religious distinction to be kept up after death, and even a separate heaven

remained in the enjoyment of happiness. Such is the account which Nàradan* gave Indran of the origin of the following narrative :—

Once on a time, during the government of Vicramāditya, there was a certain Muni,† named Sàndasilan, who was in the daily habit of bringing a pomegranate to court, after presenting which to the King, he again took his departure. One day, when he had deposited the fruit according to his custom, the King's son espied it, and, carrying it away, offered it to a crab, whose name was Singari. The crab was in the act of eating it when there fell from it a shower of inestimable jewels, which it had contained. No sooner did the monarch perceive this, than he made inquiry for all the pomegranates that had been presented; whereupon the treasurer brought them, and placed them before his Majesty. Upon splitting each of these fruits, Vicramāditya was astonished to find that they too, in like manner, contained jewels. He then began to reflect that no attention had ever been shewn the Muni; so, turning towards him, he inquired what might be his pleasure. The Muni replied

to be set apart for the two great sects—the followers of Vishnu and those of Siva. The former inhabit Swerga, the latter Cailàsam.

* Nàradan, being the bard of heaven, is properly employed in reciting tales.

† The Muni is defined to be a holy sage, endowed with more or less of a divine nature, or having attained it by rigid abstraction or mortification. See *Wilson's Sanscrit Dictionary*.

as follows :—“ I have some business which I will mention, on condition that you will promise to perform it.” The King gave his solemn assurance that he would do so ; upon which Sândasilan, deeming it a good opportunity to make his wishes known, requested the King to meet him at the burning-ground on the day* preceding the new moon, at the hour of midnight. The king consenting, dismissed the sage. When the day preceding the new moon arrived, the monarch took his bow, put on his sandals, girded himself with the black cincture, plaited his hair in the warrior’s braid, rubbed his body with holy ashes, and, armed with the eighteen kinds of weapons, went forth at midnight to meet Sândasilan. The Muni rejoiced to behold him, and said, “ All hail, oh Vicramāditya ! The matter for which I summoned thee hither is as follows : On the topmost bough of a Muruca tree in the wilderness, there hangs suspended a Vedālam, whom no man has succeeded in taking. Thou art a mighty warrior, into thy hands shall he fall. It is my desire that, at all hazards, whether by force or stratagem, thou shouldst seize him, and bring him bound into my presence.”—“ That will I do,” replied the King ; and having taken leave of the sage, he entered the far-extending wilderness in search of the Muruca tree. This at length he found, and having espied the Vedālam suspended head downwards on one of its loftiest branches,

* Literally, “ The 14th day in the dark half of the month.”

he siezed and bound him, and throwing him over his shoulders, was bearing him away, when the Vedālam thus addressed him : “Hear me, oh king ! In order to beguile the time during our long journey, I will tell you a story ; on condition that if you do not solve the question which it propounds, I shall inflict a curse on you, by virtue of which your head* shall be cleft in twain.” The King undertook to furnish a solution to his story, upon which the Vedālam began as follows :

* It does not appear in the sequel that this curse is fulfilled, unless it be considered to apply only to this single story ; for though, on the failure to solve the question proposed in the last story, the king was directed to take the Vedālam to Sāndasīlan, yet the Vedālam himself, so far from cursing him, gives him advice how to avoid the death which Sāndasīlan designs for him.

‘Did not King Trivikramasena obtain of old time the sovereignty of the Vidyādhara by the favour of a Vetāla ? Listen now, I will tell you his story in proof of it.

163G.¹ *King Trivikramasena and the Mendicant*

On the banks of the Godāvārī there is a place named Pratiśṭhāna. In it there lived of old time a famous king, named Trivikramasena, the son of Vikramasena, equal to Indra in might. Every day, when he was in his hall of audience, a mendicant named Kshāntiśīla came to him, to pay him his respects, and presented him with a fruit. And everyday the king, as soon as he received the fruit, gave it

¹ Here begins the *Vetālapañcaviṃśati*, or *Twenty-five Tales of a Vetāla*. The collection occupies the rest of this volume and three-quarters of Vol. VII, finishing in Chap. CXIX. As notes are to be given not only on the collection itself, but on its “frame-story” and on each individual tale, it has been considered advisable to print them all together as an appendix. Thus the Appendix in the present volume contains a general account of the *Vetālapañcaviṃśati*, its various recensions and editions, followed by notes on the “frame-story” and on the first eight tales. The remaining seventeen tales will be discussed in the Appendix to Vol. VII.—N.M.P.

into the hand of the superintendent of his treasury who was near him. In this way ten years passed. But one day, when the mendicant had left the hall of audience, after giving the fruit to the king, the king gave it to a young pet monkey, that had escaped from the hands of its keepers, and happened to enter there. While the monkey was eating that fruit it burst open, and there came out of it a splendid priceless jewel.

When the king saw that, he took up the jewel, and asked the treasurer the following question: "Where have you put all these fruits which I have been in the habit of handing over to you, after they were given to me by the mendicant?" When the superintendent heard that, he was full of fear, and he said to the king: "I used to throw them into the treasury from the window without opening the door. If your Majesty orders me, I will open it and look for them." When the treasurer said this, the king gave him leave to do so, and he went away, and soon returned, and said to the king: "I see that those fruits have all rotted away in the treasury, and I also see that there is a heap of jewels there resplendent with radiant gleams."

When the king heard it, he was pleased, and gave those jewels to the treasurer; and the next day he said to the mendicant, who came as before: "Mendicant, why do you court me every day with great expenditure of wealth? I will not take your fruit to-day until you tell me." When the king said this, the mendicant said to him in private: "I have an incantation to perform which requires the aid of a brave man. I request, hero, that you will assist me in it." When the king heard that, he consented, and promised him that he would do so. Then the mendicant was pleased, and he went on to say to that king: "Then I shall be waiting for you at nightfall in the approaching black fortnight, in the great cemetery here, under the shade of a banyan-tree, and you must come to me there." The king said: "Well, I will do so." And the mendicant Kshāntiśīla returned delighted to his own dwelling.

Then the heroic monarch, as soon as he had got into the black fortnight, remembered the request of the mendicant

which he had promised to accomplish for him, and as soon as night came, he enveloped ¹ his head in a black cloth, and left the palace unperceived, sword in hand, and went fearlessly to the cemetery. It was obscured by a dense and terrible pall of darkness, and its aspect was rendered awful by the ghastly flames from the burning of the funeral pyres, and it produced horror by the bones, skeletons and skulls of men that appeared in it. In it were present formidable Bhūtas and Vetālas, joyfully engaged in their horrible activity, and it was alive with the loud yells of jackals,² so that it seemed like a second mysterious tremendous form of Bhairava. And after he had searched about in it, he found that mendicant under a banyan-tree, engaged in making a circle,³ and he went up to him and said: "Here I am arrived, mendicant; tell me, what can I do for you?"

When the mendicant heard that, and saw the king, he was delighted, and said to him: "King, if I have found favour in your eyes, go alone a long way from here towards the south, and you will find a *śimśapā* tree. On it there is a dead man hanging up; go and bring him here: assist me in this matter, hero."

As soon as the brave king, who was faithful to his promise, heard this, he said, "I will do so," and went towards the south. And after he had gone some way in that direction, along a path revealed by the light of the flaming pyres, he reached with difficulty in the darkness that *śimśapā* tree. The tree was scorched with the smoke of funeral pyres, and smelt of raw flesh, and looked like a Bhūta, and he saw the corpse hanging on its trunk, as it were on the shoulder of a demon. So he climbed up, and cutting the string which held it, flung it to the ground. And the moment it was flung down it cried out, as if in pain. Then the king, supposing it was alive, came down and rubbed its body out of compassion; that made the corpse utter a loud demoniac laugh. Then the king knew that it was possessed by a Vetāla,

¹ Here the reading is doubtful. According to D. the king *dressed* himself in black. See further, Speyer, *op. cit.*, p. 133.—N.M.P.

² Here there is probably a pun. The word translated "jackal" also means the god Śiva. Bhairava is a form of Śiva.

³ See Vol. I, pp. 190-193; Vol. II, pp. 98-100n; and Vol. III, pp. 201-203.
—N.M.P.

and said, without flinching : “ Why do you laugh ? Come, let us go off.” And immediately he missed from the ground the corpse possessed by the Vetāla, and perceived that it was once more suspended on that very tree. Then he climbed up again and brought it down, for the heart of heroes is a gem more impenetrable than adamant. Then King Trivikramasena threw the corpse possessed by a Vetāla over his shoulder, and proceeded to go off with it, in silence. And as he was going along, the Vetāla in the corpse that was on his shoulder said to him : “ King, I will tell you a story to beguile the way. Listen.

163G (1). *How the Prince obtained a Wife by the Help of his Father's Minister*

There is a city named Vārāṇasī, which is the dwelling-place of Śiva, inhabited by holy beings, and thus resembles the plateau of Mount Kailāsa. The River Ganges, ever full of water, flows near it, and appears as if it were the necklace ever resting on its neck. In that city there lived of old time a king named Pratāpamukuta, who consumed the families of his enemies with his valour as the fire consumes the forest. He had a son named Vajramukuta, who dashed the God of Love's pride in his beauty, and his enemies' confidence in their valour. And that prince had a friend, named Buddhīśarīra, whom he valued more than his life, the sagacious son of a minister.

Once on a time that prince was amusing himself with that friend, and his excessive devotion to the chase made him travel a long distance. As he was cutting off the long-maned ¹ heads of lions with his arrows, as it were the chowries that represented the glory of their valour, he entered a great forest. It seemed like the chosen home of love, with singing cuckoos for bards, fanned by trees with their clusters of blossoms waving like chowries. In it he and the minister's son saw a great lake, looking like a second sea, the birthplace

¹ I read *saṭālāni*, which I find in the Sanskrit College MS., instead of *sajālāni*. The mistake may have arisen from the blending of two readings, *saṭālāni* and *jaṭālāni*.

of lotuses ¹ of various colours ; and in that pool of gods there was seen by him a maiden of heavenly appearance, who had come there with her attendants to bathe. She seemed to fill the splendid tank with the flood of her beauty, and with her glances to create in it a new forest of blue lotuses. With her face, that surpassed the moon in beauty, she seemed to put to shame the white lotuses, and she at once captivated with it the heart of that prince. The youth too, in the same way, took with a glance such complete possession of her eyes, that she did not regard her own modesty, or even her ornaments.

And as he was looking at her with his attendants, and wondering who she was, she made, under pretence of pastime, a sign ² to tell him her country and other particulars about her. She took a lotus from her garland of flowers and put it in her ear, and she remained for a long time twisting it into the form of an ornament called *dantapatra*, or tooth-leaf, and then she took another lotus and placed it on her head, and she laid her hand significantly upon her heart. The prince did not at that time understand those signs, but his sagacious friend the minister's son did understand them.

The maiden soon departed, being led away from that place by her attendants, and when she had reached her own house she flung herself down on a sofa, but her heart remained with that prince, to justify the sign she had made.

The prince, for his part, when without her, was like a Vidyādhara who has lost his magic knowledge, and, returning to his own city, he fell into a miserable condition. And one day the minister's son questioned him in private, speaking of that beauty as easy to obtain, whereupon he lost his self-command and exclaimed : " How is she to be obtained, when neither her name, nor her village, nor her origin is known ? So why do you offer me false comfort ? " When the prince said this to the minister's son, he answered : " What ! did you not see what she told you by her signs ? " ³

¹ In this there is a pun ; the word translated " lotus " may also refer to Lakshmī, the wife of Viṣṇu.

² See the note on this story in the Appendix, p. 247 *et seq.*—N.M.P.

³ The B. text seems corrupt, though Tawney has expressed the exact meaning of the Sanskrit. The D. text restores the genuine wording : . . . *tvaṃ tad yat* . . . etc.—N.M.P.

By placing the lotus in her ear she meant to say this: 'I live in the realm of King Karṇotpala.' By making it into the tooth-leaf ornament she meant to say: 'Know that I am the daughter of an ivory-carver¹ there.' By lifting up the lotus she let you know her name was Padmāvati; and by placing her hand on her heart she told you that it was yours. Now there is a king named Karṇotpala in the country of Kalinga; he has a favourite courtier, a great ivory-carver named Sangrāmavardhana, and he has a daughter named Padmāvati, the pearl of the three worlds, whom he values more than his life. All this I knew from the talk of the people, and so I understood her signs, which were meant to tell her country and the other particulars about her."²

When that prince had been told all this by the minister's son, he was pleased with that intelligent man, and rejoiced, as he had now got an opportunity of attaining his object; and, after he had deliberated with him, he set out with him from his palace on the pretence of hunting, but really in search of his beloved, and went again in that direction. And on the way he managed to give his retinue the slip by the speed of his swift horse, and he went to the country of Kalinga accompanied by the minister's son only. There they reached the city of King Karṇotpala, and searched for and found the palace of that ivory-carver. And the prince and the minister's son entered the house of an old woman, who lived near there, to lodge.

The minister's son gave the horses water and fodder, and placed them there in concealment, and then said to that old woman in the presence of the prince: "Do you know, mother, an ivory-carver named Sangrāmavardhana?" When the old

¹ Tawney was persuaded to translate *dantaghāṭaka* as dentist, but no dictionary supports this. The "tooth-leaf" ornament was probably a special kind of carved ear-ring. Besides, the dentists in Somadeva's time, as in many parts of India to-day, were low-caste men, usually barbers.—N.M.P.

² Cf. the way in which Pushpadanta's preceptor guesses the riddle on pp. 81-82 in Vol. I of this work; so Prince Ivan is assisted by his tutor Katoma in the story of "The Blind Man and the Cripple," Ralston's *Russian Folk-Tales*, p. 240. The rapid manner in which the hero and heroine fall in love in these stories is quite in the style of Greek romances. See Rohde, *Der Griechische Roman*, p. 148.

woman heard that, she said to him courteously : " I know him well ; I was his nurse, and he has now made me attend upon his daughter as a duenna. But I never go there at present, as I have been deprived of my clothes ; for my wicked son, who is a gambler, takes away my clothes as soon as he sees them."

When the minister's son heard this, he was delighted, and he gratified the old woman with the gift of his upper garment and other presents, and went on to say to her : " You are a mother to us, so do what we request you to do in secret. Go to that Padmāvati, the daughter of the ivory-carver, and say to her : ' The prince, whom you saw at the lake, has come here, and out of love he has sent me to tell you.' " When the old woman heard this, she consented, being won over by the presents, and went to Padmāvati, and came back in a moment. And when the prince and the minister's son questioned her, she said to them : " I went and told her secretly that you had come. When she heard that, she scolded me, and struck me on both cheeks with her two hands smeared with camphor. So I have come back weeping, distressed at the insult. See here, my children, these marks of her fingers on my face."

When she said this the prince was despondent, as he despaired of attaining his object ; but the sagacious minister's son said to him in private : " Do not despond, for by keeping her own counsel and scolding the old woman, and striking her on the face with her ten fingers white with camphor, she meant to say : ' Wait for these remaining ten moonlight nights of the white fortnight, for they are unfavourable to an interview.' "

After the minister's son had comforted the prince with these words he went and sold secretly in the market some gold which he had about him, and made that old woman prepare a splendid meal, and then those two ate it with that old woman. After the minister's son had spent ten days in this fashion, he again sent the old woman to Padmāvati, to see how matters stood. And she, being fond of delicious food, liquor and other enjoyments of the kind, went again to the dwelling-house of Padmāvati, to please her guests,

and returned and said to them : " I went there to-day and remained silent, but she of her own accord taunted me with that crime of having brought your message, and again struck me here on the breast with three fingers dipped in red dye, so I have returned here thus marked by her." When the minister's son heard this, he said, of his own accord, to the prince : " Do not entertain any despondent notions, for by placing the impression of her three fingers marked with red dye on this woman's heart, she meant to say : ' I cannot receive you for three nights.' "

When the minister's son had said this to the prince, he waited till three days had passed, and again sent the old woman to Padmāvati. She went to her palace, and Padmāvati honoured her and gave her food, and lovingly entertained her that day with wine and other enjoyments. And in the evening, when the old woman wished to go back to her house, there arose outside a terrible tumult. Then the people were heard exclaiming : " Alas ! alas ! a mad elephant has escaped from the post to which he was tied, and is rushing about, trampling men to death."

Then Padmāvati said to that old woman : " You must not go by the public road, which is rendered unsafe by the elephant, so we will put you on a seat, with a rope fastened to it to support it, and let you down by this broad window here into the garden of the house ; there you must get up a tree and cross this wall, and then let yourself down by another tree and go to your own house." After she had said this she had the old woman let down from the window by her maid into the garden, by means of that seat with a rope fastened to it. She went by the way pointed out to her, and related the whole story, exactly as it happened, to the prince and the minister's son. Then the minister's son said to the prince : " Your desire is accomplished, for she has shown you by an artifice the way you should take ; so go there this very day, as soon as evening sets in, and by this way enter the palace of your beloved."

When the minister's son said this, the prince went with him into the garden, by the way over the wall pointed out by the old woman. There he saw that rope hanging down

with the seat, and at the top of it were some maids, who seemed to be looking out for his arrival. So he got on to the seat, and the moment those female servants saw him they pulled him up with the rope, and he entered the presence of his beloved through the window. When he had entered, the minister's son returned to his lodging. And when the prince entered, he beheld that Padmāvati with a face like a full moon, shedding forth beauty like beams, like the night of the full moon remaining concealed through fear of the black fortnight.¹ As soon as she saw him, she rose up boldly and welcomed him with affectionate embraces and other endearments natural in one who had waited for him so long. Then the prince married that fair one by the *gāndharva* form of marriage,² and all his wishes being now fulfilled, remained with her in concealment.

And after he had lived with her some days, he said to her one night: "My friend the minister's son came with me and is staying here, and he is now left alone in the house of your duenna; I must go and pay him a visit, fair one, and then I will return to you." When the cunning Padmāvati heard that, she said to her lover: "Come now, my husband, I have a question to ask you: did you guess the meaning of those signs which I made, or was it that friend of yours the

¹ This is another point at which Kshemendra expatiates on the beauty of the loved one. (See p. 2 π ¹ of this vol.) For Somadeva's one *śloka* he has six. It is interesting to compare this passage of the *Bṛīhatkathā-mañjarī* (ix, 120-126a). Dr Barnett translates:

"He entered the jewelled dwelling, which had bounds of marble attached. In it, which was like Pātāla, yellow with rays of lamp-jewels and had the circle of chamberlains [or snakes] slumbering, he beheld the Snake-maiden. As she rose, and modestly bent down, the prince said to her, as she made a display of fearlessness with hand laid upon her quivering breast: 'Prithee, O moonlight to the milk-ocean of the soul, uplift the face bent down in shame, let all the regions of space be filled with lotus-flowers.' On these words the lady with a smile like jasmine-flowers gave him to drink from a jewel-bowl [*lām* seems to be a mistake for *lām*], and he drank *mādhvika* of intense fragrance. Then with relish he kissed her, as her eyes were half closed with delight at his passionate embrace of her neck and her cheeks red with rapture. She appeared like a lotus-pool invaded by a bull-elephant, which has lines of grouped swans as its ringing girdle. . . ."—N.M.P.

² See Vol. I, pp. 87-88.—N.M.P.

minister's son?" When she said this, the prince said to her: "I did not guess anything at all, but that friend of mine, the minister's son, who is distinguished for superhuman insight, guessed it all, and told it to me." When the fair one heard this, she reflected, and said to him: "Then you have acted wrongly in not telling me about him before. Since he is your friend, he is my brother, and I must always honour him before all others with gifts of betel and other luxuries."

When she had dismissed him with these words, the prince left the palace at night by the way by which he came, and returned to his friend. And in the course of conversation he told him that he had told his beloved how he guessed the meaning of the signs which she made. But the minister's son did not approve of this proceeding on his part, considering it imprudent. And so the day dawned on them conversing.

Then, as they were again talking together after the termination of the morning prayer, the confidante of Padmāvati came in with betel and cooked food in her hand. She asked after the health of the minister's son, and after giving him the dainties, in order by an artifice to prevent the prince from eating any of them, she said, in the course of conversation, that her mistress was awaiting his arrival to feast and spend the day with her, and immediately she departed unobserved. Then the minister's son said to the prince: "Now observe, Prince, I will show you something wonderful." Thereupon he gave that cooked food to a dog to eat, and the dog, as soon as he had eaten it, fell dead upon the spot. When the prince saw that, he said to the minister's son: "What is the meaning of this marvel?" And he answered him: "The truth is that the lady has found out that I am intelligent, by the fact that I guessed the meaning of her signs, and so she has sent me this poisoned food in order to kill me, for she is deeply in love with you, and thinks that you, Prince, will never be exclusively devoted to her while I am alive, but, being under my influence, will perhaps leave her, and go to your own city. So give up the idea of being angry with her, persuade the high-spirited woman to leave

her relations, and I will invent and tell you an artifice for carrying her off."

When the minister's son had said this, the prince said to him: "You are rightly named *Buddhiśārīra*, as being an incarnation of wisdom." And at the very moment that he was thus praising him, there was suddenly heard outside a general cry from the sorrowing multitude: "Alas! alas! the king's infant son is dead." The minister's son was much delighted at hearing this, and he said to the prince: "Repair now to *Padmāvati*'s palace at night, and there make her drink so much that she shall be senseless and motionless with intoxication, and apparently dead. And when she is asleep, make a mark on her hip with a red-hot iron spike, and take away all her ornaments, and return by letting yourself down from the window by a rope; and after that I will take steps to make everything turn out prosperously."

When the minister's son had said this, he had a three-pronged spike made, with points like the bristles of a boar, and gave it to the prince. And the prince took in his hand that weapon which resembled the crooked hard hearts of his beloved and of his friend, which were firm as black iron; and saying, "I will do as you direct," went at night to the palace of *Padmāvati* as before, for princes should never hesitate about following the advice of an excellent minister. There he made his beloved helpless with drink, and marked her on the hip with the spike, and took away her ornaments, and told him what he had done. Then the minister's son considered his design as good as accomplished.

And the next morning the minister's son went to the cemetery and promptly disguised himself as an ascetic, and he made the prince assume the guise of a disciple. And he said to him: "Go and take the pearl necklace which is part of this set of ornaments and pretend to try to sell it in the market, but put a high price on it, that no one may be willing to buy it, and that everyone may see it being carried about; and if the police here should arrest you, say intrepidly: 'My spiritual preceptor gave it me to sell.'"

When the minister's son had sent off the prince on this

errand, he went and wandered about in the market-place, publicly showing the necklace. And while he was thus engaged, he was seen and arrested by the police, who were on the look-out for thieves, as information had been given about the robbery of the ivory-carver's daughter. And they immediately took him to the chief magistrate of the town ; and he, seeing that he was dressed as an ascetic, said to him courteously : " Reverend sir, where did you get this necklace of pearls which was lost in this city, for the ornaments of the ivory-carver's daughter were stolen during the night ? " When the prince, who was disguised as an ascetic, heard this, he said : " My spiritual preceptor gave it me ; come and question him." Then the magistrate of the city came to the minister's son, and bowed, and said to him : " Reverend sir, where did you get this pearl necklace that is in the possession of your pupil ? "

When the cunning fellow heard that, he took him aside and said : " I am an ascetic, in the habit of wandering perpetually backwards and forwards in the forests. As chance would have it, I arrived here, and as I was in the cemetery at night, I saw a band of witches collected from different quarters. And one of them brought the prince, with the lotus of his heart laid bare, and offered him to Bhairava. And the witch, who possessed great powers of delusion, being drunk, tried to take away my rosary, while I was reciting my prayers, making horrible contortions with her face. And as she carried the attempt too far, I got angry, and heating with a charm the prongs of my trident, I marked her on the loins. And then I took this necklace from her neck. And now I must sell this necklace, as it does not suit an ascetic."

When the magistrate heard this, he went and informed the king. When the king heard it, he concluded that that was the pearl necklace which had been lost, and he sent a trustworthy old woman to see if the ivory-carver's daughter was really marked with a trident on the loins. The old woman came back and said that the mark could be clearly seen. Then the king made up his mind that she was a witch, and had really destroyed his child. So he went in person to

that minister's son, who was personating an ascetic, and asked him how he ought to punish Padmāvati. And by his advice he ordered her to be banished from the city, though her parents lamented over her. And when she was banished, and was left in the forest, though naked, she did not abandon the body, supposing that it was all an artifice devised by the minister's son. And in the evening the minister's son and the prince, who had abandoned the dress of ascetics, and were mounted on their horses, came upon her lamenting. And they consoled her, and mounted her upon a horse, and took her to their own kingdom. There the prince lived happily with her. But the ivory-carver, supposing that his daughter had been devoured by wild beasts in the forest, died of grief, and his wife followed him.

163G. *King Trivikramasena and the Mendicant*

When the Vetāla had said this, he went on to say to the king: "Now I have a doubt about this story; resolve it for me: Was the minister's son guilty of the death of this married couple, or the prince, or Padmāvati? Tell me, for you are the chief of sages. And if, King, you do not tell me the truth, though you know it, this head of yours shall certainly split in a hundred pieces."

When the Vetāla said this, the king, who discerned the truth, out of fear of being cursed, gave him this answer: "O thou skilled in magic arts, what difficulty is there about it? Why, none of the three was in fault, but the whole of the guilt attaches to King Karṇotpala." The Vetāla then said: "Why, what did the king do? Those three were instrumental in the matter. Are the crows in fault when the swans eat the rice?" Then the king said: "Indeed no one of the three was in fault, for the minister's son committed no crime, as he was forwarding his master's interests, and Padmāvati and the prince, being burnt with the fire of the arrows of the God of Love, and being therefore undiscerning and ignorant, were not to blame, as they were intent on their own object. But King Karṇotpala, as being untaught in treatises of policy, and not investigating by means of spies

the true state of affairs even among his own subjects, and not comprehending the tricks of rogues, and inexperienced in interpreting gestures and other external indications, is to be considered guilty, on account of the indiscreet step which he took."

When the Vetāla, who was in the corpse, heard this, as the king by giving the correct answer had broken his silence, he immediately left his shoulder and went somewhere unobserved by the force of his magic power, in order to test his persistence; and the intrepid king at once determined to recover him.

CHAPTER LXXVI

163G. *King Trivikramasena and the Mendicant*

THEN King Trivikramasena again went to the *śimśapā* tree to fetch the Vetāla. And when he arrived there, and looked about in the darkness by the help of the light of the funeral pyres, he saw the corpse lying on the ground groaning. Then the king took the corpse, with the Vetāla in it, on his shoulder, and set out quickly and in silence to carry it to the appointed place. Then the Vetāla again said to the king from his shoulder: “King, this trouble into which you have fallen is great and unsuitable to you; so I will tell you a tale to amuse you. Listen.

163G (2). *The Three Young Brāhmans who restored a Dead Lady to Life*¹

There is, on the banks of the River Yamunā, a district assigned to Brāhmans, named Brahmasthala. In it there lived a Brāhman, named Agnisvāmin, who had completely mastered the Vedas. To him there was born a very beautiful daughter named Mandāravatī. Indeed, when providence had created this maiden of novel and priceless beauty, he was disgusted with the nymphs of heaven, his own precious handiwork. And when she grew up, there came there from Kānyakubja three young Brāhmans, equally matched in all accomplishments. And each one of these demanded the maiden from her father for himself, and would sooner sacrifice his life than allow her to be given to another. But her father would not give her to any one of them, being afraid that, if he did so, he would cause the death of the others; so the damsel remained unmarried. And those three remained there day and night, with their eyes exclusively fixed on the moon of

¹ See the notes on this story in the Appendix, p. 261 *et seq.*—N.M.P.

her countenance, as if they had taken upon themselves a vow to imitate the partridge.¹

Then the maiden Mandāravatī suddenly contracted a burning fever, which ended in her death. Whereupon the young Brāhmans, distracted with grief, carried her when dead, after she had been duly adorned, to the cemetery, and burnt her. And one of them built a hut there and made her ashes his bed, and remained there, living on the alms he could get by begging. And the second took her bones and went with them to the Ganges; and the third became an ascetic, and went travelling through foreign lands.

As the ascetic was roaming about, he reached a village named Vajraloka. And there he entered as a guest the house of a certain Brāhman. And the Brāhman received him courteously. So he sat down to eat; and in the meanwhile a child there began to cry. When, in spite of all efforts to quiet it, it would not stop, the mistress of the house fell into a passion, and taking it up in her arms threw it into the blazing fire. The moment the child was thrown in, as its body was soft, it was reduced to ashes. When the ascetic, who was a guest, saw this, his hair stood on end, and he exclaimed: "Alas! alas! I have entered the house of a Brāhman-demon. So I will not eat food here now, for such food would be sin in a visible material shape." When he said this, the householder said to him: "See the power of raising the dead to life inherent in a charm of mine, which is effectual as soon as recited." When he had said this, he took the book containing the charm and read it, and threw on to the ashes some dust, over which the charm had been recited. That made the boy rise up alive, exactly as he was before.

Then the mind of the Brāhman ascetic was quieted, and he was able to take his meal there. And the master of the house put the book up on a bracket, and, after taking food, went to bed at night, and so did the ascetic. But when the master of the house was asleep, the ascetic got up timidly and took the book, with the desire of restoring his beloved to life.

And he left the house with the book, and travelling day

¹ The Chakora is fabled to subsist upon moonbeams.

and night at last reached the cemetery where that beloved had been burnt. And at that moment he saw the second Brāhman arrive there, who had gone to throw her bones into the River Ganges. And having also found the one who remained in the cemetery sleeping on her ashes, having built a hut over them, he said to the two : “ Remove this hut, in order that by the power of a certain charm I may raise up my beloved alive from her ashes.” Having earnestly solicited them to do this, and having overturned that hut, the Brāhman ascetic opened the book and read the charm. And after thus charming some dust, he threw it on the ashes, and that made Mandāravatī rise up alive. And as she had entered the fire, she possessed, when resuscitated, a body that had come out of it more splendid than before, as if made of gold.¹

When the three Brāhmans saw her resuscitated in this form, they immediately became love-sick, and quarrelled with one another, each desiring her for himself. And the first said : “ She is my wife, for she was won by the power of my charm.” And the second said : “ She belongs to me, for she was produced by the efficacy of sacred bathing-places.” And the third said : “ She is mine, for I preserved her ashes, and resuscitated her by asceticism.”

163G. *King Trivikramasena and the Mendicant*

“ Now, King, give judgment to decide their dispute.* Whose wife ought the maiden to be ? If you know and do not say it, your head shall fly in pieces.”

When the king heard this from the Vetāla, he said to him : “ The one who restored her to life by a charm, though he endured hardship, must be considered her father, because he performed that office for her, and not her husband ; and he who carried her bones to the Ganges is considered her son ; but he who out of love lay on her ashes, and so remained in the cemetery embracing her and practising asceticism, he is to be called her husband, for he acted like one in his deep affection.”²

¹ *Nishkāntam* is perhaps a misprint for *nishkrāntam*, the reading of the Sanskrit College MS.

² Cf. *Sagas from the Far East*, p. 303.

When the Vetāla heard this from King Trivikramasena, who had broken silence by uttering it, he left his shoulder and went back invisible to his own place. But the king, who was bent on forwarding the object of the mendicant, made up his mind to fetch him again ; for men of firm resolution do not desist from accomplishing a task they have promised to perform, even though they lose their lives in the attempt.

CHAPTER LXXVII

163G. *King Trivikramasena and the Mendicant*

THEN the heroic King Trivikramasena again went to the *śimśapā* tree, to fetch the Vetāla. And he found him there in the corpse, and again took him up on his shoulder, and began to return with him in silence. And as he was going along, the Vetāla, who was on his back, said to him: "It is wonderful, King, that you are not cowed with this going backwards and forwards at night. So I will tell you another story to solace you. Listen.

163G (3). *The King and the Two Wise Birds* ¹

There is on the earth a famous city named Pāṭaliputra. In it there lived of old time a king named Vikramakeśarin, whom providence made a storehouse of virtues as well as of jewels. And he possessed a parrot of godlike intellect, knowing all the *śāstras*, that had been born in that condition owing to a curse, and its name was Vidagdha-chūdāmaṇi. And the prince married as a wife, by the advice of the parrot, a princess of equal birth, of the royal family of Magadha, named Chandraprabhā. That princess also possessed a similar hen-*maina*,² of the name of Somikā, remarkable for knowledge and discernment. And the two, the parrot and

¹ See the Appendix, p. 267 *et seq.*—N.M.P.

² One of the species known as *mynas*, *mainas* and *minors*, found in India, Assam and Burma. It is the *Acridotheres tristis*, a member of the starling family, largely known by the name Grackle. Jerdon (*Birds of India*, vol. i, pp. 325, 326) describes the *maina* as a household bird, very commonly domesticated. It becomes tame and familiar, often following its master about like a dog. It is a good imitator, and soon learns to pick up words and sentences. It is not surprising, then, that the story-teller would introduce a conversation between a *maina* and a parrot in which humans join. See also A. Newton, *Dictionary of Birds*, London, 1893-1896, pp. 378, 379, and *Ency. Brit.*, 11th edition, vol. xiv, p. 381*b*.—N.M.P.

the *maina*, remained there in the same cage, assisting with their discernment their master and mistress.

One day the parrot became enamoured of the *maina*, and said to her: "Marry me, fair one, as we sleep, perch and feed in the same cage." But the *maina* answered him: "I do not desire intimate union with a male, for all males are wicked and ungrateful." The parrot retorted: "It is not true that males are wicked, but females are wicked and cruel-hearted." And so a dispute arose between them. The two birds then made a bargain that if the parrot won, he should have the *maina* for wife, and if the *maina* won, the parrot should be her slave; and they came before the prince to get a true judgment. The prince, who was in his father's judgment-hall, heard the point at issue between them, and then said to the *maina*: "Tell me, how are males ungrateful?" Then the *maina* said: "Listen"; and, in order to establish her contention, proceeded to relate this story illustrating the faults of males.

163G (3a). *The Maina's Story*¹

There is on the earth a famous city of the name of Kā-mandakī. In it there was a rich merchant of the name of Arthadatta. And he had a son born to him of the name of Dhanadatta. When his father died, the young man became dissipated. And rogues got round him and plunged him in the love of gambling and other vices. In truth the society of the wicked is the root of the tree of vice. In a short time his wealth was exhausted by dissipation, and being ashamed of his poverty, he left his own country, to wander about in foreign lands.

And in the course of his travels he reached a place named Chandanapura, and desiring food, he entered the house of a certain merchant. As fate would have it, the merchant, seeing that he was a handsome youth, asked him his descent and other things, and finding out that he was of good birth, entertained him, and adopted him as a *protégé*. And he gave him his daughter Ratnāvalī, with a

¹ See the Appendix, p. 269.—N.M.P.

dower, and thenceforth Dhanadatta lived in his father-in-law's house.

And in the course of some days he forgot in his present happiness his former misery, and having acquired wealth, and longing for fresh dissipation, he wished to go back to his own land. Then the rascal with difficulty wrung a permission from his unwilling father-in-law, whose daughter was his only child, and taking with him his wife, covered with ornaments, accompanied by an old woman, set out from that place, a party of three in all. And in course of time he reached a distant wood, and on the plea that there was danger of robbers he took those ornaments from his wife and got them into his own possession. Alas! Observe that the heart of ungrateful males, addicted to the hateful vice of dicing and drabbing, is as hard as a sword.

Then the villain, being determined to kill his wife, though she was virtuous, for the sake of her wealth, threw her and the old woman into a ravine. And after he had thrown them there he went away. The old woman was killed, but his wife was caught in a mass of creepers and did not die. And she slowly climbed up out of the chasm, weeping bitterly, supporting herself by clinging to grass and creepers, for the appointed end of her life had not yet come. And asking her way step by step, she arrived, by the road by which she came, at the house of her father, with difficulty, for her limbs were sorely bruised. When she arrived there suddenly in this state, her mother and father questioned her eagerly. And the virtuous lady, weeping, told this tale. "We were robbed on the way by bandits, and my husband was dragged away bound. The old woman died, but I survived, though I fell into a ravine. Then I was dragged out of the ravine by a certain benevolent traveller who came that way, and by the favour of destiny I have arrived here." When the good Ratnāvalī said this, her father and mother comforted her, and she remained there, thinking only of her husband.

And in course of time her husband Dhanadatta, who had gone back to his own country, and wasted that wealth in gambling, said to himself: "I will go and fetch more wealth, begging it from my father-in-law, and I will tell him that I

have left his daughter in my house here.” Thinking thus in his heart, he set out for that house of his father-in-law, and when he drew near, his wife beheld him from a distance, and she ran and fell at his feet, though he was a villain. For, though a husband is wicked, a good wife does not alter her feelings towards him. And when he was frightened, she told him all the fictitious story she had previously told her parents about the robbery, her fall, and so on. Then he entered fearlessly with her the house of his father-in-law; and his father-in-law and mother-in-law, when they saw him, welcomed him joyfully. And his father-in-law called his friends together and made a great feast on the occasion, exclaiming: “It is indeed a happy thing that my son-in-law has been let go with life by the robbers.”

Then Dhanadatta lived happily with that wife of his, Ratnāvalī, enjoying the wealth of his father-in-law. But, fie! what the cruel man did one night, though it should not be told for shame, must still, for the story’s sake, be related. He killed his wife when asleep in his bosom, and took away all her ornaments, and then went away unobserved to his own country. So wicked are males!

163G (3). *The King and the Two Wise Birds*

When the *maina* had said this, the king said to the parrot: “Now say your say.” Then the parrot said: “King, females are of intolerable audacity, immoral and wicked; hear a tale in proof of it.

163G (3b). *The Parrot’s Story*¹

There is a city of the name of Harshavatī, and in it there was a leading merchant named Dharmadatta, possessed of many *crores*. And that merchant had a daughter named Vasudattā, matchless in beauty, whom he loved more than his life. And she was given to an excellent young merchant named Samudradatta, equal to her in rank, distinguished for

¹ The following story is the tenth in *Sagas from the Far East*. For fuller details see p. 269 *et seq.* of this volume.—N.M.P.

THE WOMAN, THE THIEF AND THE LOVER 187

wealth and youth, who was an object that the eyes of lovely women loved to feast on, as the partridges on the rays of the moon, and who dwelt in the city of Tāmraliptī, which is inhabited by honourable men. Once on a time the merchant's daughter, while she was living in her father's house, and her husband was in his own country, saw at a distance a certain young and good-looking man. The fickle woman, deluded by Māra,¹ invited him by means of a confidante, and made him her secret paramour. And from that time forth she spent every night with him, and her affections were fixed upon him only.

But one day the husband of her youth returned from his own land, appearing to her parents like delight in bodily form. And on that day of rejoicing she was adorned. But she would have nothing to say to her husband, in spite of her mother's injunctions; and when he spoke to her she pretended to be asleep, as her heart was fixed on another. And then her husband, being drowsy with wine and tired with his journey, was overpowered with sleep.

In the meanwhile, as all the people of the house, having eaten and drunk, were fast asleep, a thief made a hole in the wall² and entered their apartment. At that very moment the merchant's daughter rose up, without seeing the thief, and went out secretly, having made an assignation with her lover. When the thief saw that, his object being frustrated, he said to himself: "She has gone out in the dead of night adorned with those very ornaments which I came here to steal; so I will watch where she goes." When the thief had formed this intention, he went out and followed that merchant's daughter Vasudattā, keeping an eye on her, but himself unobserved.

But she, with flowers and other things of the kind in her hands, went out, accompanied by a single confidante, who was in the secret, and entered a garden at no distance outside the city. And in it she saw her lover, who had come there to meet her, hanging dead on a tree, with a halter round his neck; for

¹ The great tempter of Gautama Buddha. For the numerous legends connected with Māra see Windisch's *Māra und Buddha*, Leipzig, 1895.—N.M.P.

² See Vol. V, p. 142n².—N.M.P.

the city-guards had caught him there at night and hanged him, on the supposition that he was a thief. Then she was distracted and beside herself, and exclaiming, "I am ruined," she fell on the ground and lamented with plaintive cries. Then she took down her dead paramour from the tree, and placing him in a sitting position she adorned him with unguents and flowers, and, although he was senseless, embraced him, with mind blinded by passion and grief. And when in her sorrow she raised up his mouth and kissed it, her dead paramour, being animated by a Vetāla, suddenly bit off her nose.¹ Then she left him in confusion and agony; but still the unfortunate woman came back once more, and looked at him to see if he was still alive. And when she saw that the Vetāla had left his body, and that he was dead and motionless, she departed slowly, weeping with fear and humiliation.

In the meanwhile the thief, who was hidden there, saw all, and said to himself: "What is this that this wicked woman has done? Alas! the mind of females is terrible and black like a dark well, unfathomable, exceedingly deep for a fall.² So I wonder what she will do now." After these reflections the thief again followed her at a distance, out of curiosity.

She went on and entered her own chamber, where her husband was asleep, and cried out, weeping: "Help! Help! This wicked enemy, calling himself a husband, has cut off my nose, though I have done nothing wrong." Then her husband, and her father, and the servants, hearing her repeated cries, woke up, and arose in a state of excitement. Then her father, seeing that her nose had been recently taken off, was angry, and had her husband bound, as having injured his wife. But even while he was being bound he remained speechless, like a dumb man, and said nothing, for all the listeners, his father-in-law and the others, had all together turned against him.³

When the thief had seen all this, he slipped away nimbly, and the night, which was spent in tumult, gradually passed

¹ See Chauvin, *op. cit.*, vi, p. 100.—N.M.P.

² A pun difficult to render in English.

³ The Sanskrit College MS. reads *vibuddheshvatha*—i.e. being awake.

away ; and then the merchant's son was taken by his father-in-law to the king, together with his wife who had been deprived of her nose. And the king, after he had been informed by them of the circumstances, ordered the execution of the young merchant, on the ground that he had maimed his own wife, rejecting with contempt his version of the story. Then, as he was being led to the place of execution, with drums beating,¹ the thief came up to the king's officers and said to them : " You ought not to put this man to death without cause ; I know the circumstances. Take me to the king, that I may tell him the whole story."

When the thief said this, they took him to the king, and after he had received a promise of pardon, he told him the whole history of the night from the beginning. And he said : " If your Majesty does not believe my words, look at once at the woman's nose, which is in the mouth of that corpse." When the king heard that, he sent servants to look ; and finding that the statement was true, he gave orders that the young merchant should not suffer capital punishment. But he banished his wicked wife from the country, after cutting off her ears also,² and punished his father-in-law by confiscating all his wealth ; and being pleased with the thief, he made him chief magistrate of the city.

163G (3). *The King and the Two Wise Birds*

" So you see that females are naturally wicked and treacherous." When the parrot had told this tale, the curse imposed on him by Indra lost its force, and he became once more the Gandharva Chitraratha, and assuming a celestial form, he went to heaven. And at the same moment the *maina's* curse came to an end, and she became the heavenly nymph Tilottamā, and went at once to heaven. And so their dispute remained undecided in the judgment-hall.

¹ See Vol. I, p. 118, 118n², and Vol. V, p. 143n.—N.M.P.

² Cf. Vol. V, pp. 82, 82n¹, 156.—N.M.P.

163c. *King Trivikramasena and the Mendicant*

When the Vetāla had told this tale, he again said to the king : “ So let your Majesty decide which are the worst, males or females. But if you know and do not say, your head shall split in pieces.”

When the king was asked this question by the Vetāla, that was on his shoulder, he said to him : “ Chief of magicians, women are the worst. For it is possible that once in a way a man may be so wicked, but females are, as a rule, always such everywhere.” When the king said this, the Vetāla disappeared, as before, from his shoulder, and the king once more resumed the task of fetching him.

CHAPTER LXXVIII

163G. *King Trivikramasena and the Mendicant*

THEN King Trivikramasena again went at night to that *śiṃśapā* tree in the cemetery; and he fearlessly took that Vetāla that was in the corpse, though it uttered a horrible laugh, and placed it on his shoulder, and set out in silence. And as he was going along, the Vetāla, that was on his shoulder, said to him again: “King, why do you take all this trouble for the sake of this wicked mendicant? In truth you show no discrimination in taking all this fruitless labour. So hear from me this story to amuse you on the way.

163G (4). *The Adventures of Viravara* ¹

There is a city on the earth rightly named Śobhāvati. In it there lived a king of great valour, called Sūdraka. The fire of that victorious king’s might was perpetually fanned by the wind of the chowries waved by the captured wives of his enemies. I ween that the earth was so glorious during the reign of that king, owing to the uninterrupted practice of righteousness that prevailed, that she forgot all her other sovereigns, even Rāma.

Once on a time a Brāhman of the name of Viravara came from Mālava to take service under that king who loved heroes. His wife’s name was Dharmavatī, his son was Sattvavara, and his daughter was Viravatī. These three composed his family; and his attendants were another three: at his side a dagger, a sword in one hand, and a splendid shield in the other. Although he had so small a retinue, he demanded from the king five hundred *dīnārs* a day by way of salary. And King Sūdraka, perceiving that his appearance indicated great courage, gave him the salary he desired.

¹ See the Appendix, pp. 272-273.—N.M.P.

But he felt curious to know whether, as his retinue was so small, he employed so many gold coins to feed his vices, or lavished them on some worthy object. So he had him secretly dogged by spies, in order to discover his mode of life. And it turned out that every day Viravara had an interview with the king in the morning, and stood at his palace gate in the middle of the day, sword in hand; and then he went home and put into the hand of his wife a hundred *dīnārs*¹ of his salary for food, and with a hundred he bought clothes, unguents and betel, and after bathing he set apart a hundred for the worship of Viṣṇu and Śiva, and he gave two hundred by way of charity to poor Brāhmins. This was the distribution which he made of the five hundred every day. Then he fed the sacrificial fire with clarified butter and performed other ceremonies, and took food, and then he again went and kept guard at the gate of the palace alone at night, sword in hand.

When King Śūdraka heard from his spies that Viravara always followed this righteous custom, he rejoiced in his heart; and he ordered those spies, who had dogged his path, to desist; and he considered him worthy of especial honour as a distinguished hero.

Then in course of time, after Viravara had easily tided through the hot weather, when the rays of the sun were exceedingly powerful, the monsoon came roaring, bearing a brandished sword of lightning, as if out of envy against Viravara, and smiting² with raindrops. And though at that time a terrible bank of clouds poured down rain day and night, Viravara remained motionless, as before, at the gate of the palace. And King Śūdraka, having beheld him in the day from the top of his palace, again went up to it at night, to find out whether he was there or not; and he cried out from it: "Who waits there at the palace gate?" When Viravara heard that, he answered: "I am here, your Majesty." Then King Śūdraka thought to himself: "Ah! Viravara is a man of intrepid courage and devotedly attached

¹ See Vol. I, p. 63n¹.—N.M.P.

² I conjecture *prahāri* for the *pahāri* of Brockhaus' edition. In *dhārā* there is a pun, as it also means the "edge of a sword."

to me. So I must certainly promote him to an important post." After the king had said this to himself, he came down from the roof of his palace, and, entering his private apartments, went to bed.

And the next evening, when a cloud was violently raining with a heavy downfall, and black darkness was spread abroad, obscuring the heaven,¹ the king once more ascended the roof of the palace to satisfy his curiosity, and being alone, he cried out in a clear voice: "Who waits there at the palace gate?" Again Viravara said: "I am here." And while the king was lost in admiration at seeing his courage, he suddenly heard a woman weeping in the distance, distracted in despair, uttering only the piteous sound of wailing. When the king heard that, pity arose in his mind, and he said to himself: "There is no oppressed person in my kingdom, no poor or afflicted person; so who is this woman, that is thus weeping alone at night?" Then he gave this order to Viravara, who was alone below: "Listen, Viravara. There is some woman weeping in the distance; go and find out who she is and why she is weeping."

When Viravara heard that, he said, "I will do so," and set out thence with his dagger in his belt, and his sword in his hand. He looked upon the world as a Rākshasa² black with fresh clouds, having the lightning flashing from them by way of an eye, raining large drops of rain instead of stones.

And King Sūdraka, seeing him starting alone on such a night, and being penetrated with pity and curiosity, came down from the top of the palace, and taking his sword, set out close behind him, alone and unobserved. And Viravara went on persistently in the direction of the weeping, and reached a tank outside the city, and saw there that woman in the middle of the water uttering this lament: "Hero! Merciful man! Generous man! How can I live without

¹ I read with the Sanskrit College MS. *gupta-bhuvane kālatamasi*.

² The D. text is different, and certainly makes better sense. Reading *na ca* for *nava*, *Rakṣorūpam* for *Rakṣo jīvam*, etc., the meaning becomes: "He did not mind that Rākshasa-like darkness, black with fresh clouds. . . ." See Speyer, *op. cit.*, p. 134.—N.M.P.

you ? ” And Viravara, who was followed by the king, said with astonishment : “ Who are you, and why do you thus weep ? ” Then she answered him : “ Dear Viravara, know that I am this Earth, and King Sūdraka is now my righteous lord ; but on the third day from this his death will take place, and whence shall I obtain such another lord ? So I am grieved, and bewail both him and myself.”¹ When Viravara heard this, he said, like one alarmed : “ Is there then, goddess, any expedient to prevent the death of this king, who is the protecting amulet of the world ? ”

When Earth heard this, she answered : “ There is one expedient for averting it, and one which you alone can employ.” Then Viravara said : “ Then, goddess, tell it me at once, in order that I may quickly put it in operation : otherwise what is the use of my life ? ” When Earth heard this, she said : “ Who is as brave as you, and as devoted to his master ? So hear this method of bringing about his welfare. If you offer up your child Sattvavara to this glorious goddess Chāṇḍī, famous for her exceeding readiness to manifest herself to her votaries, to whom the king has built a temple,² in the immediate vicinity of his palace, the king will not die, but live another hundred years. And if you do it at once, his safety will be ensured ; but if not, he will assuredly have ceased to live on the third day from this time.”

When the goddess Earth said this to Viravara, he said : “ Goddess, I will go and do it this very instant.” Then Earth said, “ May success attend you ! ” and disappeared ; and the king, who was secretly following Viravara, heard all this.

Then Viravara went quickly in the darkness to his own house, and King Sūdraka, out of curiosity, followed him unobserved. There he woke up his wife Dharmavati, and told her how the goddess Earth had directed him to offer up his son for the sake of the king. When she heard it, she said : “ My lord, we must ensure the prosperity of the king ; so

¹ Cf. the way in which the Banshi laments in Grimm's *Irische Märchen*, pp. 121, 122.

² I read *kṛitapratishṭhā*, which I find in the Sanskrit College MS.

wake up this young boy of ours and tell it him yourself." Then Viravara woke up his young son Sattvavara, who was asleep, and told him what had occurred, and said to him : " So, my son, the king will live if you are offered up to the goddess Chāṇḍī ; but if not, he will die on the third day."

When Sattvavara heard it, though he was a mere child, he showed an heroic soul, and justified his name.¹ He said : " I shall have obtained all I desire, if the sacrifice of my life saves that of the king, for so I shall have repaid him for his food which I have eaten. So why should there be any delay ? Take me and offer me up immediately before the adorable goddess. Let me be the means of bringing about the happiness of my lord."

When Sattvavara said this, Viravara answered : " Bravo ! you are in truth my own son." And the king, who had followed them, and heard all this conversation from outside, said to himself : " Ah ! they are all equal in courage."

Then Viravara took his son Sattvavara on his shoulder, and his wife Dharmavatī took their daughter Viravatī, and they both went that very night to the temple of Chāṇḍī, and King Śūdraka followed them unobserved. Then Sattvavara was taken down by his father from his shoulder and placed in front of the idol, and the boy, who was full of courage, bowed before the goddess, and said : " May the sacrifice of my head ensure the life of King Śūdraka ! May he rule unopposed, goddess, for another hundred years ! " When the boy Sattvavara said this, Viravara exclaimed, " Bravo ! " and drew his sword and cut off his son's head, and offered it to the goddess, saying : " May the sacrifice of my son save the king's life ! " Immediately a voice was heard from the air : " Bravo ! Viravara ! What man is as devoted to his sovereign as thou, who, by the sacrifice of thy noble only son, hast bestowed on this King Śūdraka life and a kingdom ? " Then that young girl Viravatī, the daughter of Viravara, came up, and embraced the head of her slain brother, and weeping, blinded with excessive grief, she broke her heart and so died. And the king saw and heard all this from his concealment.

¹ Sattvavara means " distinguished for courage."

Then Viravara's wife Dharmavati said to him : " We have ensured the prosperity of the king, so now I have something to say to you. Since my daughter, though a child and knowing nothing, has died out of grief for her brother, and I have lost these two children of mine, what is the use of life to me ? Since I have been so foolish as not to offer my own head long ago to the goddess for the welfare of the king, give me leave to enter the fire with my children's bodies." When she urged this request, Viravara said to her : " Do so, and may prosperity attend you ; for what pleasure could you find, noble woman, in continuing a life that would for you be full of nothing but grief for your children ? But do not be afflicted because you did not sacrifice yourself. Would not I have sacrificed myself, if the object could have been attained by the sacrifice of any victim but our son ? So wait until I have made a pyre for you with these pieces of timber, collected to build the fence round the sanctuary of the goddess."

When Viravara had said this, he made a funeral pyre with the timber, and placed on it the bodies of his two children, and lighted it with the flame of a lamp. Then his virtuous wife Dharmavati fell at his feet, and, after worshipping the goddess Chaṇḍī, she addressed to her this prayer : " May my present husband be my husband also in a future birth ! And may the sacrifice of my life procure prosperity for the king his master ! " When the virtuous woman had said this, she threw herself into the burning pyre, from which the flames streamed up like hair.

Then the hero Viravara said to himself : " I have done what the king's interests required, as the celestial voice testified, and I have paid my debt to my master for his food which I have eaten : so as I am now left alone, why should I thus cling to life ? It does not look well for a man like me to nurse his own life only, after sacrificing all his dear family, which it is his duty to maintain. So why should I not gratify Durgā by sacrificing myself ? " Having thus reflected, he first approached the goddess with this hymn of praise :

" Hail to thee, thou slayer of the Asura Mahisha, destroyer of the Dānava Ruru, trident-bearing goddess ! Hail

to thee, best of mothers, that causest rejoicing among the gods, and upholdest the three worlds ! Hail thou whose feet are worshipped by the whole earth, the refuge of those that are intent on final beatitude ! Hail thou that wearest the rays of the sun, and dispellest the accumulated darkness of calamity ! Hail to thee, Kālī, skull-bearing goddess, wearer of skeletons ! Hail, Śivā ! Honour to thee ! Be propitious now to King Śūdraka on account of the sacrifice of my head ! ” After Viravara had praised the goddess in these words, he cut off his head with a sudden stroke of his sword.

King Śūdraka, who was a witness of all this from his place of concealment, was full of bewilderment, sorrow and astonishment, and said to himself : “ This worthy man and his family have performed for my sake a wonderful and difficult exploit never seen or heard of anywhere else. Though the world is wide and various, where could there be found a man so resolute as secretly to sacrifice his life for his master, without proclaiming the fact abroad ? And if I do not requite this benefit, what is the use of my sovereignty, and of my protracting my life, which would only be like that of an animal ? ”

When the heroic king had thus reflected, he drew his sword from the sheath, and approaching the goddess, prayed thus to her : “ Be propitious to me now, goddess, on account of this sacrifice of my head, and confer a boon on me, thy constant votary. Let this Brāhman Viravara, whose acts are in accordance with his name, and who sacrificed his life for my sake, be resuscitated with his family ! ” After uttering this prayer, King Śūdraka was preparing to cut off his head with his sword, but at that moment a voice was heard from the air : “ Do not act rashly ; I am pleased with this courage of thine : let the Brāhman Viravara be restored to life, together with his wife and his children ! ” Having uttered so much, the voice ceased, and Viravara rose up alive and unwounded, with his son, his daughter, and his wife. When the king, who quickly concealed himself again, saw that marvel, he was never tired of looking at them with an eye full of tears of joy.

And Viravara quickly awoke as if from sleep, and

beholding his children and wife alive, and also himself, he was confused in mind. And he asked his wife and children, addressing them severally by name : " How have you returned to life after having been reduced to ashes ? I too cut off my head. What is the meaning of my being now alive ? Is this a delusion, or the manifest favour of the goddess ? " When he said this, his wife and children answered him : " Our being alive is due to a merciful interposition of the goddess, of which we were not conscious." Then Viravara came to the conclusion that it was so, and after worshipping the goddess, he returned home with his wife and children, having accomplished his object.

And after he had left his son, wife and daughter there, he returned that very night to the palace gate of the king, and stood there as before. King Sūdraka, for his part, who had beheld all unobserved, again went up to the roof of his palace. And he cried out from the roof : " Who is in attendance at the palace gate ? " Then Viravara said : " I myself am in waiting here, your Majesty. And in accordance with your orders I went in search of that woman, but she disappeared somewhere as soon as seen, like a Rākshasī."

When the king heard the speech of that Viravara, he was very much astonished, as he had himself seen what took place, and he said to himself : " Indeed people of noble spirit are deep and self-contained of soul as the sea, for when they have performed an unparalleled exploit, they do not utter any description of it." Thus reflecting, the king silently descended from the roof of the palace and entered his private apartments, and there spent the rest of the night.

And the next morning Viravara came to present himself at the time of audience, and then the delighted king related to the ministers all that Viravara had gone through during the night ; so that they were all, as it were, thunderstruck with wonder. Then the king gave to Viravara and his son the sovereignty over the provinces of Lāṭa and Karṇāṭa, as a token of his regard. Then the two kings, Viravara and Sūdraka, being equal in power, lived happily in the interchange of mutual good offices.

163G. *King Trivikramasena and the Mendicant*

When the Vetāla had told this exceedingly wonderful story, he went on to say to King Trivikramasena : “ So tell me, King, who was the bravest of all these ; and if you know and do not tell, the curse, which I before mentioned, shall descend upon you.”

When the king heard this, he answered the Vetāla : “ King Sūdraka was the greatest hero of them all.” Then the Vetāla said : “ Was not Viravara greater, for his equal is not found on earth ? And was not his wife braver, who, though a mother, endured to witness with her own eyes the offering up of her son as a victim ? And was not his son Sattvavara braver, who, though a mere child, displayed such pre-eminent courage ? So why do you say that King Sūdraka was more heroic than these ? ”

When the Vetāla said this, the king answered him : “ Do not say so ! Viravara was a man of high birth, one in whose family it was a tradition that life, son and wife must be sacrificed to protect the sovereign. And his wife also was of good birth, chaste, worshipping her husband only ; and her chief duty was to follow the path traced out for her by her husband. And Sattvavara was like them, being their son. Assuredly, such as are the threads, such is the web produced from them. But Sūdraka excelled them all, because he was ready to lay down his life for those servants, by the sacrifice of whose lives kings are wont to save their own.”

When the Vetāla heard that speech from that king, he at once left his shoulder and returned invisibly to his former place by his supernatural power ; but the king resolutely set out on his former path in that cemetery at night to bring him back again.

CHAPTER LXXIX

163G. *King Trivikramasena and the Mendicant*

THEN King Trivikramasena went back again to that *śimśapā* tree, and saw the Vetāla in the corpse again hanging on it as before, and took him down, and, after showing much displeasure with him, set out again rapidly towards his goal. And as he was returning along his way, in silence as before, through the great cemetery by night, the Vetāla on his shoulder said to him : “ King, you have embarked on a toilsome undertaking, and I liked you from the moment I first saw you ; so listen, I will tell you a tale to divert your mind.

163G (5). *Somaprabhā and her Three Suitors*¹

In Ujjayinī there lived an excellent Brāhman, the dear dependent and minister of King Puṇyasena, and his name was Harisvāmin. That householder had by his wife, who was his equal in birth, an excellent son like himself, Devasvāmin by name. And he also had born to him a daughter, famed for her matchless beauty, rightly named Somaprabhā.² When the time came for that girl to be given away in marriage, as she was proud of her exceeding beauty, she made her mother give the following message to her father and brother : “ I am to be given away in marriage to a man possessed of heroism and knowledge, or magic power³; you must not give me in marriage to any other, if you value my life.”

When her father Harisvāmin heard this, he was full of anxiety, trying to find for her a husband coming under one of these three categories. And while so engaged, he was

¹ See Appendix, p. 273 *et seq.*—N.M.P.

² *I.e.* moonlight.

³ *Vijnāna* appears to have this meaning here. In the *Pentamerone* of Basile (Burton's translation, vol. i, p. 241) a princess refuses to marry, unless a bridegroom can be found for her with a head and teeth of gold.

sent as ambassador to King Puṇyasena to negotiate a treaty with a king of the Deccan, who had come to invade him. And when he had accomplished the object for which he was sent, a noble Brāhman, who had heard of the great beauty of his daughter, came and asked him for her hand. Harisvāmin said to the Brāhman suitor: "My daughter will not have any husband who does not possess either valour, knowledge, or magic power; so tell me which of the three you possess." When Harisvāmin said this to the Brāhman suitor, he answered: "I possess magic power." Thereupon Harisvāmin rejoined: "Then show me your magic power." So that possessor of supernatural power immediately prepared by his skill a chariot that would fly through the air. And in a moment he took Harisvāmin up in that magic chariot and showed him heaven and all the worlds. And he brought him back delighted to that very camp of the king of the Deccan, to which he had been sent on business. Then Harisvāmin promised his daughter to that man possessed of magic power, and fixed the marriage for the seventh day from that time.

And in the meanwhile another Brāhman in Ujjayinī came and asked Harisvāmin's son Devasvāmin for the hand of his sister. Devasvāmin answered: "She does not wish to have a husband who is not possessed of either knowledge, or magic power, or heroism." Thereupon he declared himself to be a hero. And when the hero displayed his skill in the use of missiles and hand-to-hand weapons, Devasvāmin promised to give him his sister, who was younger than himself. And by the advice of the astrologers he told him, as his father had told the other suitor, that the marriage should take place on that very same seventh day, and this decision he came to without the knowledge of his mother.

At that very same time a third person came to his mother, the wife of Harisvāmin, and asked her privately for the hand of her daughter. She said to him: "Our daughter requires a husband who possesses either knowledge, or heroism, or magic power." And he answered: "Mother, I possess knowledge." And she, after questioning him about the past and the future, promised to give the hand of her daughter to that

possessor of supernatural knowledge on that same seventh day.

The next day Harisvāmin returned home, and told his wife and his son the agreement he had made to give away his daughter in marriage; and they told him separately the promises that they had made, and that made him feel anxious, as three bridegrooms had been invited.

Then, on the wedding day, three bridegrooms arrived in Harisvāmin's house—the man of knowledge, the man of magic power, and the man of valour. And at that moment a strange thing took place: the intended bride, the maiden Somaprabhā, was found to have disappeared in some inexplicable manner, and, though searched for, was not found. Then Harisvāmin said eagerly to the possessor of knowledge: "Man of knowledge, now tell me quickly where my daughter is gone." When the possessor of knowledge heard that, he said: "The Rākshasa Dhūmraśikha has carried her off to his own habitation in the Vindhya forest." When the man of knowledge said this to Harisvāmin, he was terrified, and said: "Alas! alas! how are we to get her back, and how is she to be married?" When the possessor of magic power heard that, he said: "Be of good cheer! I will take you in a moment to the place where the possessor of knowledge says that she is."

After he had said this, he prepared, as before, a chariot that would fly through the air, provided with all kinds of weapons, and made Harisvāmin, and the man of knowledge, and the brave man get into it, and in a moment he carried them to the habitation of the Rākshasa in the Vindhya forest, which had been described by the man of knowledge. The Rākshasa, when he saw what had happened, rushed out in a passion, and then the hero, who was put forward by Harisvāmin, challenged him to fight. Then a wonderful fight took place between that man and that Rākshasa, who were contending for a woman with various kinds of weapons, like Rāma and Rāvaṇa. And in a short time the hero cut off the head of that Rākshasa with a crescent-headed arrow, though he was a doughty champion. When the Rākshasa was slain, they carried

off Somaprabhā, whom they found in his house, and they all returned in the chariot of the suitor who possessed the magic power.

When they had reached Harisvāmin's house, the marriage did not go forward, though the auspicious moment had arrived, but a great dispute arose between the man of knowledge, the man of magic power, and the man of valour. The man of knowledge said : " If I had not known where this maiden was, how could she have been discovered when concealed ? So she ought to be given to me." But the man of magic power said : " If I had not made this chariot that can fly through the air, how could you all have gone and returned in a moment like gods ? And how could you, without a chariot, have fought with a Rākshasa, who possessed a chariot ? So you ought to give her to me, for I have secured by my skill this auspicious moment." The brave man said : " If I had not slain the Rākshasa in fight, who would have brought this maiden back here in spite of all your exertions ? So she must be given to me." While they went on wrangling in this style, Harisvāmin remained for a moment silent, being perplexed in mind.

163G. *King Trivikramasena and the Mendicant*

" So tell me, King, to whom she ought to have been given ; and if you know, and do not say, your head shall split asunder." When Trivikramasena heard this from the Vetāla, he abandoned his silence, and said to him : " She ought to be given to the brave man ; for he won her by the might of his arms, at the risk of his life, slaying that Rākshasa in combat. But the man of knowledge and the man of magic power were appointed by the Creator to serve as his instruments : are not calculators and artificers always subordinate assistants to others ? "

When the Vetāla heard this answer of the king's, he left his seat on the top of his shoulder and went, as before, to his own place ; and the king again set out to find him, without being in the slightest degree discomposed.

CHAPTER LXXX

163G. *King Trivikramasena and the Mendicant*

THEN King Trivikramasena again went to the *śimśapā* tree, and carried off from it that Vetāla on his shoulder, as before, and began to return with him swiftly in silence. And on the way the Vetāla again said to him : “ King, you are wise and brave, therefore I love you, so I will tell you an amusing tale, and mark well my question.

163G (6). *The Lady who caused her Brother and Husband to change Heads* ¹

There was a king famous on the earth by the name of Yaśaḥketu, and his capital was a city of the name of Śobhāvati. And in that city there was a splendid temple of Gaurī, and to the south of it there was a lake, called Gaurī-tīrtha. And every year, during a feast on the fourteenth day of the white fortnight of the month Āshāḍha, large crowds came there to bathe from every part of the world.²

And once there came there to bathe, on that day, a young washerman of the name of Dhavala, from a village called Brahmasthala. He saw there the virgin daughter of a man named Śuddhapaṭa, a girl called Madanasundarī, who had come to bathe in the sacred water.³ His heart was captivated

¹ See Appendix, pp. 276-277.—N.M.P.

² The word *śuklāyām*, which is found in the Sanskrit College MS., is omitted by Professor Brockhaus.

³ So in the *Hero and Leander* of Musæus the two lovers meet in the temple of Venus at Sestos, and in the *Æthiopica* of Heliodorus Theagenes meets Chariclea at a festival at Delphi. Petrarch met Laura for the first time in the chapel of St Clara at Avignon, and Boccaccio fell in love with Maria, the daughter of Robert of Naples, in the church of the barefooted friars in Naples (Dunlop's *History of Fiction*, trans. by Liebrecht, p. 9). Rohde remarks that in Greek romances the hero and heroine usually meet in this way. Indeed

by that girl who eclipsed the beauty of the moon, and after he had inquired her name and family, he went home love-smitten. There he remained fasting and restless without her; but when his mother asked him the cause, he told her the truth about his desire.¹ She went and told her husband Vimala, and when he came and saw his son in that state, he said to him: "Why are you so despondent, my son, about an object so easily attained? Śuddhapata will give you his daughter, if I ask him. For we are equal to him in family, wealth and occupation. I know him and he knows me; so this is not a difficult matter for me to arrange."

With these words Vimala comforted his son, and induced him to take food, and other refreshments; and the next day he went with him to the house of Śuddhapata. And there he asked his daughter in marriage for his son Dhavala, and Śuddhapata courteously promised to give her. And so, after ascertaining the auspicious moment, he gave his daughter Madanasundarī, who was of equal birth with Dhavala, in marriage to him the next day. And after Dhavala had been married, he returned a happy man to his father's house, together with his wife, who had fallen in love with him at first sight.

And one day, while he was living there in happiness, his father-in-law's son, the brother of Madanasundarī, came there. All received him courteously,² and his sister embraced him and welcomed him, and his connections asked him how he was; and at last, after he had rested, he said to them: "I have been sent here by my father, to invite Madanasundarī and his son-in-law, since we are engaged in a festival in honour of the goddess Durgā." And all his connections and their family approved his speech, and entertained him that day with appropriate meats and drinks.

it was scarcely possible for two young people belonging to the upper classes of Greek society to meet in any other way (*Der Griechische Roman*, p. 146 and note). See also pp. 385 and 486.—*Cf.* Tawney's *Kathākoṣa*, p. 72.—N.M.P.

¹ For *tayā* in *sl.* 10b the Sanskrit College MS. reads *tathā*.—As the D. text shows, the true correction is *mātrārtayā* for *mātrā tayā*—"when his mother, distressed, asked him the cause (of his strange behaviour) . . ." See Speyer, *op. cit.*, p. 134.—N.M.P.

² *Praśnayaḥ* in Professor Brockhaus' text should be *praśrayaḥ*.

Early the next day Dhavala set out for his father-in-law's house with Madanasundarī and his brother-in-law. And he reached, with his two companions, the city of Śobhāvati, and he saw the great temple of Durgā when he arrived near it; and then he said to his wife and brother-in-law, in a fit of pious devotion: "Come and let us visit the shrine of this awful goddess." When the brother-in-law heard this, he said to him, in order to dissuade him: "How can so many of us approach the goddess empty-handed?" Then Dhavala said: "Let me go alone, and you can wait outside." When he had said this, he went off to pay his respects to the goddess.

When he had entered her temple, and had worshipped, and had meditated upon that goddess, who with her eighteen mighty arms had smitten terrible Dānavas, and who had flung under the lotus of her foot and trampled to pieces the Asura Mahisha, a train of pious reflection was produced in his mind by the impulse of Destiny, and he said to himself: "People worship this goddess with various sacrifices of living creatures, so why should not I, to obtain salvation, appease her with the sacrifice of myself?" After he had said this to himself, he took from her inner shrine, which was empty of worshippers, a sword which had been long ago offered to her by some pilgrims, and, after fastening his own head by his hair to the chain of the bell, he cut it off with the sword, and when cut off it fell on the ground.

And his brother-in-law, after waiting a long time, without his having returned, went into that very temple of the goddess to look for him. But when he saw his sister's husband lying there decapitated, he also was bewildered, and he cut off his head in the same way with that very same sword.

And when he too did not return, Madanasundarī was distracted in mind, and then she too entered the temple of the goddess. And when she had gone in, and seen her husband and her brother in such a state, she fell on the ground, exclaiming: "Alas! what is the meaning of this? I am ruined." And soon she rose up and lamented those two that had been so unexpectedly slain, and said to herself: "Of what use is this life of mine to me now?" And being eager to abandon the body, she said to that goddess: "O

thou that art the chief divinity presiding over blessedness, chastity and holy rule, though occupying half the body of thy husband Śiva,¹ thou that art the fitting refuge of all women, that takest away grief, why hast thou robbed me at once of my brother and my husband ? This is not fitting on thy part towards me, for I have ever been a faithful votary of thine. So hear one piteous appeal from me who fly to thee for protection. I am now about to abandon this body which is afflicted with calamity, but grant that in all my future births, whatever they may be, these two men may be my husband and brother."

In these words she praised and supplicated the goddess, and bowed before her again ; and then she made a noose of a creeper and fastened it to an *aśoka* tree. And while she was stretching out her neck, and putting it into the noose, the following words resounded from the expanse of air : "Do not act rashly, my daughter ! I am pleased with the exceeding courage which thou hast displayed, though a mere girl : let this noose be, but join the heads of thy husband and thy brother to their bodies, and by virtue of my favour they shall both rise up alive."

When the girl Madanasundarī heard this, she let the noose drop, and went up to the corpses in great delight ; but being confused, and not seeing in her excessive eagerness what she was doing, she stuck, as fate would have it, her husband's head on to her brother's trunk, and her brother's head on to her husband's trunk, and then they both rose up alive, with limbs free from wound, but, from their heads having been exchanged, their bodies had become mixed together.

Then they told one another what had befallen them, and were happy ; and after they had worshipped the goddess Durgā, the three continued their journey. But Madanasundarī, as she was going along, saw that she had changed their heads, and she was bewildered and puzzled as to what course to take.

¹ An allusion to the Ardhanārīśa (*i.e.* half male, half female) representation of Śiva.

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“ So tell me, King, which of the two people, thus mixed together, was her husband ; and if you know and do not tell, the course previously denounced shall fall on you ! ” When King Trivikramasena heard this tale and this question from the Vetāla, he answered him as follows : “ That one of the two, on whom her husband’s head was fixed, was her husband, for the head is the chief of the limbs, and personal identity depends upon it.” When the king had said this, the Vetāla again left his shoulder unperceived, and the king again set out to fetch him.

CHAPTER LXXXI

163G. *King Trivikramasena and the Mendicant*

THEN King Trivikramasena went back to the *śimśapā* tree, and again found the Vetāla there, and took him on his shoulder. As he was going along with him, the Vetāla said to him on the way: "King, listen to me. I will tell you a story to make you forget your fatigue.

163G (7). *The King who married his Dependent to a Nereid*¹

There is a city on the shore of the eastern sea, named Tāmraliptī. In that city there was a king of the name of Chaṇḍasiṃha; he turned away his face from the wives of others, but not from battle-fields; he carried off the fortune of his foes, but not the wealth of his neighbours.

Once on a time a popular Rājput of the Deccan, named Sattvaśīla, came to the palace gate of that king. And he announced himself, and then, on account of his poverty, he and some other Rājputs tore a ragged garment in the presence of that king. Thus he became a dependent,² and remained there for many years perpetually serving the king, but he never received any reward from him. And he said to himself: "If I have been born in a royal race, why am I so poor? And considering my poverty is so great, why did my Creator make my ambition so vast? For though I serve the king so diligently, and my followers are sorely afflicted, and I have long been pining with hunger, he has never, up to the present time, deigned to notice me."

While such were the reflections of the dependent, the king

¹ See Appendix, pp. 278-285.—N.M.P.

² The word translated "ragged garment" is *karpaṭa*. The word translated "dependent" is *kārpaṭika*.—Cf. story No. 69, "King Lakshadatta and his Dependent Labdhadatta" (Vol. IV, pp. 168-172) and the note on pp. 182-183 of the same volume.—N.M.P.

one day went out to hunt. And he went, surrounded with horses and footmen, to the forest of wild beasts, while his dependent ran in front of him bearing a stick. And after he had hunted for some time, he followed up closely a boar that had escaped, and soon he reached another distant wood. And in that vast jungle, where the path was obscured with leaves and grass, the king lost the boar, and he became exhausted, and was unable to find his way. And the dependent was the only one that kept up with him, running on foot, regardless of his own life, tortured with hunger and thirst, though the king was mounted upon a horse swift as the wind.

And the king, when he saw that dependent had followed him, in spite of his being in such a condition, said to him in a kind voice : “ Do you know the way by which we came ? ” When the dependent heard that, he put his hands together in an attitude of supplication, and said : “ I do know it. But let my lord rest here for some time ; for the sun, which is the centre-jewel of the girdle of the sky-bride, is now burning fiercely with all its rays flickering forth.” When the king heard this, he said to him graciously : “ Then see if you can find water anywhere here.” The dependent said, “ I will,” and he climbed up a high tree and saw a river, and then he came down again, and led the king to it. And he took the saddle off his horse and let him roll, and gave him water and mouthfuls of grass, and so refreshed him.

And when the king had bathed, he brought out of a corner of his garment delicious¹ *āmalaka* fruits, and washed them, and gave them to him. And when the king asked where he got them, he said to him, kneeling with the *āmalakas* in his hand : “ Ten years have now passed since I, living continually on these fruits, have been performing, in order to propitiate my sovereign, the vow of a hermit that does not dwell in solitude.” When the king heard that, he answered him : “ It cannot be denied that you are rightly named Sattvaśīla.” And being filled with compassion and shame, he said to himself : “ A curse on kings who do not see who among their servants is comfortable or miserable, and a curse on their courtiers who

¹ *Hṛidayāni* should of course be *hṛidyāni*, as in the Sanskrit College MS.

do not inform them of such matters ! ” Such were the king’s thoughts. But he was at last induced by the importunity of the dependent to take two *āmalakas* from him. And after eating them and drinking water, he rested for a while in the company of the dependent, having satiated his hunger and thirst on fruits and water.

Then his dependent got his horse ready, and he mounted it, and the dependent went in front of him to show him the way ; but however much the king entreated him, he would not get up on the horse behind him, and so the king returned to his own city, meeting his army on the way. There he proclaimed the devotion of the dependent ; and he loaded him with wealth and territories, and did not consider even then that he had recompensed him as he deserved. Then Sattvaśīla became a prosperous man, and discarding the life of a dependent, he remained henceforth about the person of King Chaṇḍasiṃha.

And one day the king sent him to the island of Laṅkā, to demand for him the hand of the king’s daughter. He had to go there by sea ; so he worshipped his patron divinity, and went on board a ship, with the Brāhmans whom the king appointed to accompany him. And when the ship had gone half-way, there suddenly arose from the sea a banner that excited the wonder of all in the ship. It was so lofty that its top touched the clouds ; it was made of gold, and emblazoned like a waving flag of various hues. And at that very moment a bank of clouds suddenly arose and began to pour down rain, and a mighty wind blew. And the ship was forced on to that flag by the rain and the wind, and thus fastened to it, as elephant-drivers force on an elephant and bind him to a post. And then the flag began to sink with the ship in the billowy sea.

And then the Brāhmans in the ship, distracted with fear, called on their King Chaṇḍasiṃha, crying out for help. And when Sattvaśīla heard their cries, so great was his devotion to his master that he could not restrain himself, but with his sword in his hand, and his upper garment girded round him, the brave fellow daringly plunged into the billows, following the flag, in order to counteract the violence of the sea, not suspecting the real cause. And as soon as he had plunged in,

that ship was carried to a distance by the wind and waves, and all the people who were in it fell into the mouths of the sea-monsters.

And when Sattvaśīla, who had fallen into the sea, began to look about him, he found that he was in a splendid city, but he could not see the sea anywhere. That city glittered with palaces of gold supported on pillars of jewels, and was adorned with gardens in which were tanks with steps of precious gems, and in it he beheld the temple of Durgā, lofty as Mount Meru, with many walls of costly stones, and with a soaring banner studded with jewels. There he prostrated himself before the goddess, and praised her with a hymn, and sat down wondering whether it was all the effect of enchantment.

And in the meanwhile a heavenly maiden suddenly opened a door, and issued from a bright enclosure in front of the temple of the goddess. Her eyes were like blue lotuses, her face full-blown, her smile like a flower; her body was soft like the taper fibre of a water-lily's root, so that she resembled a moving lotus-lake. And waited on by a thousand ladies, she entered the inner shrine of the goddess and the heart of Sattvaśīla at the same time. And after she had worshipped, she left the inner shrine of the goddess, but nothing would make her leave the heart of Sattvaśīla. And she entered once more into the shining enclosure, and Sattvaśīla entered after her.

And when he had entered, he beheld another splendid city, which seemed like a garden where all the enjoyments of the world had agreed to meet. In it Sattvaśīla saw that maiden sitting on a couch studded with gems, and he went up to her and sat down by her side. And he remained with his eyes fixed on her face, like a man in a painting, expressing his passion by his trembling limbs, the hairs on which stood erect. And when she saw that he was enamoured of her, she looked at the faces of her attendants, and then they, understanding the expression of her face, said to him: "You have arrived here as a guest, so enjoy the hospitality provided by our mistress. Rise up, bathe, and then take food."

When he heard that, he entertained some hope, and he rose up, though not without a struggle, and he went to a tank in the garden which they showed him. And the

moment that he plunged into it he rose up, to his astonishment, in the middle of a tank in the garden of King Chaṇḍasiṃha in Tāmraliptī. And seeing himself suddenly arrived there, he said to himself: "Alas! what is the meaning of this? Now I am in this garden, and a moment ago I was in that splendid city; I have exchanged in an instant the nectarous vision of that fair one for the grievous poison of separation from her. But it was not a dream, for I saw it all clearly in a waking state. It is clear that I was beguiled like a fool by those maidens of Pātāla."

Thus reflecting, he wandered about in that garden like a madman, being deprived of that maiden, and wept in the anguish of disappointed passion. And the gardeners, when they beheld him in that state, with body covered with the yellow pollen of flowers wafted by the wind, as if with the fires of separation, went and told King Chaṇḍasiṃha, and he, being bewildered, came himself and saw him; and after calming him, he said to him: "Tell me, my friend, what is the meaning of all this? You set out for one place and reached another; your arrows have not struck the mark at which they were aimed." When Sattvaśīla heard that, he told the king all his adventures, and he, when he heard them, said to himself: "Strange to say, though this man is a hero, he has, happily for me,¹ been beguiled by love, and I now have it in my power to discharge my debt of gratitude to him." So the brave king said to him: "Abandon now your needless grief, for I will conduct you by the same course into the presence of that beloved Asura maiden." With these words the king comforted him, and refreshed him with a bath and other restoratives.

The next day the king entrusted the kingdom to his ministers, and, embarking on a ship, set out on the sea with Sattvaśīla, who showed him the way. And when they had got to that half-way spot, Sattvaśīla saw the wonderful flagstaff rising out of the sea with the banner on it, as before, and he said to the king: "Here is that great flagstaff with such wonderful properties, towering aloft out of the sea: I must plunge in here, and then the king must plunge in also

¹ More literally "through my merits in a former state of existence."

and dive down after the flagstaff." After Sattvaśīla had said this, they got near the flagstaff, and it began to sink. And Sattvaśīla first threw himself in after it, and then the king also dived in the same direction, and soon after they had plunged in, they reached that splendid city. And there the king beheld with astonishment and worshipped that goddess Pārvatī, and sat down with Sattvaśīla.

And in the meanwhile there issued from that glittering enclosure a maiden, accompanied by her attendant ladies, looking like the quality of brightness in concrete form. Sattvaśīla said, "This is that fair one," and the king, beholding her, considered that his attachment to her was amply justified. She, for her part, when she beheld that king with all the auspicious bodily marks, said to herself: "Who can this exceedingly distinguished man be?"

And so she went into the temple of Durgā to pray, and the king contemptuously went off to the garden, taking Sattvaśīla with him. And in a short time the Daitya maiden came out from the inner shrine of the goddess, having finished her devotions, and having prayed that she might obtain a good husband; and after she had come out, she said to one of her attendants: "My friend, go and see where that distinguished man is whom I saw, and entreat him to do us the favour of coming and accepting our hospitality, for he is some great hero deserving special honour." When the attendant had received this order, she went and looked for him, and, bending low, delivered to him in the garden the message of her mistress. Then the heroic king answered in a carelessly negligent tone: "This garden is sufficient entertainment for me: what other entertainment do I require?" When that attendant came and reported this answer to the Daitya maiden, she considered that the king was a man of a noble spirit and deserving of the highest regard.

And then the Asura maiden (being, as it were, drawn towards himself with the cord of his self-command by the king, who showed a lofty indifference for hospitality far above mortal desert) went in person to the garden, thinking that he had been sent her by way of a husband, as a fruit of her adoration of Durgā. And the trees seemed to honour

her, as she approached, with the songs of various birds, with their creepers bending in the wind like arms, and showers of blossoms. And she approached the king and, bowing courteously before him, entreated him to accept of her hospitality. Then the king pointed to Sattvaśīla, and said to her : " I came here to worship the image of the goddess of which this man told me. I have reached her marvellous temple, guided to it by the banner, and have seen the goddess, and, after that, you ; what other hospitality do I require ? " When the maiden heard that, she said : " Then come, out of curiosity, to see my second city, which is the wonder of the three worlds." When she said this, the king laughed and said : " Oh ! he told me of this also, the place where there is a tank to bathe in." Then the maiden said : " King, do not speak thus ; I am not of a deceitful disposition, and who would think of cheating one so worthy of respect ? I have been made the slave of you both by your surpassing excellence ; so you ought not thus to reject my offer."

When the king heard this, he consented, and taking Sattvaśīla with him, he accompanied the maiden to that glittering enclosure. And the door of it was opened, and she conducted him in, and then he beheld that other splendid city of hers. The trees in it were ever producing flowers and fruits, for all seasons were present there at the same time¹; and the city was all composed of gold and jewels like the peak of Mount Meru. And the Daitya maiden made the king sit down on a priceless jewelled throne, and offered him the *arghya* in due form, and said to him : " I am the daughter of Kālanemi, the high-souled king of the Asuras, but my father was sent to heaven by Vishṇu, the discus-armed god. And these two cities, which I inherit from my father, are the work of Viśvakarman ; they furnish all that heart can wish, and old age and death never invade them. But now I look upon you as a father, and I, with my cities, am at your disposal." When she had in these words placed herself and all that she

¹ Cf. Spenser's *Faerie Queene*, Book III, canto 6, stanza 42 :

" There is continual spring, and harvest there
Continual, both meeting at one tyme."

Cf. also *Odyssey*, vii, 117 ; and Milton, *Paradise Lost*, iv, 148.

possessed at the king's disposal, he said to her : " If this be so, then I give you, excellent daughter, to another—to the hero Sattvaśīla, who is my friend and relation." When the king, who seemed to be the favour of the goddess Durgā in bodily form, said this, the maiden, who understood excellence when she saw it, acquiesced submissively.

When Sattvaśīla had attained the wish of his heart by marrying that Asura maiden, and had had the sovereignty of those cities bestowed on him, the king said to him : " Now I have repaid you for one of those *āmalakas* which I ate, but I am still indebted to you for the second, for which I have never recompensed you." When the king had said this to Sattvaśīla, who bowed before him, he said to that Daitya maiden : " Now show me the way to my own city." Then the Daitya maiden gave him a sword named "Invincible," and a fruit to eat, which was a remedy against old age and death, and with these he plunged into the tank which she pointed out, and the next thing that happened to him was that he rose up in his own land with all his wishes gratified. And Sattvaśīla ruled as king over the cities of the Daitya princess.

163G. *King Trivikramasena and the Mendicant*

" Now tell me : which of those two showed most courage in plunging into the water ? " When the Vetāla put this question to the king, the latter, fearing to be cursed, thus answered him : " I consider Sattvaśīla the braver man of the two, for he plunged into the sea without knowing the real state of the case and without any hope ; but the king knew what the circumstances were when he plunged in, and had something to look forward to, and he did not fall in love with the Asura princess, because he thought no longing would win her." When the Vetāla received this answer from the king, who thereby broke silence, he left his shoulder, as before, and fled to his place on the *śimśapā* tree. And the king, as before, followed him quickly to bring him back again ; for the wise never flag in an enterprise which they have begun until it is finished.

CHAPTER LXXXII

163G. *King Trivikramasena and the Mendicant*

THEN King Trivikramasena returned to the *śimśapā* tree and again caught the Vetāla, and put him on his shoulder, and set out with him. And as he was going along, the Vetāla again said to him from his shoulder : “ King, in order that you may forget your toil, listen to this question of mine.

163G (8). *The Three Fastidious Men*¹

There is a great tract of land assigned to Brāhmans in the country of Anga, called Vṛikshaghāṭa. In it there lived a rich sacrificing Brāhman named Viṣṇusvāmin. And he had a wife equal to himself in birth. And by her he had three sons born to him, who were distinguished for preternatural acuteness. In course of time they grew up to be young men. One day, when he had begun a sacrifice, he sent those three brothers to the sea to fetch a turtle. So off they went, and when they had found a turtle, the eldest said to his two brothers : “ Let one of you take the turtle for our father’s sacrifice ; I cannot take it, as it is all slippery with slime.” When the eldest brother said this, the two younger ones answered him : “ If you hesitate about taking it, why should not we ? ” When the eldest heard that, he said : “ You two must take the turtle ; if you do not, you will have obstructed our father’s sacrifice, and then you and he will certainly sink down to hell.” When he told the younger ones this they laughed, and said to him : “ If you see our duty so clearly, why do you not see that your own is the same ? ” Then the eldest said : “ What ! do you not know how fastidious I am ? I am very fastidious about eating, and I cannot be expected to touch what is repulsive.” The middle brother, when he

¹ See Appendix, pp. 285-294.—N.M.P.

heard this speech of his, said to his brother : "Then I am a more fastidious person than you, for I am a most fastidious connoisseur of the fair sex." When the middle one said this, the eldest went on to say : "Then let the younger of you two take the turtle !" Then the youngest brother frowned, and in his turn said to the two elder : "You fools ! I am very fastidious about beds, so I am the most fastidious of the lot."

So the three brothers fell to quarrelling with one another, and being completely under the domination of conceit, they left that turtle and went off immediately to the court of the king of that country, whose name was Prasenajit, and who lived in a city named Viṭṅkapura, in order to have the dispute decided. There they had themselves announced by the warder, and went in, and gave the king a circumstantial account of their case. The king said : "Wait here, and I will put you all in turn to the proof" ; so they agreed and remained there.

And at the time that the king took his meal, he had them conducted to a seat of honour and given delicious food fit for a king, possessing all the six flavours.¹ And while all were feasting around him, the Brāhman who was fastidious about eating, alone of all the company, did not eat, but sat there with his face puckered up with disgust. The king himself asked the Brāhman why he did not eat his food, though it was sweet and fragrant, and he slowly answered him : "I perceive in this cooked rice an evil smell of the reek from corpses, so I cannot bring myself to eat it, however delicious it may be."

When he said this before the assembled multitude, they all smelled it by the king's orders, and said : "This food is prepared from white rice, and is good and fragrant." But the Brāhman who was so fastidious about eating would not touch it, but stopped his nose. Then the king reflected, and proceeded to inquire into the matter, and found out from his officers² that the food had been made from rice

¹ See Vol. V, p. 114n².—N.M.P.

² *Niyogajānitas* is a misprint for *niyogijānatas*, as is evident from the Sanskrit College MS.

which had been grown in a field near the burning-*ghāt* of a certain village. Then the king was much astonished and, being pleased, he said to him: "In truth you are very particular as to what you eat, so eat of some other dish."

And after they had finished their dinner, the king dismissed the Brāhmans to their apartments and sent for the loveliest lady of his court. And in the evening he sent that fair one, all whose limbs were of faultless beauty, splendidly adorned, to the second Brāhman, who was so squeamish about the fair sex. And that matchless kindler of Kama's flame, with a face like the full moon of midnight, went, escorted by the king's servants, to the chamber of the Brāhman. But when she entered, lighting up the chamber with her brightness, that gentleman who was so fastidious about the fair sex felt quite faint, and stopping his nose with his left hand, said to the king's servants: "Take her away: if you do not, I am a dead man; a smell comes from her like that of a goat."

When the king's servants heard this, they took the bewildered fair one to their sovereign, and told him what had taken place. And the king immediately had the squeamish gentleman sent for, and said to him: "How can this lovely woman, who has perfumed herself with sandalwood, camphor, black aloes, and other splendid scents, so that she diffuses exquisite fragrance through the whole world, smell like a goat?" But though the king used this argument with the squeamish gentleman, he stuck to his point. And then the king began to have his doubts on the subject, and at last, by artfully framed questions, he elicited from the lady herself that, having been separated in her childhood from her mother and nurse, she had been brought up on goat's milk.

Then the king was much astonished, and praised highly the discernment of the man who was fastidious about the fair sex, and immediately had given to the third Brāhman who was fastidious about beds, in accordance with his taste, a bed composed of seven mattresses placed upon a bedstead. White smooth sheets and coverlets were laid upon the bed, and the fastidious man slept on it in a splendid room. But before half a watch of the night had passed he rose up from

that bed, with his hand pressed to his side, screaming in an agony of pain. And the king's officers, who were there, saw a red crooked mark on his side, as if a hair had been pressed deep into it. And they went and told the king, and the king said to them: "Look and see if there is not something under the mattresses." So they went and examined the bottom of the mattresses one by one, and they found a hair in the middle of the bedstead underneath them all. And they took it and showed it to the king; and they also brought the man who was fastidious about beds, and when the king saw the state of his body¹ he was astonished. And he spent the whole night in wondering how a hair could have made so deep an impression on his skin through seven mattresses.

And the next morning the king gave three hundred thousand gold pieces to those three fastidious men, because they were persons of wonderful discernment and refinement. And they remained in great comfort in the king's court, forgetting all about the turtle; and little did they reckon of the fact that they had incurred sin by obstructing their father's sacrifice.²

163G. *King Trivikramasena and the Mendicant*

When the Vetāla, seated on the shoulder of the king, had told him this wonderful tale, he again asked him a question in the following words: "King, remember the curse I previously denounced, and tell me which was the most fastidious of these three, who were respectively fastidious about eating, the fair sex, and beds?" When the wise king heard this, he gave the Vetāla the following answer: "I consider the man who was fastidious about beds, in whose case imposition was out of the question, the most fastidious of the three, for the mark produced by the hair was seen conspicuously manifest

¹ Read *āṅkam* instead of *āṅgam*. The king was astonished on beholding that mark.—N.M.P.

² The B. text here is corrupt owing to the improper expression—*yajñārthaṃ helopārjita-pātakāḥ*. The reading in the D. text would give us the meaning: "... though they had incurred sin by obstructing the success of their father's sacrifice." See Speyer, *op. cit.*, p. 135.—N.M.P.

on his body, whereas the other two may have previously acquired their information from someone else." When the king said this, the Vetāla left his shoulder, as before, and the king again went in quest of him, as before, without being at all depressed.

NINTH STORY.

AGAIN Vicramàditya mounted the tree, seized the Vedàlam, bound him, lifted him up, and was in the act of bearing him along, when he related the following story :

“ Listen, oh Vicramàditya ! In a city called Ubastipuram, there was a king named Grahabujan, and he had a daughter whose name was Saundari. Whilst he was thinking of forming a suitable match for her with some one of high scientific attainment, a Ràja presented himself, of profound* knowledge, wisdom, and prudence, to whom, after a due investigation of his merits, he gave his daughter in marriage.

“ After the celebration of the nuptials, the young man took his bride, and returned to his own city. On their arrival, whilst the husband and wife were reposing

* He is represented as thus wise, because he is required in the sequel to understand the language of animals.

together on a raised bedstead,* some little ants were proceeding to pass in a line under the bed, upon which those that walked first suddenly halted. The ants that were coming up in the rear demanded on what account they were stopped; to which they replied, that there was no room to pass under the bed. The ants that stood behind rejoined, 'Can you not take up the bedstead, and throw it on one side?' to which the others answered, 'It would be a heinous sin to do so, whilst a husband and wife are sleeping together upon it.'

"The Rājā, hearing the conversation which the ants held, was struck with the oddity of their remarks, and began to laugh. The wife seeing this, asked him what was the cause of his mirth. The ants on hearing the sounds of their voices, cried out in their language to the Rājā, 'If you tell any one what we have been saying, may your head be split asunder.' The Rājā being thus threatened with a curse, became afflicted with grief, while his spouse demanded, why he did not open his mouth in reply to what she had asked? 'Since I find no favour in your sight,' said she, 'I will put a period to my existence by a violent death.' On hearing these words, the Rājā commanded that a pile of wood should be raised in the burning-ground, and stretching himself

* Literally, "a bedstead strung with tape." The kind of bedstead is specified, because it is only such bedsteads that are elevated on legs, it being usual with the natives to sleep on mats upon the ground. The absurdity of course consists in the difficulty which a little ant finds in passing under a four-post bedstead.

upon it, was on the point of calling his wife to share his fate, when it chanced that a ewe and a ram came that way, and as they were standing together, the ram went to pay his addresses to the ewe, when the ewe turning to the ram said, ‘ I will not receive your attentions, unless you will gather for me some grass which is hanging in this well.’ The ram, on hearing this, was much afflicted, and thus replied ; ‘ If in stretching out to gather that ‘ grass I should fall and be killed, whom will you then ‘ have to bear you company? If you do not choose to ‘ associate with me, it is of no great consequence, you ‘ may go about your business.’ The Raja having witnessed this scene, instantly rose up, and returning to the city, made another marriage, and lived happily.

“ Therefore,” said the Vedàlam to Vicramàditya, “ which had the more sense?” To which Vicramàditya replied, “ The ram was the wiser, though but “ a brute, since he did not listen to the words of a “ female.”

On hearing Vicramàditya thus speak, the Vedàlam loosed his bonds, and mounted the muruca tree as before.

CHAPTER LXXXIII

163G. *King Trivikramasena and the Mendicant*

SO King Trivikramasena again went to the *śimśapā* tree, and taking the Vetāla down from it, placed him on his shoulder, and set out. Then the Vetāla said to him: "King, this wandering about in a cemetery at night is inconsistent with your kingly rank. Do you not see that this place of the dead ¹ is full of Bhūtas,² and terrible at night, and full of darkness as of the smoke of funeral pyres? Alas, what tenacity you display in this undertaking you have engaged in, to please that mendicant! So listen to this question from me, which will render your journey more agreeable.

163G (9). *Anangarati and her Four Suitors* ³

There is in Avanti a city built by gods at the beginning of the world, which is limitless as the body of Śiva, and renowned for enjoyment and prosperity, even as his body is adorned with the snake's hood and ashes.⁴ It was called Padmāvati in the Kṛita Yuga, Bhogavatī in the Tretā Yuga, Hiranyavatī in the Dvāpara Yuga, and Ujjayinī in the Kali Yuga.⁵ And in it there lived an excellent king, named Viradeva, and he had a queen named Padmarati. The king

¹ Literally, "grove of ancestors"—i.e. cemetery. —The German "Ahnenhain." See Vol. VI, p. 254.—N.M.P.

² See Vol. I, p. 206; Vol. VI, p. 129; and Crooke, *Religion and Folk-Lore of Northern India*, new edition, 1926, p. 190 *et seq.*—N.M.P.

³ See Appendix, p. 199.—N.M.P.

⁴ Here we have one of the puns in which our author delights.

⁵ For a note on the four Yugas, or Ages of the World, see Vol. IV, p. 240n¹.—N.M.P.

went with her to the bank of the Mandākinī,¹ and propitiated Śiva with austerities, in order to obtain a son. And after he had remained a long time engaged in austerities, he performed the ceremonies of bathing and praying, and then he heard this voice from heaven, uttered by Śiva, who was pleased with him: "King, there shall be born to thee a brave son to be the head of thy family, and a daughter, who with her matchless beauty shall put to shame the nymphs of heaven." When King Viradeva had heard this voice from heaven, he returned to his city with his consort, having gained all he desired.

There he first had a son born to him, named Śūradeva, and after a time Queen Padmarati gave birth to a daughter. And her father gave her the name of Anangarati, on the ground that she was beautiful enough to inspire love in the breast of Kāma. And when she grew up, in his desire to procure for her a suitable husband, he had brought the portraits of all the kings of the earth, painted on canvas. And as no one of them seemed a match for her, he said to

¹ This river joins the Alaknandā at Rudraprayāg, and rises at Kedārnāth, the famous temple in the Garhwāl District of the United Provinces of Agra and Oudh (see Vol. VI, p. 88). It should not be confused with a river of the same name mentioned by Kālidāsa in the *Mālavikāgnimitra* (see Tawney's translation, p. 7n², where he points out that the Narmadā is probably meant here).

The twin peaks of Kedārnāth and Badarīnāth (see *Ocean*, Vol. IV, p. 159n¹) rise at a distance of ten miles apart, and between these lies the temple, which ranks as one of the twelve famous *līnga* shrines in India. Although it was an important religious centre in Buddhist times, it was not until the arrival of the Śaiva reformer, Śaṅkarācārya, about the beginning of the eighth century, that it attained its greatest sanctity as a place of holy pilgrimage. Situated at a height of over 11,000 feet, among roses and syringa bushes on the eternal snow, it is said to have a strange effect on pilgrims.

Crooke tells us (Hastings' *Ency. Rel. Eth.*, vol. vii, p. 680) that the sanctity of the place has been explained by the fact that pilgrims become overpowered by the strong scent of the flowers. "This," he continues, "combined with the rarity of the air, produces a sense of faintness, which is naturally attributed to spirit agency, while the strange sounds produced by falling avalanches and rendings of the ice and snow doubtless contribute to the same belief." For further details concerning Kedārnāth and other sacred places in the neighbourhood, see Crooke (*op. cit. sup.*) and the numerous references there given

his daughter, in his tenderness for her : “ I cannot find a suitable match for you, my daughter, so summon all the kings of the earth, and select your own husband.” When the princess heard that, she said to her father : “ My father, I am too modest to select my own husband, but I must be given in marriage to a good-looking young man, who is a perfect master of one art ; I do not want any other better man.”

When the king heard this speech of his daughter Anangarati, he proceeded to search for a young man such as she had described, and while he was thus engaged, there came to him from the Deccan four magnificent men, brave and skilful, who had heard from the people what was going on. Those four suitors for the hand of the princess were received with respect by the king, and one after another they told to him in her presence their respective acquirements.

The first said : “ I am a Śūdra, Panchaphuṭṭika by name. I make every day five splendid pairs of garments : the first of them I give to my god, and the second to a Brāhman, the third I retain for my own wearing,¹ the fourth I should give to my wife, if this maid here were to become my wife, the fifth I sell, and procure myself meat and drink. As I possess this art, let Anangarati be given to me.”

When he had said this, the second man said : “ I am a Vaiśya, Bhāshājna by name. I know the speech of all beasts and birds,² so let the princess be given to me.”

When the second had said this, the third said : “ I am a Kshatriya king, by name Khaḍgadhara, renowned for might of arm : my equal in the art of swordmanship does not exist upon the earth, so bestow this maiden on me, O King.”

When the third had said this, the fourth said : “ I am

¹ More literally, “for my own two garments.” A Hindu wears two pieces of cloth.

² See Vol. IV, p. 145n¹ ; Herrtage's edition of the English *Gesta Romanorum*, p. 55 ; the Greek fable of Teiresias, Waldau, *Böhmische Märchen*, p. 1 [see Frazer, *Apollodorus, The Library*, vol. i, p. 363] ; and Hagen's *Helden-Sagen*, vol. ii, p. 24. We are told that Melampus buried the parents of a brood of snakes, and they rewarded him by licking his ears so that he understood the language of birds (Preller, *Griechische Mythologie*, vol. ii, p. 474).

a Brāhman, named Jivadatta, and I possess the following art : I can restore to life dead creatures, and exhibit them alive ¹ ; so let this maiden obtain for a husband me, who am renowned for daring exploits."

When they had thus spoken, the King Viradeva, with his daughter by his side, seeing that they were like gods in shape and dress, remained lost in doubt.

163G. *King Trivikramasena and the Mendicant*

When the Vetāla had told this story, he said to King Trivikramasena, menacing him with the before-mentioned curse : " So tell me, King, to which of these four ought the maiden Anangarati to be given ? "

When the king heard this, he gave the Vetāla the following answer : " You are thus repeatedly making me break silence simply in order to waste time ; otherwise, master of magic, how could you possibly ask such an absurd question ? How can a woman of Kshatriya caste be given to a Śūdra weaver ? Moreover, how can a Kshatriya woman be given to a Vaiśya ? And as to the power of understanding the language of beasts and birds, which he possesses, what is the practical use of it ? And as for the fourth, the Brāhman, who fancies himself such a hero, of what worth is he, as he is a sorcerer, and degraded by abandoning the duties of his caste ? Accordingly the maiden should be given to the third suitor, the Kshatriya Khadgadhara, who is of the same caste, and distinguished for his skill and valour."

When the Vetāla heard this, he left the king's shoulder, as before, and quickly returned by the power of his magic to his own place ; and the king again pursued him, as before, to recover him, for despondency never penetrates into a hero's heart, that is cased in armour of fortitude.

¹ See Vol. VI, p. 18n¹.—N.M.P.

CHAPTER LXXXIV

163G. *King Trivikramasena and the Mendicant*

THEN Trivikramasena went and took the Vetāla from the *śimśapā* tree, and put him on his shoulder once more, and set out; and as he was going along, the Vetāla said from the top of his shoulder: "You are weary, King, so listen to this tale that is capable of dispelling weariness.

163G (10). *Madanasenā and her Rash Promise*¹

There was an excellent king of the name of Vīrabāhu, who imposed his orders on the heads of all kings. He had a splendid city named Anangapura, and in it there lived a rich merchant named Arthadatta; that merchant-prince had for elder child a son named Dhanadatta, and his younger child was a pearl of maidens, named Madanasenā.

One day, as she was playing with her companions in her own garden, a young merchant, named Dharmadatta, a friend of her brother's, saw her. When he saw that maiden, who with the full streams of her beauty, her breasts like pitchers half-revealed, and three wrinkles like waves, resembled a lake for the elephant of youth to plunge in in sport, he was at once robbed of his senses by the arrows of love, that fell upon him in showers. He thought to himself: "Alas, this maiden, illuminated with this excessive beauty, has been framed by Māra,² as a keen arrow to cleave asunder my heart." While engaged in such reflections, he watched her long; the day passed away for him as if he were a *chakra-vāka*.³ Then Madanasenā entered her house, and grief at

¹ See Appendix, pp. 199-204.—N.M.P.

² See Vol. VI, p. 187n¹.—N.M.P.

³ See Vol. VI, p. 71n². For a note on the name "Brāhmani" see Crooke, *Ind. Ant.*, vol. x, 1881, p. 293, and also his new edition of *Religion and Folk-Lore of Northern India*, p. 374.—N.M.P.

no longer beholding her entered the breast of Dharmadatta. And the sun sank red into the western main, as if inflamed with the fire of grief at seeing her no more. And the moon, that was surpassed by the lotus of her countenance, knowing that that fair-faced one had gone in for the night, slowly mounted upward.

In the meanwhile Dharmadatta went home, and thinking upon that fair one, he remained tossing to and fro on his bed, smitten by the rays of the moon.¹ And though his friends and relations eagerly questioned him, he gave them no answer, being bewildered by the demon of love. And in the course of the night he at length fell asleep, though with difficulty, and still he seemed to behold and court that loved one in a dream; to such lengths did his longing carry him. And in the morning he woke up, and went and saw her once more in that very garden, alone and in privacy, waiting for her attendant. So he went up to her, longing to embrace her, and falling at her feet he tried to coax her with words tender from affection. But she said to him with great earnestness: "I am a maiden betrothed to another. I cannot now be yours, for my father has bestowed me on the merchant Samudradatta, and I am to be married in a few days. So depart quietly: let not anyone see you; it might cause mischief." But Dharmadatta said to her: "Happen what may, I cannot live without you!"

When the merchant's daughter heard this, she was afraid that he would use force to her, so she said to him: "Let my marriage first be celebrated here, let my father reap the long-desired fruit of bestowing a daughter in marriage; then I will certainly visit you, for your love has gained my heart."

When he heard this, he said: "I love not a woman who has been embraced by another man: does the bee delight in a lotus on which another bee has settled?" When he said this to her, she replied: "Then I will visit you as soon as I am married, and afterwards I will go to my husband." But though she made this promise, he would not let her go without further assurance, so the merchant's daughter confirmed the truth of her promise with an oath.

¹ See Vol. VI, pp. 100n¹, 101n.—N.M.P.

Then he let her go, and she entered her house in low spirits.

And when the lucky day had arrived, and the auspicious ceremony of marriage had taken place, she went to her husband's house and spent that day in merriment, and then retired with him. But she repelled her husband's caresses with indifference, and when he began to coax her she burst into tears. He thought to himself, "Of a truth she cares not for me," and said to her, "Fair one, if you do not love me, I do not want you; go to your darling, whoever he may be." When she heard this, she said slowly, with downcast face: "I love you more than my life, but hear what I have to say. Rise up cheerfully, and promise me immunity from punishment; take an oath to that effect, my husband, in order that I may tell you."

When she said this, her husband reluctantly consented, and then she went on to say with shame, despondency and fear: "A young man of the name of Dharmadatta, a friend of my brother's, saw me once alone in our garden, and smitten with love, he detained me; and when he was preparing to use force, I, being anxious to secure for my father the merit giving of a daughter in marriage, and to avoid all scandal, made this agreement with him: 'When I am married, I will pay you a visit before I go to my husband'; so I must now keep my word. Permit me, my husband. I will pay him a visit first, and then return to you, for I cannot transgress the law of truth which I have observed from my childhood."

When Samudradatta had been thus suddenly smitten by this speech of hers, as by a down-lighting thunderbolt, being bound by the necessity of keeping his word, he reflected for a moment as follows: "Alas! she is in love with another man; she must certainly go! Why should I make her break her word? Let her depart! Why should I be so eager to have her for a wife?" After he had gone through this train of thought, he gave her leave to go where she would; and she rose up and left her husband's house.

In the meanwhile the cold-rayed moon ascended the great eastern mountain, as it were the roof of a palace, and the nymph of the eastern quarter smiled, touched by his finger.

Then, though the darkness was still embracing his beloved herbs in the mountain caves, and the bees were settling on another cluster of *kumudas*, a certain thief saw Madanasenā as she was going along alone at night, and rushing upon her, seized her by the hem of her garment. He said to her: "Who are you, and where are you going?" When he said this, she, being afraid, said: "What does that matter to you? Let me go! I have business here." Then the thief said: "How can I, who am a thief, let you go?" Hearing that, she replied: "Take my ornaments." The thief answered her: "What do I care for these gems, fair one? I will not surrender you, the ornament of the world, with your face like the moonstone, your hair black like jet, your waist like a diamond,¹ your limbs like gold, fascinating beholders with your ruby-coloured feet."

When the thief said this, the helpless merchant's daughter told him her story, and entreated him as follows: "Excuse me for a moment, that I may keep my word, and as soon as I have done that, I will quickly return to you, if you remain here. Believe me, my good man, I will never break this true promise of mine." When the thief heard that, he let her go, believing that she was a woman who would keep her word, and he remained in that very spot, waiting for her return.

She, for her part, went to that merchant Dharmadatta. And when he saw that she had come to that wood, he asked her how it happened, and then, though he had longed for her, he said to her, after reflecting a moment: "I am delighted at your faithfulness to your promise; what have I to do with you, the wife of another? So go back, as you came, before anyone sees you." When he thus let her go, she said, "So be it," and leaving that place, she went to the thief, who was waiting for her in the road. He said to her: "Tell me what befell you when you arrived at the trysting-place." So she told him how the merchant let her go. Then the thief said: "Since this is so, then I also will let you go, being pleased with your truthfulness: return home with your ornaments!"

So he too let her go, and went with her to guard her.

¹ The word *vajra* also means thunderbolt.

And she returned to the house of her husband, delighted at having preserved her honour. There the chaste woman entered secretly, and went delighted to her husband. And he, when he saw her, questioned her ; so she told him the whole story. And Samudradatta, perceiving that his good wife had kept her word without losing her honour, assumed a bright and cheerful expression, and welcomed her as a pure-minded woman, who had not disgraced her family, and lived happily with her ever afterwards.

163G. *King Trivikramasena and the Mendicant*

When the Vetāla had told this story in the cemetery to King Trivikramasena, he went on to say to him : “ So tell me, King, which was the really generous man of those three, the two merchants and the thief ? And if you know and do not tell, your head shall split into a hundred pieces.”

When the Vetāla said this, the king broke silence, and said to him : “ Of those three the thief was the only really generous man, and not either of the two merchants. For of course her husband let her go, though she was so lovely and he had married her : how could a gentleman desire to keep a wife that was attached to another ? And the other resigned her because his passion was dulled by time, and he was afraid that her husband, knowing the facts, would tell the king the next day. But the thief, a reckless evildoer, working in the dark, was really generous, to let go a lovely woman, ornaments and all.”

When the Vetāla heard that, he left the shoulder of the king and returned to his own place, as before ; and the king, with his great perseverance no whit dashed, again set out, as before, to bring him.

CHAPTER LXXXV

163G. *King Trivikramasena and the Mendicant*

THEN King Trivikramasena again went and took that Vetāla from the *śimśapā* tree and put him on his shoulder, and set out with him ; and as he was going along, the Vetāla on his shoulder said to him : “ Listen, King, I will tell you an interesting story.

163G (11). *King Dharmadhvaja and his Three Very Sensitive Wives*¹

There lived of old in Ujjayinī a king of the name of Dharmadhvaja ; he had three wives, who were all daughters of kings, and whom he held very dear. The first of them was called Indulekhā, the second Tārāvali, and the third Mṛigāṅkavatī ; and they were all possessed of extraordinary personal charms. And the successful king, who had conquered all his enemies, lived happily, amusing himself with all those three queens.

Once on a time, when the festival of the spring season had arrived, he went with all those three wives to the garden to amuse himself. There he beheld the creepers weighed down with flowers, looking like Kāma's bows, with rows of bees for strings, strung for him by the spring. And the king, who resembled the mighty Indra, hearing the notes which the cuckoos uttered on the sprays of the garden trees, like the edict of Love, the god of enjoyment, betook himself with his wives to wine, which is the very life of that intoxication by which Kāma lives. And he joyed in drinking the liquor first tasted by them, perfumed with their sighs, red as their *bimba* lips.²

¹ See Appendix, pp. 204-211.—N.M.P.

² See *Ocean*, Vol. I, p. 31n²; also Macdonell and Keith, *Vedic Index*, vol. ii, p. 68.—N.M.P.

Then, as Indulekhā was playfully pulling the hair of the king, a blue lotus leaped from her ear and fell on her lap. Immediately a wound was produced on the front of her thigh by the blow, and the delicate princess exclaimed, "Oh ! Oh !" and fainted. When the king and the attendants saw that, they were distracted with grief, but they gradually brought her round with cold water and fanning. Then the king took her to the palace and had a bandage applied to the wound, and treated her with preparations made by the physicians.

And at night, seeing that she was going on well, the king retired with the second, Tārāvalī, to an apartment on the roof of the palace exposed to the rays of the moon. There the rays of the moon, entering through the lattice, fell on the body of the queen, who was sleeping by the king's side, where it was exposed by her garment blowing aside. Immediately she woke up, exclaiming, "Alas, I am burned !" and rose up from the bed rubbing her limbs. The king woke up in a state of alarm, crying out : " What is the meaning of this ? " Then he got up and saw that blisters had been produced on the queen's body. And the Queen Tārāvalī said to him when he questioned her : " The moon's rays falling on my exposed body have done this to me." When she said this, and burst into tears, the king, being distressed, summoned her attendants, who ran there in trepidation and alarm. And he had made for her a bed of lotus leaves, sprinkled with water, and sandalwood lotion applied to her body.

In the meanwhile his third wife Mṛigānkavatī heard of it, and left her palace to come to him. And when she had got into the open air, she heard distinctly, as the night was still, the sound of a pestle pounding rice in a distant house. The moment the gazelle-eyed one heard it she said, " Alas, I am killed !" and she sat down on the path, shaking her hands in an agony of pain. Then the girl turned back, and was conducted by her attendants to her own chamber, where she fell on the bed, and groaned. And when her weeping attendants examined her, they saw that her hands were covered with bruises, and looked like lotuses upon which black bees had settled. So they went and told the king. The King

Dharmadhvaja arrived in a state of consternation, and asked his beloved what it all meant. Then the tortured queen showed him her hands, and said to him: "As soon as I heard the sound of the pestle, these became covered with bruises." Then the king, filled with surprise and despondency, had sandalwood¹ unguent and other remedies applied to her hands, in order to allay the pain.

He reflected: "One of my queens has been wounded by the fall of a lotus, the second has had her body burned even by the rays of the moon, and alas! the third has got such terrible bruises produced on her hands by the mere sound of a pestle. By a dispensation of fate the excessive delicacy, which is the distinguishing excellence of my queens, has now become in them all, at one and the same time, a defect." Engaged in such reflections the king wandered round the women's apartments, and the night of three watches passed for him as tediously as if it had consisted of a hundred watches. But the next morning the physicians and surgeons took measures which caused him soon to be comforted by the recovery of his wives.

163G. *King Trivikramasena and the Mendicant*

When the Vetāla had told this very wonderful story, he put this question to King Trivikramasena from his seat on his shoulder: "Tell me, King, which was the most delicate of those queens; and the curse I before mentioned will take effect if you know and do not say."

When the king heard that, he answered: "The most delicate of all was the lady upon whose hands bruises were produced by merely hearing the sound of the pestle, without touching it. But the other two were no match for her, because the wound of the one and the blisters of the other were produced by contact with the lotus and the rays of the moon respectively."

When the king had said this, the Vetāla again left his shoulder and returned to his own place, and the persevering king again set out to fetch him.

¹ See note on pp. 105-107.—N.M.P.

CHAPTER LXXXVI

163G. *King Trivikramasena and the Mendicant*

THEN King Trivikramasena again went to the śiṃśapā tree, and recovered the Vetāla, and placed him on his shoulder, and set out with him again silently, as before. Then the Vetāla again said to him from his seat on his shoulder : “ King, I love you much because you are so indomitable ; so listen, I will tell you this delightful story to amuse you.

163G (12). *King Yaśaḥketu, his Vidyādhari Wife and his Faithful Minister*¹

In the land of Anga² there was a young king named Yaśaḥketu, like a second and unburnt God of Love come to earth to conceal his body.³ He conquered by his great valour all his enemies ; and as Indra has Brihaspati for a minister, he had Dīrghadarśin. Now, in course of time, this king, infatuated with his youth and beauty, entrusted to that minister his realm, from which all enemies had been eradicated, and became devoted to pleasure only. He remained continually in the harem⁴ instead of the judgment-hall ; he listened to delightful songs in the women’s apartments instead of hearkening to the voice of his well-wishers ; in his thoughtlessness he was devoted to latticed windows and not to the affairs of his kingdom, though the latter also were full of holes.

But the great minister Dīrghadarśin continued unweariedly

¹ See Appendix, pp. 211-212.—N.M.P.

² The country around Bhāgalpur. Its capital was Champāpuri. Its western boundary was the juncture of the Ganges and the Sarayū.—N.M.P.

³ Or, “to protect the realm of Anga” ; a shameless pun ! The God of Love was consumed by the fire of Śiva’s eye.

⁴ See Vol. II of the *Ocean*, pp. 161n⁴, 162n, 163n.—N.M.P.

upholding the burden of his kingdom's cares, day and night. And a general rumour spread to the following effect: "Dīrghadarśin has plunged in dissipation the sovereign, who is satisfied with the mere name of king, and so he manages now to enjoy himself all his master's power." Then the minister Dīrghadarśin said of himself to his wife Medhāvati: "My dear, as the king is addicted to pleasure, and I do his work, a calumny has been circulated among the people against me, to the effect that I have devoured the realm. And a general rumour, though false, injures even great men in this world: was not Rāma compelled by a slanderous report to abandon his wife Sitā? So what course must I adopt in this emergency?" When the minister said this, his firm-souled wife Medhāvati,¹ who was rightly named, said to him: "Take leave of the king on the pretext of a pilgrimage to holy bathing-places; it is expedient, great-minded sir, that you should go to a foreign land for a certain time. So you will be seen to be free from ambition, and the calumny against you will die out. And while you are absent the king will bear the burden of the kingdom himself, and then this vicious tendency of his will gradually diminish, and when you return you will be able to discharge your office of minister without blame."

When Dīrghadarśin's wife said this to him, he said, "I will do so"; and he went and said to King Yaśahketu in the course of conversation: "Give me leave to depart, King, I am going on a pilgrimage for some days, for my heart is set on that religious duty." When the king heard that, he said: "Do not do so! Cannot you, without going on pilgrimages, perform in your house noble religious duties, such as charity and so on, which will procure you heaven?" When the minister heard this, he said: "King, that purity which comes of wealth is sought by charity and so on, but holy bathing-places have an everlasting purity. And a wise man must visit them while he is young, for otherwise how can he be sure of reaching them, as this body cannot be relied on?" While he was saying this, and the king was still trying to dissuade him, a warder entered, and said to the

¹ *I.e.* wise.

king : “ King, the sun is plunging into the middle of the lake of heaven, so rise up, this is the hour appointed for you to bathe in, and it is rapidly passing away.” When the king heard this, he immediately rose up to bathe, and the minister, whose heart was set on pilgrimage, bowed before him, and went home to his own house.

There he left his wife, whom he forbade to follow him, and managed cunningly to set out in secret, without even his servants suspecting his departure. And alone he wandered from country to country with resolute perseverance, and visited holy bathing-places, and at last he reached the land of Paundra.¹ In a certain city in that country not far from the sea he entered a temple of Śiva, and sat down in a courtyard attached to it. There a merchant named Nidhidatta, who had come to worship the god, saw him exhausted with the heat of the sun’s rays, dusty with his long journey. The merchant, being a hospitable man, seeing that the traveller, who was in such a state, wore a Brāhmanical thread,² and had auspicious marks, concluded that he was a distinguished Brāhman, and took him home to his own house. There he honoured him with a bath, food and other refreshments in the most luxurious style, and when his fatigue was removed, he said to him : “ Who are you, whence do you come, and where are you going ? ” And the Brāhman gave him this reserved answer : “ I am a Brāhman of the name of Dīrghadarśin ; I have come here on pilgrimage from the land of Anga.” Then the merchant-prince Nidhidatta said to him : “ I am about to go on a trading expedition to the Island of Gold,³ so you must live in my house until I return ; and then you will have recovered from the fatigue which you have incurred by roaming to holy places, and you can go home.” When Dīrghadarśin heard that, he said : “ Why should I remain here ? I will go with you, great merchant, if you like.” The good man said, “ So be it,”

¹ This corresponds to Bengal—Bihar, the country of the sugar-cane.
—N.M.P.

² See note at the end of chapter.—N.M.P.

³ *I.e.* Suvarṇadvīpa, probably Sumatra. Suvarṇabhūmi, mentioned in Kauṭilya’s *Arthaśāstra*, is usually identified with Lower Burma.—N.M.P.

and then the minister, who had long discarded the use of beds,¹ spent that night in his house.

The next day he went with that merchant to the sea, and embarked on a ship laden with his merchandise. He travelled along in that ship, and beheld the awful and wonderful ocean, and in course of time reached the Isle of Gold. What had a man holding the office of prime minister to do with sea-voyages? But what will not men of honour do to prevent their fame from being sullied? So he remained some time in that island with that merchant Nidhidatta, who was engaged in buying and selling.

And as he was returning with him on the ship, he suddenly saw a wave rise up, and then a wishing-tree² arise out of the sea; it was adorned with boughs glittering with gold, which were embellished with sprays of coral, and bore lovely fruits and flowers of jewels. And he beheld on its trunk a maiden, alluring on account of her wonderful beauty, reclining on a gem-bestudded couch. He reflected for a moment: "Aha! What can this be?" And thereupon the maiden, who had a lyre in her hand, began to sing this song: "Whatever seed of works any man has sown in a former life, of that he, without doubt, eats the fruit; for even fate cannot alter what has been done in a previous state of existence."

When the heavenly maiden had sung this song, she immediately plunged into that sea, with the wishing-tree, and the couch on which she was reclining. Then Dirghadarśin reflected: "I have to-day seen a wonderful sight; one would never have expected to find in the sea a tree, with a heavenly maiden singing on it, appearing and disappearing as soon as beheld. Or rather, this admirable treasure-house of the sea is ever the same: did not Lakshmī, and the moon, and the Pārijāta tree, and other precious things come out of it?" But the steersman and the rest of the crew, perceiving

¹ The D. text reads *cirād avāptaśayano* . . . instead of B.'s *cirād apastaśayano* . . . , which appears to be the better reading. Dirghadarśin has been sleeping in the open during his pilgrimage, and now enjoys the welcome luxury of a bed. Thus the D. text means, ". . . after a long time he had again got a bed in which to pass the night. . . ." See Speyer, *op. cit.*, p. 135.—N.M.P.

² See Vol. I, p. 144n¹.

that Dīrghadarśin was astonished and puzzled, said to him : " This lovely woman always appears here in the same way, and sinks down again at once ; but this sight is new to you."

This is what they said to the minister, but he still continued in a state of wonder, and so he reached in course of time on the ship, with that Nidhidatta, the coast for which they were making. There the merchant disembarked his wares, gladdening the hearts of his servants, and the minister went in high spirits with him to his house, which was full of mirth at his arrival. And after he had remained there a short time, he said to Nidhidatta : " Merchant-prince, I have long reposed comfortably in your house, now I wish to return to my own land ; I wish you all happiness." With these words he took leave of the merchant-prince, who was sorely unwilling to let him go, and with his virtue for his only companion he set out thence ; and having in course of time accomplished the long journey, he reached his own native land of Anga.

There the spies, who had been placed by King Yaśaḥketu to watch for his return, saw him coming, before he entered the city, and informed the king ; and then the king, who had been much afflicted by his absence, went out from the city to meet him, and came up to him and welcomed him with an embrace. Then the king conducted into the palace his minister, who was emaciated and begrimed with his long journey, and said to him : " Why did you leave me, bringing your mind to this cruel heartless step, and your body into this squalid state from its being deprived of unguents ? ¹ But who knows the way of the mighty god Fate, in that you suddenly fixed your mind on a pilgrimage to holy waters and other sacred places ? So tell me, what lands have you wandered through, and what novel sights have you seen ?" Then Dīrghadarśin described his journey to the Island of Gold, in all its stages, and so was led to tell the king of that maiden, the jewel of the three worlds, whom he had seen rise out of the sea and sit on the wishing-tree singing. All this he narrated exactly as it took place.

The moment the king heard this, he fell so deeply in love

¹ One of our author's puns.

with her¹ that he considered his kingdom and life valueless without her. And taking his minister aside, he said to him : “ I must certainly see that maiden, otherwise I cannot live. I will go by the way which you have described, after worshipping Fate. And you must not dissuade, and you must by no means follow me, for I will travel alone *incognito*, and in the meanwhile you must take care of my kingdom. Do not disobey my order, otherwise my death will lie at your door.” Thus spake the king, and refused to hear his minister’s answer, and then dismissed him to his own house to see his relations, who had long been wishing for his return. There, in the midst of great rejoicing, Dīrghadarsīn remained despondent : how can good ministers be happy when their lord’s vices are incurable ?

And the next night King Yaśaḥketu set out, disguised as an ascetic, having entrusted his kingdom to the care of that minister. And on the way, as he was going along, he saw a hermit, named Kuśanābha, and he bowed before him. The hermit said to the king who was disguised as an ascetic : “ Go on your way boldly : by going to sea in a ship with the merchant Lakshmidatta you shall obtain that maiden whom you desire.” This speech delighted the king exceedingly, and bowing again before the hermit, he continued his journey. And after crossing many countries, rivers and mountains, he reached the sea, which seemed to be full of eagerness to entertain him. Its eddies looked like eyes expanded to gaze at him, eyes of which waves were the curved brows, and which were white with shrill-sounding conchs for pupils. On the shore he met the merchant Lakshmidatta, spoken of by the hermit, who was on the point of setting out for the Isle of Gold. The merchant prostrated himself before him when he saw the signs of his royal birth, such as the discus-marked footprint and so on ; and the king embarked on the ship with him, and set out with him on the sea. And when the ship had reached the middle of the ocean, that maiden arose from the water, seated on the trunk of the wishing-tree, and while the king was gazing at her, as a partridge at the moonlight, she sang a song, which the accompaniment of her lyre made more charming : “ Whatever seed

¹ See Vol. I, p. 128n¹.—N.M.P.

of works any man has sown in a former life, of that he, without doubt, eats the fruit; for even fate cannot alter what has been done in a previous state of existence. So a man is helplessly borne along to experience precisely that lot which fate has appointed for him, in that place and in that manner which fate has decreed; of this there can be no doubt."

When the king heard her singing this song, and thus setting forth the thing that must be, he was smitten with the arrow of love, and remained for some time motionless, gazing at her. Then he began, with bowed head, to praise the sea in the following words: "Hail to thee, storehouse of jewels, of unfathomable heart, since by concealing this lovely nymph thou hast cheated Viṣṇu out of Lakṣmī! So I throw myself on thy protection, thou who canst not be sounded even by gods, the refuge of mountains¹ that retain their wings; grant me to obtain my desire." While he was uttering this, the maiden disappeared in the sea, with the tree, and when the king saw that, he flung himself into the sea after her, as if to cool the flames of love's fire.

When the merchant Lakṣmīdatta saw that unexpected sight, the good man thought the king had perished, and was so afflicted that he was on the point of committing suicide, but he was consoled by the following utterance, that came from the heavens: "Do not act rashly; he is not in danger though he has plunged into the sea: this king, Yaśaḥketu by name, has come, disguised as an ascetic, to obtain this very maiden, for she was his wife in a former state of existence, and as soon as he has won her he shall return to his realm of Anga." Then the merchant continued his intended voyage, to accomplish his purposes.

But when King Yaśaḥketu plunged into the sea, he suddenly beheld to his astonishment a splendid city. It gleamed with palaces that had bright pillars of precious stones, walls flashing with gold, and latticed windows of pearl. It was adorned with gardens in which were tanks with flights of steps composed of slabs of every kind of gem, and wishing-

¹ The word that means "mountain" also means "king."—For the myth about Indra cutting off the wings of the mountains, see Vol. VI, p. 3n¹.

trees that granted every desire. He entered house after house in that city, which, though opulent, was uninhabited, but he could not find his beloved anywhere. Then, as he was looking about, he beheld a lofty jewelled palace, and going up to it he opened the door and went in. And when he had entered it, he beheld a solitary human form stretched out upon a gem-bestudded couch, with its whole length covered with a shawl. Wondering whether it could be that very lady, he uncovered her face with eager expectation, and saw his lady-love. Her beautiful moonlike countenance smiled when the black robe fell from it like darkness, and she seemed like a night, illumined with moonlight, gone to visit Pātāla in the day. At sight of her the king was in a state of ecstasy, like that which a man, travelling through a desert in the season of heat, experiences on beholding a river. She, for her part, opened her eyes, and, when she saw that hero of auspicious form and bodily marks thus suddenly arrived, sprang from her couch in a state of excitement. She welcomed him, and with downcast countenance seemed to honour him by flinging on his feet the full-blown lotuses of her wide-expanded eyes; and then she slowly said to him: "Who are you, and why have you come to this inaccessible lower region? And why, though your body is marked with the signs of royalty, have you undertaken the vow of an ascetic? Condescend to tell me this, distinguished sir, if I have found favour in your sight."

When the king had heard this speech of hers, he gave her this answer: "Fair one, I am the King of Anga, by name Yaśaḥketu, and I heard from a friend, on whom I can rely, that you were to be seen here every day in the sea. So I assumed this disguise, and abandoned my kingdom for your sake, and I have come here, and followed you down through the sea. So tell me who you are."

When he said this, she answered him with mixed feelings of shame, affection and joy: "There is a fortunate king of the Vidyādharas named Mṛigānkasena; know that I am his daughter, Mṛigānkavati by name. That father of mine, for some reason unknown to me, has left me alone in this city of his, and has gone somewhere or other with his

subjects. So I, feeling melancholy in my solitary abode, rise up out of the sea on a movable ¹ wishing-tree, and sing of the decrees of fate."

When she had said this, the brave king, remembering the speech of the hermit, courted her so assiduously with speeches tender with love that she was overpowered with affection, and promised to become his wife at once, but insisted on the following condition : " My husband, for four days in every month, the fourteenth and eighth of the white and black fortnights, I am not my own mistress ²; and whithersoever I may go on those days, you must not question me on the subject nor forbid me, for there is a reason for it." ³ When the heavenly maiden had stated in these words the only condition on which she would consent to marry the king, he agreed to it, and married her by the *gāndharva* form of marriage.

And one day, while the king was living happily with Mṛigānkavatī, she said to him : " You must stop here, while I go somewhere for a certain business, for to-day is the fourteenth day of the black fortnight of which I spoke to you. And while you are waiting here, my husband, you must not enter this crystal pavilion, lest you should fall into a lake there and go to the world of men." When she had said this she took leave of him, and went out of that city, and the king took his sword and followed her secretly, determined to penetrate the mystery.

Then the king saw a terrible Rākshasa approaching, looking like Hell embodied in a human shape, with his cavernous mouth, black as night, opened wide. That Rākshasa uttered an appalling roar, and swooping down on Mṛigānkavatī, put

¹ The Sanskrit College MS. reads *yantra* for Brockhaus' *yatra*. The wishing-tree was moved by some magical or mechanical contrivance.

² The Sanskrit College MS. reads *anāyattā*, which Dr Kern has conjectured.

³ This part of the story may remind the reader of the story of Melusina, the European snake-maiden. See Simrock's *Deutsche Volksbücher*, vol. vi. It bears a certain resemblance to that of the Knight of Stauffenberg (Simrock, *op. cit.*, vol. iii). Cf. also "Ein Zimmern und die Meerfrauen," in Birlinger, *Aus Schwaben*, p. 7, and De Gubernatis, *Zoological Mythology*, vol. ii, p. 206. There is a slight resemblance in this story to the myth of Cupid and Psyche. —For the "Taboo" motif, which first appeared in the tale of Urvaśī and Purūravas, see Vol. II, pp. 252-253.—N.M.P.

her in his mouth and swallowed her. When the mighty king saw that, he was at once, so to speak, on fire with excessive anger, and rushing forward with his great sword, black as a snake that has cast its slough,¹ drawn from the sheath, he cut off with it the head of the charging Rākshasa, the lips of which were firmly pressed together. Then the burning fire of the king's anger was quenched by the stream of blood that poured forth from the trunk of the Rākshasa, but not the fire of his grief at the loss of his beloved. Then the king was blinded with the darkness of bewilderment, and at a loss what to do, when suddenly Mṛigānkavatī cleft asunder the body of that Rākshasa, which was dark as a cloud, and emerged alive and uninjured, illuminating all the horizon like a spotless moon. When the king saw his beloved thus delivered from danger, he rushed eagerly forward and embraced her, exclaiming: "Come! Come!" And he said to her: "My beloved, what does all this mean? Is it a dream or a delusion?" When the king asked the Vidyādhari this question, she remembered the truth, and said: "Listen, my husband! This is no delusion, nor is it a dream; but such was the curse imposed upon me by my father, a king of the Vidyādharas. For my father, who formerly lived in this city, though he had many sons, was so fond of me that he would never take food when I was not present. But I, being devoted to the worship of Śiva, used always to come to this uninhabited place on the fourteenth and eighth days of the two fortnights.

"And one fourteenth day I came here and worshipped Gaurī for a long time; and, as fate would have it, so ardent was my devotion that the day came to an end before my worship was finished. That day my father ate nothing and drank nothing, though he was hungry and thirsty, as he waited for me, but he was very angry with me. And when I returned in the evening with downcast countenance, conscious of my fault, his love for me was so completely overpowered by the force of Destiny that he cursed me in the following words: 'As owing to your arrogance I was

¹ For *bhujagaḥ* the Sanskrit College MS. reads *bhujaga*, which seems to give a better sense than the reading in Brockhaus' text.

devoured to-day by hunger, so on the eighth and fourteenth days of the fortnights of every month, and on those days only, a Rākshasa named Kṛitāntasantrāsa shall swallow you, when you go to that place outside the city to worship Śiva ; and on every occasion you shall make your way through his heart and come out alive. But you shall not remember the curse, nor the pain of being swallowed ; and you shall remain alone here.' When my father had uttered this curse, I managed gradually to propitiate him, and after thinking a little, he appointed this termination to my curse : ' When a king named Yaśaḥketu, lord of the land of Anga, shall become your husband, and shall see you swallowed by the Rākshasa, and shall slay him, then you shall issue from his heart, and shall be delivered from your curse, and you shall call to mind your curse and the other circumstances, and all your supernatural sciences.'

" When he had appointed this end of my curse, he left me alone here, and went with his retinue to the mountain of Nishadha in the world of men. And I remained here, thus engaged, bewildered by the curse. But that curse has now come to an end, and I remember all. So I will immediately go to my father on the Nishadha mountain ; the law that governs us celestial beings is, that when our curse is at an end we return to our own place. You are perfectly free to remain here or go to your kingdom, as you like."

When she had said this, the king was sorry, and he made this request to her : " Fair one, do me the favour not to go for seven days. Let us in the meanwhile cheat the pain of parting by amusing ourselves here in the garden. After that you shall go to your father's abode, and I will return to mine." When he made this proposal, the fair one agreed to it. Then the king diverted himself with her for six days in the gardens, and in tanks, the lotus-eyes of which were full of tears, and that seemed to toss aloft their waves like hands, and in the cries of their swans and cranes to utter this plaintive appeal : " Do not leave us ! " And on the seventh day he artfully decoyed his darling to that pavilion where was the tank that served as a magic gate¹ conducting

¹ I follow the reading of a MS. in the Sanskrit College—*yantradvārāvāpikā*.

to the world of men ; and throwing his arms round her neck he plunged into that tank, and rose up with her from a tank in the garden of his own city. When the gardeners saw that he had arrived with his beloved, they were delighted, and they went and told his minister Dīrghadarśin. And the minister came and fell at his feet, and, seeing that he had brought with him the lady of his aspirations, he and the citizens escorted him into the palace. And he thought to himself : “ Ah ! I wonder how the king has managed to obtain this celestial nymph, of whom I caught a transient glimpse in the ocean, as one sees in the heaven a lightning flash. But the fact is, whatever lot is written for a man by the Disposer, in the inscription on his forehead,¹ infallibly befalls him, however improbable.”

Such were the reflections of the prime minister ; while the rest of his subjects were full of joy at the return of the king, and of astonishment at his having won the celestial nymph. But Mrīgānkavatī, seeing that the king had returned to his own kingdom, longed, as the seven days were completed, to return to the home of the Vidyādharas. But the science of flying up into the air did not appear to her, though she called it to mind. Then she felt as one robbed of a treasure, and was in the deepest despondency. And the king said to her : “ Why do you suddenly appear despondent ? Tell me, my darling ? ” Then the Vidyādhari answered him : “ Because I remained so long, after I had been released from my curse, out of love for you, my science has abandoned me, and I have lost the power of returning to my heavenly home.” When King Yaśaḥketu heard this, he said, “ Ha ! I have now won this Vidyādhari,” and so his rejoicing was complete.

When the minister Dīrghadarśin saw this, he went home, and at night, when he was in bed, he suddenly died of a broken heart. And Yaśaḥketu, after he had mourned for

¹ The vulgar belief is that man's fate is written upon his skull, the sutures being the writing. Thus in the *Nights* (Burton, vol. iii, p. 123) the peasant says to the duck : “ That which is on our foreheads we must indeed fulfil, and when our doomed day draweth near, who shall deliver us ? But not a soul departeth except it have accomplished its predestined livelihood and term.”—N.M.P.

him, remained long bearing the burden of empire himself, with Mṛigānkavatī for his consort.

163G. *King Trivikramasena and the Mendicant*

When the Vetāla, seated on the shoulder of King Trivikramasena, had told him this story on the way, he went on to say to him: "So tell me, King, why did the heart of that great minister suddenly break, when his master had thus succeeded so completely? Did his heart break through grief at not having won the nymph himself? Or was it because he longed for the sovereign power, and thus was disappointed at the king's return? And if you know this, King, and do not tell me on the spot, your merit will at once disappear, and your head will fly in pieces." When King Trivikramasena heard that, he said to the Vetāla: "Neither of these two feelings actuated that excellent and virtuous minister. But he said to himself: 'This king neglected his kingdom out of devotion to mere human females, much more will he do so now that he is attached to a heavenly nymph. So, though I have gone through much suffering, the disease has been aggravated by it, instead of being cured, as I had hoped.' It was under the influence of such reflections that the minister's heart broke."

When the king had said this, that juggling Vetāla returned to his own place, and the resolute king ran swiftly after him, to bring him back again by force.

NOTE ON THE SACRED THREAD

The rite of investiture with the sacred thread is known as *upanayana*, and is the most important ceremony in a Brāhman's life. Before it takes place he is only a Śūdra, but now he becomes a Brāhman and enters the ranks of the Twice-born. From a boy dependent on women, he now becomes a man, and henceforth can eat only with men. But of the greatest importance is the fact that until *upanayana* no Brāhman can marry, and consequently cannot raise up seed so necessary for the performance of *Śrāddha* and other similar ceremonies.

The investiture generally takes place when the boy is eight years of age, if a Brāhman, eleven if a Kshatriya and twelve if a Vaiśya. Interesting descriptions of the ceremony will be found as follows: J. Campbell, *Bombay Gazetteer*, vol. ix, pt. i, pp. 14n¹, 36-39, 141; vol. xv, pt. i, pp. 152-154, 170, 174, 196, 198, 343; vol. xviii, pt. i, pp. 116-120, 187-189, 226-228; vol. xxiv, pp. 48-50, 140, 141. See also J. Jolly, "Recht und Sitte," § 56, *Encyclopædia of Indian Philology*, 1896, and L. D. Barnett, *Antiquities of India*, pp. 140-142.

The most recent account, however, and certainly the most detailed, appears in Mrs Stevenson's *Rites of the Twice-Born*, pp. 27-45. Although reference should be made there for full details, I shall give a few extracts dealing with the most important parts of the ceremony.

The date on which so great a rite can take place has to be carefully selected. Firstly, it must start only on a Monday, Wednesday, Thursday or Friday. Secondly, the chosen day must fall in the bright fortnight. The month can only be Māgha, Phālguna, Chaitra or Vaiśākha. Invitations are sent out about ten days before the ceremony.

The first act is the setting up of a booth on four posts. There is also a fifth post, quite small, which represents Brahmā. Gaṇeśa is fully worshipped, after which the fifteen divine mother-goddesses are installed and worshipped. The seven other goddesses are also worshipped and four Brāhman recite a hymn from a different Veda. The boy has to spend the night preceding the actual ceremony in absolute silence, with his body smeared with a yellow substance (*pīṭi*). In the morning the child is led to the booth, where the sacrificial fire is burning on the altar. He is now shaved, washed, and eats with his mother for the last time. After several other minor acts the actual investiture takes place. But first we must describe the thread itself. It is of cotton spun by a Brāhman virgin and twisted by a Brāhman. The colour varies, in accordance, it is said, with the mind of the caste of the weaver. Thus the Brāhman wears white, the Kshatriyas red, and the Vaiśyas yellow. Originally the cord of a Brāhman was of *muñja* grass, that of Kshatriyas was a bowstring or of *kāśa* grass, and that of Vaiśyas of wool, hemp or *mūrvā*. The length of the cord is ninety-six times the breadth of the four fingers of a man, the reason being that a man's height is ninety-six times the breadth of one finger; and each of his four fingers represents one of the four states his soul experiences—viz. waking, dreaming, dreamless sleep, and the state of the Absolute Brahma.

The cord must be threefold, because there are three qualities out of which our bodies are compounded: reality, passion, darkness. The twist of the thread must be upward, so that the good quality may predominate, and so the wearer may rise to great spiritual heights. The threefold thread must be twisted three times, lest the bad quality, the darkness, should strive to gain ascendancy and pull the soul down. The whole cord is tied together by a knot called *Brahmagranthi*, which has three parts, representing Brahmā, Viṣṇu, and Śiva, and in addition to this, extra knots are made in the cord to represent the various *Pravaras* to be found in the particular *gotra* or lineage of the candidate. We proceed to the actual investiture.

The boy faces the sun, holding the thread by the thumb and little finger of each hand, in such a way that it passes in front of the three middle fingers. The left hand must be held higher than the right. The preceptor repeats a mantra, at the conclusion of which the boy slips the thread over his own head. He now receives a staff, varying in size and wood according to his caste. He then sits on a stool facing west and receives water poured into his joined hands. He now looks at the sun, offers a coconut and receives a new name, to be used only at the ceremony. A series of questions and answers follows, concluding with the teaching of the most famous of all mantras, the *gāyatrī*. So sacred is the verse that both the boy and his *guru* are covered with a silk shawl, lest any sound be overheard. The right ear of the child into which the verse is repeated becomes holy for life after merely hearing it. It usually takes three days for the verse to be learned perfectly. The boy now offers nine pieces of wood dipped in clarified butter to the fire, with appropriate prayers to Agni, Sarasvatī, and the Sun.

The initiate is now a Twice-born Brāhman, and ceremonially pure, so he touches all the different parts of his own body to purify them also. In the evening, for the first time in his life, the boy can perform the evening worship, *Sandhyā*, which hereafter never must be omitted.

This important part of the ceremony used to occur at the end of the second day, the complete investiture taking three days. In modern times, however, the three days' ceremonies are usually performed in a single day. During the night of the second day the initiate has to observe many rules of self-denial, such as absolute silence, sleeping on the floor, avoiding any food containing salt, etc. On the third day he pours clarified butter nine times into the sacred fire, begins the study of the Vedas, and has a bath. This bath makes him eligible for marriage. The water for it is fetched by eight "lucky" women in eight new water-pots, containing rice, red powder and flowers. He dons new clothes, wears a bigger loin-cloth, and partakes of a little food. The symbols of his studentship are given away and his mother marks his eyelashes with lamp-black and makes a smudge of it near his right ear. This is the final chance on the part of the mother to safeguard her son against evil influences. The boy can now look in a mirror, carry an umbrella, and wear shoes. In place of his student's staff he is given a green bamboo tied with the yellow loin-cloth he had worn before the initiation. Then follows the staging of a little comedy, in which the boy pretends he is making a pilgrimage to Benares. The pilgrimage is interrupted and the boy is taken home. There

are still certain rules he is expected to observe. He should not play or sing, look down into deep water, climb a tree for fruit, walk streets in the evening, leap from high cliffs, or ever speak unworthily. He must admire the glow of the sun both night and morning. He must never make fun of a woman, or spit towards the sun, and should keep away as far as possible from all low-caste persons and women. At night he should always have a light when he dines to prevent him from injuring any living thing in the dark. Finally, he must always tell the truth. He is now a man in every sense of the word, and must never dine with women, and sleep only in the men's part of the house.

The above is an outline of a much fuller description given by Mrs Stevenson, as already stated.—N.M.P.

CHAPTER LXXXVII

163G. *King Trivikramasena and the Mendicant*

THEN the king went back to the *śimśapā* tree, and taking the Vetāla from it, placed him on his shoulder, and brought him along, and as he was going along with him, the Vetāla again said to the king : “ Listen, King. I will tell you a short story.

163G (13). *The Brāhman Harisvāmin, who first lost his Wife, and then his Life*¹

There is a city of the name of Vārāṇasī,² the abode of Śiva. In it there lived a Brāhman, named Devasvāmin, honoured by the king. And that rich Brāhman had a son named Harisvāmin ; and he had an exceedingly lovely wife, named Lāvaṇyavatī. I think the Disposer must have made her after he had acquired skill by making Tilottamā and the other nymphs of heaven, for she was of priceless beauty and loveliness.

Now, one night Harisvāmin fell asleep, as he was reposing with her in a palace cool with the rays of the moon. At that very moment a Vidyādhara prince, by name Madanavega, roaming about at will, came that way through the air. He saw that Lāvaṇyavatī sleeping by the side of her husband, and her robe, that had slipped aside, revealed her exquisitely moulded limbs. His heart was captivated by her beauty ; and blinded by love, he immediately swooped down, and taking her up in his arms asleep, flew off with her through the air.

Immediately her husband, the young Harisvāmin, woke

¹ See Appendix, pp. 212-215.—N.M.P.

² *I.e.* Benares, the religious capital of Hinduism. To-day Hindus call it either *Kāśī* or *Banāras*. The former name was originally that of a tribe living between the Ganges and the Ghāghrā. Hiuen Tsiang writes *Po-lo-na-se* (= *Vārāṇasī* or *Bārāṇasī*).—N.M.P.

up, and not seeing his beloved, he rose up in a state of distraction. He said to himself: "What can this mean? Where has she gone? I wonder if she is angry with me? Or has she hidden herself to find out my real feelings, and is making fun of me?" Distracted by many surmises of this kind, he wandered hither and thither that night, looking for her on the roof, and in the turrets of the palace. He even searched in the palace garden, and when he could not find her anywhere, being scorched with the fire of grief, he sobbed and lamented: "Alas! my beloved with face like the moon's orb, fair as the moonlight, did this night grudge your existence, hating your charms that rival hers?¹ That very moon, that, vanquished by your beauty, seemed to be in fear, and comforted me with its rays cool as sandalwood,² now that I am bereaved of you, seems to have seen its opportunity, and smites me with them, as if with burning coals, or arrows dipped in poison." While Harisvāmin was uttering these laments, the night at last slowly passed away; not so his grief at his bereavement.

The next morning the sun dispelled with his rays the deep darkness that covered the world, but could not dispel the dense darkness of despondency that had settled on him. The sound of his bitter lamentations, that seemed to have been reinforced by wailing power bestowed on him by the *chakravākas*, whose period of separation was at an end with the night, was magnified a hundredfold. The young Brāhman, though his relations tried to comfort him, could not recover his self-command, now that he was bereaved of his beloved, but was all inflamed with the fire of separation. And he went from place to place, exclaiming with tears: "Here she stood, here she bathed, here she adorned herself and here she amused herself."

But his friends and relations said to him: "She is not dead, so why do you kill yourself? If you remain alive, you will certainly recover her somewhere or other. So adopt a resolute tone, and go in search of your beloved; there is nothing in this world that a resolute man, who exerts himself,

¹ *Dveshā* must be a misprint for *dveshāt*.

² See note on pp. 105-107.—N.M.P.

cannot obtain.” When Harisvāmin had been exhorted in these terms by his friends and relations, he managed at last, after some days, to recover his spirits by the aid of hope. And he said to himself : “ I will give away all that I have to the Brāhmins, and visit all the holy waters, and wash away all my sins. For if I wipe out my sin, I may perhaps, in the course of my wanderings, find that beloved of mine.”

After going through these reflections, suitable to the occasion, he got up and bathed, and performed all his customary avocations ; and the next day he bestowed on the Brāhmins at a solemn sacrifice various meats and drinks, and gave away to them all his wealth without stint.

Then he left his country, with his Brāhman birth as his only fortune, and proceeded to go round to all the holy bathing-places in order to recover his beloved. And as he was roaming about, there came upon him the terrible lion of the hot season, with the blazing sun for mouth, and with a mane composed of his fiery rays. And the winds blew with excessive heat, as if warmed by the breath of sighs furnaced forth by travellers grieved at being separated from their wives. And the tanks, with their supply of water diminished by the heat, and their drying white mud, appeared to be showing their broken hearts. And the trees by the roadside seemed to lament ¹ on account of the departure of the glory of spring, making their wailing heard in the shrill moaning of their bark,² with leaves, as it were lips, parched with heat.

At that season Harisvāmin, wearied out with the heat of the sun, with bereavement, hunger and thirst, and continual travelling, disfigured,³ emaciated and dirty, and pining for food, reached, in the course of his wanderings, a certain village, and found in it the house of a Brāhman called Padmanābha, who was engaged in a sacrifice. And seeing that many Brāhmins were eating in his house, he stood leaning

¹ For *arudanniva* the Sanskrit College MS. reads *abhavanniva*.

² Böhlingk and Roth, *s.v.*, say that *chīra* in Taranga 73, *śloka* 240, is perhaps a mistake for *chīri*, grasshopper; the same may perhaps be the case in this passage.

³ For *virūpa* the Sanskrit College MS. gives *virūksha*.

against the doorpost, silent and motionless. And the good wife of that Brāhman named Padmanābha, seeing him in this position, felt pity for him, and reflected: "Alas, mighty is hunger! Whom will it not bring down? For here stands a man at the door, who appears to be a householder, desiring food, with downcast countenance; evidently come from a long journey, and with all his senses impaired by hunger. So is not he a man to whom food ought to be given?"

Having gone through these reflections, the kind woman took up in her hands a vessel full of rice boiled in milk, with ghee and sugar, and brought it, and courteously presented it to him, and said: "Go and eat this somewhere on the bank of the lake, for this place is unfit to eat in, as it is filled with feasting Brāhmans."

He said, "I will do so," and took the vessel of rice, and placed it at no great distance under a banyan-tree on the edge of the lake; and he washed his hands and feet in the lake, and rinsed his mouth, and then came back in high spirits to eat the rice. But while he was thus engaged, a kite, holding a black cobra with its beak and claws, came from some place or other, and sat on that tree. And it so happened that poisonous saliva issued from the mouth of that dead snake, which the bird had captured and was carrying along. The saliva fell into the dish of rice which was placed underneath the tree, and Harisvāmin, without observing it, came and ate up that rice. As soon as in his hunger he had devoured all that food, he began to suffer terrible agonies produced by the poison. He exclaimed: "When fate has turned against a man, everything in this world turns also; accordingly this rice dressed with milk, ghee and sugar has become poison to me."

Thus speaking, Harisvāmin, tortured with the poison, tottered to the house of that Brāhman, who was engaged in the sacrifice, and said to his wife: "The rice, which you gave me, has poisoned me; so fetch me quickly a charmer who can counteract the operation of poison; otherwise you will be guilty of the death of a Brāhman."

When Harisvāmin had said this to the good woman, who

was beside herself to think what it could all mean, his eyes closed, and he died.

Accordingly the Brāhman, who was engaged in a sacrifice, drove out of his house his wife, though she was innocent and hospitable, being enraged with her for the supposed murder of her guest. The good woman, for her part, having incurred groundless blame from her charitable deed, and so become branded with infamy, went to a holy bathing-place to perform penance.

Then there was a discussion before the superintendent of religion,¹ as to which of the four parties, the kite, the snake, or the couple who gave the rice, was guilty of the murder of a Brāhman ; but the question was not decided.

163G. *King Trivikramasena and the Mendicant*

“ Now you, King Trivikramasena, must tell me which was guilty of the murder of a Brāhman ; and if you do not, you will incur the before-mentioned curse.”

When the king heard this from the Vetāla, he was forced by the curse to break silence, and he said : “ No one of them could be guilty of the crime ; certainly not the serpent, for how could he be guilty of anything, when he was the helpless prey of his enemy, who was devouring him ? To come to the kite ; what offence did he commit in bringing his natural food, which he had happened to find, and eating it, when he was hungry ? And how could either of the couple that gave the food be in fault, since they were both people exclusively devoted to righteousness, not likely to commit a crime ? Therefore I think the guilt of slaying a Brāhman

¹ *I.e.* *Dharmarāja*, possibly the officer established by Aśoka in his fifth edict (see Senart, *Les Inscriptions de Piyadasi*, p. 125). The term *Dharmarāja* is applied to Yudhishṭhira and Yama. It means literally *king of righteousness or religion*. There is a Dharma Rāja in Bhūtān. Böhtlingk and Roth seem to take it to mean Yama in this passage. The succession of the Dharma Rāja in Bhūtān is arranged on the reincarnation theory. On his death his spirit is supposed to transmigrate into the body of a newly born male child, who has to be searched for and identified by omens. Thus the succession can be kept entirely in the hands of the Lhāsa priests. See further L. A. Waddell, “ Bhutān, Buddhism in,” *Hastings' Ency. Rel. Eth.*, vol. ii, p. 562.—N.M.P.

would attach to any person who should be so foolish as, for want of sufficient reflection, to attribute it to either of them."

When the king had said this, the Vetāla again left his shoulder, and went to his own place, and the resolute king again followed him.

CHAPTER LXXXVIII

163G. *King Trivikramasena and the Mendicant*

THEN King Trivikramasena went to the *śimśapā* tree, and again got hold of the Vetāla, and took him on his shoulder; and when the king had set out, the Vetāla again said to him: “King, you are tired; so listen, I will tell you an interesting tale.

163G (14). *The Merchant's Daughter who fell in love with a Thief*¹

There is a city of the name of Ayodhyā, which was the capital of Viṣṇu, when he was incarnate as Rāma, the destroyer of the Rākshasa race. In it there lived a mighty king, of the name of Viraketu, who defended this earth, as a rampart defends a city. During the reign of that king there lived in that city a great merchant, named Ratnadatta, who was the head of the mercantile community. And there was born to him, by his wife Nandayantī, a daughter named Ratnavatī, who was obtained by propitiating the deities. And that intelligent girl grew up in her father's house, and as her body grew, her innate qualities of beauty, gracefulness and modesty developed also. And when she attained womanhood, not only great merchants, but even kings, asked her in marriage from her father. But she disliked the male sex so much that she did not desire even Indra for a husband, and would not even hear of marriage, being determined to die sooner than consent to it. That made her father secretly sorrow much, on account of his affection for her, and the report of her conduct spread all over the city of Ayodhyā.

At that time all the citizens were continually being plundered by thieves, so they assembled together, and made this complaint to King Viraketu: “Your Majesty, we are

¹ See Appendix, pp. 215-221.—N.M.P.

continually being robbed by thieves every night, and we cannot detect them, so let your Highness take the necessary steps." When the king had received this petition from the citizens, he stationed watchmen in plain clothes all round the city, in order to try to discover the thieves.

But they could not find them out, and the city went on being robbed ; so one night the king himself went out to watch ; and as he was roaming about, armed, he saw in a certain part of the town a single individual going along the rampart. He showed great dexterity in his movements, as he made his footfall perfectly noiseless, and he often looked behind him with eyes anxiously rolling. The king said to himself : " Without doubt, this is the thief, who sallies out by himself and plunders my city." So he went up to him. Then the thief, seeing the king, said to him : " Who are you ? " And the king answered him : " I am a thief." Then the thief said : " Bravo ! you are my friend, as you belong to the same profession as myself ; so come to my house ; I will entertain you." When the king heard that, he consented, and went with him to his dwelling, which was in an underground cavern in a forest. It was luxuriously and magnificently furnished, illuminated by blazing lamps, and looked like a second Pātāla, not governed by King Bali.

When the king had entered, and had taken a seat, the robber went into the inner rooms of his cave-dwelling. At that moment a female slave came and said to the king : " Great sir, how came you to enter this mouth of death ? This man is a notable thief ; no doubt, when he comes out of those rooms, he will do you some injury : I assure you, he is treacherous ; so leave this place at once." When the king heard this, he left the place at once, and went to his own palace and got ready his forces that very night.

And when his army was ready for battle, he came and blockaded the entrance of that robber's cave with his troops, who sounded all their martial instruments.¹ Then the brave robber, as his hold was blockaded, knew that his secret had been discovered, and he rushed out to fight, determined to die. And when he came out he displayed superhuman prowess

¹ I prefer the reading of the Sanskrit College MS.—*tūryakulaiḥ*.

in battle ; alone, armed with sword and shield, he cut off the trunks of elephants ; he slashed off the legs of horses and lopped off the heads of soldiers. When he had made this havoc among the soldiers, the king himself attacked him. And the king, who was a skilful swordsman, by a dexterous trick of fence forced his sword from his hand, and then the dagger which he drew. And as he was now disarmed, the king threw away his own weapon and, grappling with him, flung him on the earth, and captured him alive. And he brought him back as a prisoner to his own capital, with all his wealth. And he gave orders that he should be put to death by impalement next morning.

Now, when that robber was being conducted with beat of drum ¹ to the place of execution, that merchant's daughter, Ratnavatī, saw him from her palace. Though he was wounded, and his body was begrimed with dust, she was distracted with love as soon as she saw him. So she went and said to her father, Ratnadatta : " I select as my husband this man here, who is being led off to execution, so ransom him from the king, my father. If you will not, I shall follow him to the other world." When her father heard this he said : " My daughter, what is this that you say ? Before you would not accept suitors endowed with all virtues, equal to the God of Love. How comes it that you are now in love with an infamous brigand chief ? " Though her father used this argument, and others of the same kind, with her, she remained fixed in her determination. Then the merchant went quickly to the king, and offered him all his wealth, if he would grant the robber his life. But the king would not make over to him, even for hundreds of *crores* of gold pieces, that thief who had robbed on such a gigantic scale, and whom he had captured at the risk of his own life. Then the father returned disappointed, and his daughter made up her mind to follow the thief to the other world, though her relations tried to dissuade her ; so she bathed and got into a palanquin,² and went to the spot where his execution was taking place, followed by her father and mother and the people, all weeping.

¹ See Vol. I, p. 118n².—N.M.P.

See Vol. III, p. 14n¹.—N.M.P.

In the meanwhile the robber had been impaled by the executioners, and as his life was ebbing away on the stake he saw her coming there with her kinsfolk. And when he heard the whole story from the people he wept for a moment, and then he laughed a little, and then died on the stake. Then the merchant's virtuous daughter had the thief's body taken down from the stake, and she ascended the funeral pyre with it.¹

And at that very moment the holy Śiva, who was invisibly present in the cemetery, spake from the air : " Faithful wife, I am pleased with thy devotedness to thy self-chosen husband, so crave a boon of me." When she heard that, she worshipped, and prayed the god of gods to grant her the following boon : " Lord, may my father, who has now no sons, have a hundred, for otherwise, as he has no children but me, he would abandon his life." ² When the good woman had said this, the god once more spake to her, saying : " Let thy father have a hundred sons ! Choose another boon ; for such a steadfastly good woman as thou art deserves something more than this."

When she heard this, she said : " If the Lord is pleased with me, then let this husband of mine rise up alive, and be henceforth a well-conducted man ! " Thereupon Śiva, invisible in the air, uttered these words : " Be it so ; let thy husband rise up alive, and lead henceforth a life of virtue, and let King Viraketu be pleased with him ! " And immediately the robber rose up alive with unwounded limbs.

Then the merchant Ratnadatta was delighted, and astonished at the same time ; and with his daughter, Ratnavati, and the bandit his son-in-law, and his delighted relations, he entered his own palace, and as he had obtained from the god the promise of sons, he held a feast suitable to his own joy on the occasion.

And when King Viraketu heard what had taken place he was pleased, and he immediately summoned that heroic

¹ See Appendix I, on Widow-burning, in Vol. IV, pp. 255-272.—N.M.P.

² Cf. *Mahābhārata*, Vanaparva ; section 297 (*Pativrātā-mahatmya*), śl. 39. See vol. ii, p. 637, of the new edition of Roy's translation, Calcutta, 1919, etc.—N.M.P.

thief, and made him commander of his army. And thereupon the heroic thief gave up his dishonest life, and married the merchant's daughter, and led a respectable life, honoured by the king.

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When the Vetāla, seated on the shoulder of King Trivikramasena, had told him this tale, he asked him the following question, menacing him with the before-mentioned curse : "Tell me, King, why that thief, when impaled, first wept and then laughed, when he saw the merchant's daughter come with her father." Then the king said : "He wept for sorrow that he had not been able to repay the merchant for his gratuitous kindness to him ; and he laughed out of astonishment, as he said to himself : 'What ! has this maiden, after rejecting kings who asked for her hand, fallen in love with me ? In truth a woman's heart is an intricate labyrinth.' "

When the king had said this, the mighty Vetāla, by means of the magic power which he possessed, again left the king's shoulder and returned to his station on the tree, and the king once more went to fetch him.

CHAPTER LXXXIX

163G. *King Trivikramasena and the Mendicant*

THEN King Trivikramasena again went back to the *śimśapā* tree and took the Vetāla from it, and set out with him once more; and as the king was going along, the Vetāla, perched on his shoulder, said to him: "Listen, King, I will tell you another story.

163G (15). *The Magic Pill*¹

There was in the kingdom of Nepāla a city named Śivapura, and in it there lived of old time a king rightly named Yaśaḥketu.² He devolved upon his minister, named Prajnāsāgara, the burden of his kingdom, and enjoyed himself in the society of his queen, Chandraprabhā. And in course of time that king had born to him, by that queen, a daughter named Śaśiprabhā, bright as the moon, the eye of the world.

Now in course of time she grew up to womanhood, and one day, in the month of spring, she went to a garden, with her attendants, to witness a festive procession. And in a certain part of that garden a Brāhman, of the name of Manaḥsvāmin, the son of a rich man, who had come to see the procession, beheld her engaged in gathering flowers, raising her lithe arm, and displaying her graceful shape; and she looked charming when the grasp of her thumb and forefinger on the stalks of the flowers relaxed. When the young man Manaḥsvāmin saw her, she at once robbed him of his heart, and he was bewildered by love and no longer master of his feelings.³ He said to himself: "Can this be Rati come in person to gather the flowers accumulated by spring, in order to make arrows for the God of Love? Or is it the presiding goddess of the wood, come to worship the spring?"

¹ See Appendix, pp. 222-233.—N.M.P.

² His name means "Glory-banner."—N.M.P.

³ His name, *Manaḥsvāmin*, would imply that he ought to be.

While he was making these surmises, the princess caught sight of him. And as soon as she saw him, looking like a second God of Love created with a body, she forgot her flowers, and her limbs, and her own personal identity.

While those two were thus overpowered by the passion of mutual love at first sight, a loud shout of alarm was raised, and they both looked with uplifted heads to see what it could mean. Then there came that way an elephant, rushing along with its elephant-hook hanging down, that driven furious by perceiving the smell of another elephant¹ had broken its fastenings, and rushed out in a state of frenzy, breaking down the trees in its path, and had thrown its driver. The princess's attendants dispersed in terror, but Manaḥsvāmin eagerly rushed forward, and took her up alone in his arms, and while she clung timidly to him, bewildered with fear, love and shame, carried her to a distance, out of reach of the elephant. Then her attendants came up and praised that noble Brāhman, and conducted her back to her palace. But as she went she frequently turned round to look at her deliverer. There she remained, thinking regretfully of that man who had saved her life, consumed day and night by the smouldering fire of love.

And Manaḥsvāmin then left that garden, and seeing that the princess had entered her private apartments, he said to himself, in regretful longing : " I cannot remain without her, nay, I cannot live without her : so my only resource in this difficulty is the cunning Mūladeva, who is a master of magic arts." Having thus reflected, he managed to get through that day, and the next morning he went to visit that master of magic, Mūladeva. And he saw that master, who was ever in the company of his friend Śaśin, full of many marvellous magic ways, like the sky come down to earth in human shape.² And he humbly saluted him, and told him his desire ; then the master laughed, and promised to accomplish it for him. Then that matchless deceiver Mūladeva placed a magic pill in

¹ For *gaja* the Sanskrit College MS. reads *mada*.—For a note on elephants in the state of *must* see Vol. VI, pp. 67n¹, 68n.—N.M.P.

² The word *siddha* also means a class of demigods who travel through the sky : *Śaśin* means " moon."

his mouth,¹ and transformed himself into an aged Brāhman; and he gave the Brāhman Manaḥsvamin a second pill to put in his mouth, and so made him assume the appearance of a beautiful maiden.

And that prince of villains took him in this disguise to the judgment-hall of the king, the father of his lady-love, and said to him: "O King, I have only one son, and I asked for a maiden to be given him to wife, and brought here from a long distance; but now he has gone somewhere or other, and I am going to look for him; so keep this maiden safe for me until I bring back my son, for you keep safe under your protection the whole world."² When King Yaśaḥketu heard this petition he granted it, fearing a curse if he did not, and summoned his daughter, Śaśiprabhā, and said to her: "Daughter, keep this maiden in your palace, and let her sleep and take her meals with you." The princess agreed, and took Manaḥsvāmin, transformed into a maiden, to her own private apartments; and then Mūladeva, who had assumed the form of a Brāhman, went where he pleased, and Manaḥsvamin remained in the form of a maiden with his beloved.

And in a few days the princess became quite fond of and intimate with her new attendant; so, one night, when she was pining at being separated from the object of her affections, and tossing on her couch, Manaḥsvāmin, who was on a bed near her, concealed under a female shape, said secretly to her: "My dear Śaśiprabhā, why are you pale of hue, and why do you grow thinner every day, and sorrow as one separated from the side of her beloved? Tell me, for why should you distrust loving modest attendants? From this time forth I will take no food until you tell me."

When the princess heard this she sighed, and slowly told the following tale: "Why should I distrust you of all people? Listen, friend, I will tell you the cause. Once on a time I went to a spring garden to see a procession, and there I beheld

¹ He does not *swallow* the pill, but keeps it in his mouth, as the sequel shows. Cf. the piece of wood, by the help of which Preziosa, in the *Pentamerone*, turns herself into a bear (see Burton's translation, vol. i, p. 185). As soon as she takes it out of her mouth she resumes her human form.—N.M.P.

² Cf. Vol. I, p. 83.

a handsome Brāhman man, who seemed like the month of spring, having the loveliness of the moon free from dew, kindling love at sight, adorning the grove with play of light. And while my eager eyes, drinking in the nectarous rays of the moon of his countenance, began to emulate the partridge, there came there a mighty elephant broken loose from its bonds, roaring and distilling its ichor like rain, looking like a black rain-cloud appearing out of season. My attendants dispersed terrified at that elephant, but when I was bewildered with fear that young Brāhman caught me up in his arms and carried me to a distance. Then contact with his body made me feel as if I were anointed with sandalwood¹ ointment, and bedewed with ambrosia, and I was in a state which I cannot describe. And in a moment my attendants reassembled, and I was brought back reluctant to this my palace, and seemed to myself to have been cast down to earth from heaven. From that time forth I have often interviews in reveries with my beloved, that rescued me from death, and even when awake I seem to see him at my side. And when I am asleep I see him in dreams, coaxing me and dispelling my reserve with kisses and caresses. But, ill-fated wretch that I am, I cannot obtain him, for I am baffled by ignorance of his name and other particulars about him. So I am consumed, as you see, by the fire of separation from the lord of my life."

When Manaḥsvāmin's ears had been filled with the nectar of this speech of the princess's, that Brāhman, who was present there in female form, rejoiced, and considered that his object was attained, and that the time had come for revealing himself, so he took out the pill from his mouth, and displayed himself in his true form, and said : " Rolling-eyed one, I am that very Brāhman whom you bought with a look in the garden, and made your slave in the truest sense of the word. And from the immediate interruption of our acquaintance I derived that sorrow, of which the final result was my taking, as you see, the form of a maiden. Therefore, fair one, grant that the sorrow of separation, which both of us have endured, may not have been borne in vain, for Kāma

¹ See note, pp. 105-107.—N.M.P.

cannot endure beyond this point.” When the princess suddenly beheld her beloved in front of her, and heard him utter these words, she was at once filled with love, astonishment and shame. So they eagerly went through the *gāndharva* ceremony of marriage. Then *Manaḥsvāmin* lived happily in the palace, under two shapes ; keeping the pill in his mouth during the day, and so wearing a female shape, but at night taking it out, and assuming the form of a man.¹

Now, as days went, the brother-in-law of King *Yaśaḥketu*, named *Mṛigānkadatta*, gave his own daughter, named *Mṛigānkavatī*, in marriage to a young *Brāhman*, the son of the minister *Prajnāsāgara* : and with her he bestowed much wealth. And the Princess *Śaśiprabhā* was invited, on the occasion of her cousin’s marriage, to her uncle’s house, and went there accompanied by her ladies-in-waiting. And among them went the young *Brāhman*, *Manaḥsvāmin*, wearing the attractive form of a young maiden of exquisite beauty.

Then that minister’s son beheld him disguised in female form, and was deeply pierced with the shafts of the archer Love. And when he went to his house, accompanied by his bride, it seemed to him to be empty ; for he was robbed of his heart by that seeming maiden. Then he continued to think of nothing but the beauty of that supposed maiden’s face, and, bitten by the great snake of fierce passion, he suddenly became distracted. The people who were there ceased from their rejoicing, and in their bewilderment asked what it meant, and his father, *Prajnāsāgara*, hearing of it, came to him in haste. And when his father tried to comfort him, he woke up from his stupor, and uttered what was in his mind, babbling deliriously. And that father of his was very much troubled, as he thought that the matter was one altogether beyond his power. Then the king heard of it, and came there in person. And at once he saw that the minister’s son had been in a moment reduced by strong passion to the seventh ² stage of love-sickness ; so he said to

¹ Cf. the story of *Bandhudattā* (Vol. III, p. 191), who turns her lover into a monkey by placing a cord round his neck.—N.M.P.

² For the ten stages of love-sickness see Vol. II, pp. 9n², 10n.

his ministers : "How can I give him a maiden whom a Brāhman left in my care ? And yet, if he does not obtain her, he will without doubt reach the last stage. If he dies, his father, who is my minister, will perish ; and if he perishes, my kingdom is ruined, so tell me what I am to do in this matter."

When the king said this, all those ministers said : "They say that the special virtue of a king is the protection of the virtue of his subjects. Now the root of this protection is counsel, and counsel resides in counsellors. If the counsellor perishes, protection perishes in its root, and virtue is certain to be impaired.¹ Moreover, guilt would be incurred by causing the death of this Brāhman minister and his son, so you must avoid doing that, otherwise there is a great chance of your infringing the law of virtue. Accordingly you must certainly give to the minister's son the maiden committed to your care by the first Brāhman, and if he returns after the lapse of some time, and is angry, steps can be taken to put matters right."

When the ministers said this to the king, he agreed to give that man, who was palming himself off as a maiden, to the minister's son. And after fixing an auspicious moment, he brought Manaḥsvāmin, in female form, from the palace of the princess ; and he said to the king : "If, King, you are determined to give me, whom another committed to your care, to a person other than him for whom I was intended, I must, I suppose, acquiesce ; you are a king, and justice and injustice are matters familiar to you.² But I consent to the marriage on this condition only, that I am not to be considered as a wife until my husband has spent six months in visiting holy bathing-places, and returns home ; if this condition is not agreed to, know that I will bite my own tongue in two, and so commit suicide."

When the young man, disguised in female form, had

¹ Here the MS. in the Sanskrit College has *mantrināśe mūlanāśād rakshyā dharmakṣatir dhrūvam*, which means, "we should certainly try to prevent virtue from perishing by the destruction of its root in the destruction of the minister."

² Read with the D. text . . . *tavādya tau*, ". . . from hence the righteousness or injustice is yours."—N.M.P.

prescribed this condition, the king informed the minister's son of it, and he was consoled, and accepted the terms ; and he quickly went through the ceremony of marriage, and placed in one house Mṛigānkavatī, his first wife, and his second supposed wife, carefully guarded, and, like a fool, went on a pilgrimage to holy bathing-places, to please the object of his affections.

And Maṇaḥsvāmin, in female form, dwelt in the same house with Mṛigānkavatī, as the partner of her bed and board. And one night, while he was living there in this way, Mṛigānkavatī said to him secretly in the bedchamber, while their attendants were sleeping outside : " My friend, I cannot sleep ; tell me some tale." When the young man disguised in female form heard this he told her the story, how in old time a royal sage, named Iḍa, of the race of the sun, assumed, in consequence of the curse of Gaurī, a female form that fascinated the whole world, and how he and Buddha fell in love with one another at first sight, meeting one another in a shrubbery in the grounds of a temple, and were there united, and how Purūravas was the fruit of that union. When the artful creature had told this story, he went on to say : " So by the fiat of a deity, or by charms and drugs, a man may sometimes become a woman, and *vice versa*, and in this way even great ones do sometimes unite impelled by love."

When the tender fair one, who regretted her husband, who had left her as soon as the marriage had taken place, heard this, she said to her supposed rival, in whom she had come to confide by living with her : " This story makes my body tremble, and my heart as it were sink ; so tell me, friend, what is the meaning of this ? " When the Brāhman disguised in female form heard this he went on to say : " My friend, these are violent symptoms of love ; I have felt them myself, I will not conceal it from you." When he said this, Mṛigānkavatī went on slowly to say : " Friend, I love you as my life, so why should I not say what I think it is time to reveal ? Could anyone by any artifice be introduced into this palace ? " When the pupil of that master-rogue heard this, he took her meaning, and said to her : " If this is the state of affairs, then I have something to tell you.

I have a boon from Viṣṇu, by which I can at pleasure become a man during the night, so I will now become one for your sake." So he took the pill out of his mouth, and displayed himself to her as a handsome man in the prime of youth. And so the Brāhman lived with the wife of the minister's son, becoming a woman in the day, and resuming his male form at night. But hearing in a few days that the son of the minister was on the point of returning, he took the precaution of eloping with her from that house during the night.

At this point in the story, it happened that his teacher, Mūladeva, heard all the circumstances ; so he again assumed the form of an old Brāhman, and accompanied by his friend Śaśin, who had assumed the form of a young Brāhman, he went and respectfully said to King Yaśaḥketu : " I have brought back my son ; so give me my daughter-in-law." Then the king, who was afraid of being cursed, deliberated and said to him : " Brāhman, I do not know where your daughter-in-law has gone, so forgive me ; as I am in fault, I will give you my own daughter for your son." When the king had said this to that prince of rogues, disguised in the form of an old Brāhman, who asserted his false claim with the sternness of assumed anger, he gave his daughter with all due ceremonies to his friend Śaśin, who pretended to be the supposed Brāhman's son. Then Mūladeva took the bride and bridegroom, who had been thus united, off to his own home, without showing any desire for the king's wealth.

And there Manaḥsvāmin met them, and a fierce dispute took place between him and Śaśin in the presence of that Mūladeva. Manaḥsvāmin said : " This Śaśiprabhā should be given to me, for long ago, when she was a maiden, I married her by the favour of the master." Śaśin said : " You fool, what have you to do with her ? She is my wife, for her father bestowed her on me in the presence of the fire." So they went on wrangling about the princess, whom they had got hold of by means of magic, and their dispute was never decided.

163G. *King Trivikramasena and the Mendicant*

“So tell me, King, to which of the two does that wife belong? Resolve my doubt. The conditions of non-compliance are those which I mentioned before.”

When King Trivikramasena was thus addressed by the Vetāla on his shoulder, he gave him this answer: “I consider that the princess is the lawful wife of Śaśin, since she was openly given to him by her father in the lawful way. But Manahsvāmin married her in an underhand way, like a thief, by the *gāndharva* rite; and a thief has no lawful title to the possessions of another.”

When the Vetāla heard this answer of the king's, he quickly left his shoulder, and went back to his own place, and the king hurried after him.

CHAPTER XC

163G. *King Trivikramasena and the Mendicant*

THEN King Trivikramasena went back to the *śiṃśapā* tree, and again took the Vetāla from it, and set out with him on his shoulder; and as he was returning from the tree, the Vetāla once more said to him: “Listen, King, I will tell you a noble story.

163G (16). *The Sacrifice of Jīmūtavāhana* ¹

There is in this earth a great mountain named Himavat, where all jewels are found, which is the origin of both Gaurī and Gangā, the two goddesses dear to Śiva. Even heroes cannot reach its top ²; it towers proudly above all other mountains; and as such its praises are sung in strains of sooth in the three worlds. On the ridge of that Himavat there is that city rightly named the Golden City, which gleams like a mass of the sun’s rays deposited by him on earth.

Of old there lived in that splendid city a fortunate lord of the Vidyādhara, named Jīmūtaketu, who dwelt there like Indra on Meru. In his palace garden there was a wishing-tree, which was an heirloom in his family, which was well known as the Granter of Desires, and not named so without reason. The king supplicated that divine tree, and obtained by its favour a son, who remembered his former birth, and was the incarnation of a portion of a Bodhisattva. He was a hero in munificence, of great courage, compassionate to all creatures, attentive to the instructions of his spiritual adviser, and his name was Jīmūtavāhana. And when he grew up to manhood, his father, the king, made him crown prince, being impelled thereto by his excellent qualities, and the advice of the ministers.

¹ See the Appendix, pp. 233-240.—N.M.P.

² The MS. in the Sanskrit College reads *śūrāsandrishṭapriṣṭas*.

And when Jimūtavāhana was made crown prince, the ministers of his father, desiring his welfare, came to him and said: "Prince, you must continually worship this wishing-tree invincible by all creatures,¹ which grants all our desires. For, as long as we have this, not even Indra could injure us, much less any other enemy."

When Jimūtavāhana heard this, he inly reflected: "Alas! our predecessors, though they possessed such a divine tree, never obtained from it any fruit worthy of it; some of them asked it for wealth and did nothing more; so the mean creatures made themselves and this noble tree contemptible. Well, I will make it inserve a design which I have in my mind."

After the noble prince had formed this resolution he went to his father, and gained his good will by paying him all kinds of attentions, and said to him in private, as he was sitting at ease: "Father, you know that in this sea of mundane existence, all that we behold is unsubstantial, fleeting as the twinkling of the wave. Especially are the twilight, the dawn, and fortune shortlived, disappearing as soon as revealed; where and when have they been seen to abide? Charity to one's neighbour is the only thing that is permanent in this cycle of change; it produces holiness and fame that bear witness for hundreds of Yugas. So with what object, father, do we keep for ourselves such an unfailling wishing-tree, as all these phenomenal conditions are but momentary? Where, I ask, are those, our predecessors, who kept it so strenuously, exclaiming: 'It is mine, it is mine'? Where is it now to them? For which of them does it exist, and which of them exists for it? So, if you permit, father, I will employ this wishing-tree, that grants all desires, for attaining the matchless fruit of charity to one's neighbour."

His father gave him leave, saying: "So be it!" And Jimūtavāhana went and said to the wishing-tree: "O god, thou didst fulfil all the cherished wishes of our predecessors, so fulfil this one solitary wish of mine! Enable me to behold this whole earth free from poverty; depart, and good

¹ I adopt the reading of the Sanskrit College MS., *adhṛīśya* for *adhṛīshya*, invincible, instead of *adhṛīśya*, invisible.

luck attend thee ; thou art bestowed by me on the world that desires wealth." When Jīmūtavāhana had said this, with joined hands, a voice came forth from the tree : " Since thou hast relinquished me, I depart." And in a moment the wishing-tree flew up to heaven, and rained wealth on the earth, so plenteously that there was not one poor man left on it. Then the glory of that Jīmūtavāhana spread through the three worlds, on account of that ardent compassion of his for all creatures.

That made all his relations impatient with envy ; and thinking that he and his father would be easy to conquer, as they were deprived of the calamity-averting tree which they had bestowed on the world, they put their heads together and formed a design, and then girded on their harness for war, to deprive Jīmūtavāhana and his father of their realm.

When Jīmūtavāhana saw that, he said to his father : " Father, what other has might, when thou hast taken up arms ? But what generous man desires to possess a realm, if he must do so by slaying his relations for the sake of this wicked perishable body ? So of what use is sovereignty to us ? We will depart to some other place, and practise virtue that brings happiness in both worlds. Let these miserable relations that covet our kingdom, joy their fill ! "

When Jīmūtavāhana said this, his father, Jīmūtakeṭu, answered him : " My son, I desire a realm for your sake only ; if you, being penetrated with compassion, give it up, of what value is it to me, who am old ? " When Jīmūtavāhana's father agreed to his proposal, he went with him and his mother to the Malaya mountain, abandoning his kingdom. There he made him a retreat in the valley of a brook, the stream of which was hidden by sandalwood-trees, and spent his time in waiting on his parents. And there he made a friend of the name of Mitrāvasu, the son of Viśvāvasu, the King of the Siddhas, who dwelt on that mountain.

Now, one day, as Jīmūtavāhana was roaming about, he went into a temple of the goddess Gaurī, that was situated in a garden, in order to worship in the presence of the image. And there he saw a beautiful maiden, accompanied by her attendants, playing on the lyre, intent on pleasing

the daughter of the mountain.¹ And the deer were listening to the sweet sound of the lyre in the musical performance, standing motionless, as if abashed at beholding the beauty of her eyes.² She had a black pupil in her white eye, and it seemed as if it strove to penetrate to the root of her ear.³ She was thin and elegant in her waist, which appeared as if the Creator had compressed it in his grasp when making her, and deeply impressed on it the marks of his fingers in the form of wrinkles.⁴ The moment Jīmūtavāhana saw that beauty, it seemed as if she entered by his eyes and stole away his heart. And when the maiden saw him, adorning the garden, producing longing and disturbance of soul, looking as if he were the God of Spring retired to the forest through disgust at the burning up of the body of the God of Love, she was overpowered with affection, and so bewildered that her lyre, as if it had been a friend, became distracted and mute.

Then Jīmūtavāhana said to an attendant of hers : “ What is your friend’s auspicious name, and what family does she adorn ? ” When the attendant heard that, she said : “ She is the sister of Mitrāvasu, and the daughter of Viśvāvasu, the King of the Siddhas, and her name is Malayavati.” When she had said this to Jīmūtavāhana, the discreet woman asked the son of the hermit, who had come with him, his name and descent, and then she made this brief remark to Malayavati, smiling as she spoke : “ My friend, why do you not welcome this prince of the Vidyādharas who has come here ? For he is a guest worthy of being honoured by the whole world.” When she said this, that daughter of the King of the Siddhas was silent, and her face was cast down through shame. Then her attendant said to Jīmūtavāhana :

¹ I.e. Pārvatī or Durgā.

² See Vol. I, p. 90, and Baring-Gould’s remarks in his *Curious Myths of the Middle Ages*, new edition, “The Piper of Hamelin,” p. 417 *et seq.* For numerous analogues see Chauvin, *op. cit.*, viii, pp. 155-156.—N.M.P.

³ Here there is an insipid pun about the army of the Pāṇdavas penetrating by the help of Arjuna the host of Karna. There seems to be an allusion to Kṛishṇa also. For *vivikshatīm* the Sanskrit College MS. reads *vimathnatīm*.

⁴ Kshemendra’s description is much more detailed. See note at the end of the chapter.—N.M.P.

“The princess is bashful, permit me to show you the proper courtesy in her place.” So she alone gave him a garland with the *arghya*. Jīmūtavāhana, as soon as the garland was given to him, being full of love, took it, and threw it round the neck of Malayavatī. And she, looking at him with loving, sidelong looks, placed, as it were, a garland of blue lotuses on him.

Thus they went through a sort of silent ceremony of mutual election, and then a maid came and said to that Siddha maiden: “Princess, your mother desires your presence; come at once.” When the princess heard that, she withdrew regretfully and reluctantly from the face of her beloved her gaze, that seemed to be fastened to it with the arrows of love, and managed, not without a struggle, to return to her house. And Jīmūtavāhana, with his mind fixed on her, returned to his hermitage.

And when Malayavatī had seen her mother, she went at once and flung herself down on her bed, sick of separation from her beloved. Then her eyes were clouded, as it were, by the smoke of the fire of love that burnt in her bosom, she shed floods of tears, and her body was tortured with heat; and though her attendants anointed her with sandalwood unguent,¹ and fanned her with the leaves of lotuses, she could not obtain any relief on the bed, in the lap of her attendant or on the ground. Then the day retired somewhere with the glowing evening, and the moon ascending kissed the laughing forehead of the east, and though urged on by love she was too bashful to send a female messenger to her chosen one, or to adopt any of the measures that lovers usually take; but she seemed loth to live. And she was contracted in her heart, and she passed that night, which the moon made disagreeable to her, like a lotus which closes at night, and bewilderment hung round her, like a cloud of bees.

And in the meanwhile Jīmūtavāhana, who was tortured at parting with her, though lying on his bed, spent the night as one who had fallen into the hands of Kāma; though his glow of love was of recent birth, a pallid hue began to show

¹ See note, pp. 105-107.—N.M.P.

itself in him ; and though shame made him dumb, he uttered the pain which love produced.

Next morning he returned with excessive longing to that temple of Gaurī where he had seen the daughter of the King of the Siddhas. And while distracted with the fire of passion he was being consoled by the hermit's son, who had followed him there. Malayavatī also came there ; for, as she could not bear separation, she had secretly gone out alone into a solitary place to abandon the body. And the girl, not seeing her lover, who was separated from her by a tree, thus prayed, with eyes full of tears, to the goddess Gaurī : “ Goddess, though my devotion to thee has not made Jīmūtavāhana my husband in this life, let him be so in my next life ! ” As soon as she had said this, she made a noose with her upper garment, and fastened it to the branch of the *aśoka* tree in front of the temple of Gaurī. And she said : “ Prince Jīmūtavāhana, lord renowned over the whole world, how is it that, though thou art compassionate, thou hast not delivered me ? ” When she had said this, she was proceeding to fasten the noose round her throat, but at that very moment a voice spoken by the goddess came from the air : “ Daughter, do not act recklessly, for the Vidyādhara prince, Jīmūtavāhana, the future emperor, shall be thy husband.”

When the goddess said this, Jīmūtavāhana also heard it, and seeing his beloved he went up to her, and his friend accompanied him. And his friend, the hermit's son, said to the young lady : “ See, here is that very bridegroom whom the goddess has in reality bestowed upon you.” And Jīmūtavāhana, uttering many tender loving speeches, removed with his own hand the noose from her neck. Then they seemed to have experienced, as it were, a sudden shower of nectar, and Malayavatī remained with bashful eye, drawing lines upon the ground. And at that moment, one of her companions, who was looking for her, suddenly came up to her, and said in joyful accents : “ Friend, you are lucky, and you are blessed with good fortune in that you have obtained the very thing which you desired. For, this very day, Prince Mitrāvasu said to the great king your father, in my hearing : ‘ Father, that Vidyādhara prince, Jīmūtavāhana, the object

of the world's reverence, the bestower of the wishing-tree, who has come here, should be complimented by us, as he is our guest ; and we cannot find any other match as good as him ; so let us pay him a compliment by bestowing on him this pearl of maidens, Malayavatī.' The king approved, saying, 'So be it,' and your brother, Mitrāvasu, has now gone to the hermitage of the illustrious prince on this very errand. And I know that your marriage will take place at once, so come back to your palace, and let this illustrious prince also return to his dwelling." When the princess's companion said this to her, she departed slowly from that place, rejoicing and regretful, frequently turning her head.

And Jīmūtavāhana also returned quickly to his hermitage, and heard from Mitrāvasu, who came there, his commission, which fulfilled all his wishes, and welcomed it with joy. And as he remembered his former births, he gave him an account of one in which Mitrāvasu was his friend, and Mitrāvasu's sister his wife.¹ Then Mitrāvasu was pleased, and informed the parents of Jīmūtavāhana, who were also delighted, and returned, to the joy of his own parents, having executed his mission successfully. And that very day he took Jīmūtavāhana to his own house, and he made preparations for the marriage festival with a magnificence worthy of his magic power, and on that very same auspicious day he celebrated the marriage of his sister to that Vidyādhara prince ; and then Jīmūtavāhana, having obtained the desire of his heart, lived with his newly married wife, Malayavatī. And once on a time, as he was roaming about out of curiosity with Mitrāvasu on that Malaya mountain, he reached a wood on the shore of the sea. There he saw a great many heaps of bones, and he said to Mitrāvasu : "What creatures are these whose bones are piled up here ?" Then his brother-in-law, Mitrāvasu, said to that compassionate man : "Listen, I will tell you the story of this in a few words. Long, long ago, Kadrū, the mother of the snakes, conquered Vinatā, the mother of Garuḍa, in a treacherous wager, and made her a slave. Through enmity caused thereby, the mighty Garuḍa,² though

¹ See Vol. II, p. 141.—N.M.P.

² The Sanskrit College MS. has *balād* for the *balī* of Brockhaus' edition. For

he had delivered his mother, began to eat the snakes of the sons of Kadrū. He was thenceforth continually in the habit of entering Pātāla, and some he smote, some he trampled, and some died of fright.

“When Vāsuki, the king of the snakes, saw that, he feared that his race would be annihilated at one fell swoop, so he supplicated Garuḍa, and made a compact with him, saying : ‘King of birds, I will send you one snake every day to this southern sea for your meal. But you must by no means enter Pātāla, for what advantage will you gain by destroying the snakes at one blow?’ When the king of the snakes said this, the mighty Garuḍa saw that the proposal was to his advantage, and agreed to it. And from that time forth the king of birds eats every day, on the shore of the sea, a snake sent by Vāsuki. So these are heaps of bones of snakes devoured by Garuḍa, that have gradually accumulated in course of time, and come to look like the peak of a mountain.”

When Jīmūtavāhana, that treasure-house of courage and compassion, had heard, inly grieving, this story from the mouth of Mitrāvasu, he thus answered him : “One cannot help grieving for King Vāsuki, who, like a coward, offers up every day his subjects to their enemy with his own hand. As he has a thousand faces and a thousand mouths, why could he not say with one mouth to Garuḍa : ‘Eat me first’? And how could he be so cowardly as to ask Garuḍa to destroy his race, and so heartless as to be able to listen continually, unmoved, to the lamentation of the Nāga women? ¹ And to think that Garuḍa, though the son of Kaśyapa and a hero,

the “wager” see Vol. II, p. 150.—For a note on the Garuḍa bird, see Vol. I, pp. 103-105. In his review on my first volume, in *Journ. Roy. As. Soc.*, October 1924, Mr R. P. Dewhurst queries the statement that the fabulous bird becomes the *eorosh* of the *Zend* (i.e. Avestan) literature, as there is no such word in either of the two Avestan dictionaries. Subsequent correspondence with Mr Dewhurst has shown that the word *eorosh* (quoted by Burton, *Nights*, vol. vi, p. 16ⁿ) is probably due to a combination of a misreading and a misprint, and that it should be *chanmrosh* (also written *chamrosh*), which is a Pahlavi word occurring in the *Bundehesh* (50-58) and in the *Mainyo i-Khirad* (lxii, 37), and means a mythological bird which is said to be the chief of all birds, and to sit on the summit of Mount Alburz.—N.M.P.

¹ The Sanskrit College MS. reads *Tārکش्यान nānākṛanda nityākarnāna nirghṛṇam*.

and though sanctified by being the bearer of Kṛishṇa, should do such an evil deed ! Alas the depths of delusion !” When the noble-hearted one had said this, he formed this wish in his heart : “ May I obtain the one essential object in this world by the sacrifice of the unsubstantial body ! May I be so fortunate as to save the life of one friendless terrified Nāga by offering myself to Garuḍa ! ”

While Jīmūtavāhana was going through these reflections, a doorkeeper came from Mitrāvasu’s father to summon them, and Jīmūtavāhana sent Mitrāvasu home, saying to him : “ Go you on first, I will follow.” And after he had gone, the compassionate man roamed about alone, intent on effecting the object he had in view ; and he heard afar off a piteous sound of weeping. And he went on, and saw near a lofty rocky slab a young man of handsome appearance plunged in grief : an officer of some monarch seemed to have just brought him and left him there, and the young man was trying to induce by loving persuasions ¹ an old woman, who was weeping there, to return.

And while Jīmūtavāhana was listening there in secret, melted with pity, eager to know who he could be, the old woman, overwhelmed with the weight of grief, began to look again and again at the young man, and to lament his hard lot in the following words : “ Alas, Śankhachūḍa, you that were obtained by me by means of a hundred pangs ! Alas, virtuous one ! Alas, son, the only scion of our family, where shall I behold you again ? Darling, when this moon of your face is withdrawn, your father will fall into the darkness of grief ; and how will he live to old age ? How will your body, that would suffer even from the touch of the sun’s rays, be able to endure the agony of being devoured by Garuḍa ? How comes it that providence and the king of the snakes were able to find out you, the only son of ill-starred me, though the world of snakes is wide ? ” When she thus lamented, the young man, her son, said to her : “ I am afflicted enough, as it is, mother ; why do you afflict me more ? Return home ; this is my last reverence to you, for I know it will soon be time for Garuḍa to arrive here.”

¹ The Sanskrit College MS. has *sānunaṣām*.

When the old woman heard that, she cast her sorrowful eyes all round the horizon, and cried aloud: "I am undone; who will deliver my son?"

In the meanwhile Jīmūtavāhana, that portion of a Bodhisattva, having heard and seen that, said to himself, being profoundly touched with pity: "I see this is an unhappy snake, of the name of Śāṅkhachūḍa, who has now been sent by King Vāsuki, to serve as food for Garuḍa. And this is his aged mother, whose only son he is, and who had followed him here out of love, and is lamenting piteously from grief. So, if I cannot save this wretched Nāga by offering up this exceedingly perishable body, alas! my birth will have been void of fruit."

When Jīmūtavāhana had gone through these reflections he went joyfully up to the old woman, and said to her: "Mother, I will deliver your son." When the old woman heard that, she was alarmed and terrified, thinking that Garuḍa had come, and she cried out: "Eat me, Garuḍa; eat me!" Then Śāṅkhachūḍa said: "Mother, do not be afraid. This is not Garuḍa. There is a great difference between this being, who cheers one like the moon, and the terrible Garuḍa." When Śāṅkhachūḍa said this, Jīmūtavāhana said: "Mother, I am a Vidyādhara, come to deliver your son; for I will give my body, disguised in clothes, to the hungry Garuḍa; and do you return home, taking your son with you."

When the old woman heard that, she said: "By no means, for you are my son in a still higher sense, because you have shown such compassion for us at such a time." When Jīmūtavāhana heard that, he replied: "You two ought not to disappoint my wish in this matter." And when he persistently urged this, Śāṅkhachūḍa said to him: "Of a truth, noble-hearted man, you have displayed your compassionate nature, but I cannot consent to save my body at the cost of yours; for who ought to save a common stone by the sacrifice of a gem? The world is full of people like myself, who feel pity only for themselves, but people like you, who are inclined to feel pity for the whole world, are few in number; besides, excellent man, I shall never find it

in my heart to defile the pure race of Śankhapāla, as a spot defiles the disk of the moon."

When Śankhachūḍa had in these words attempted to dissuade him, he said to his mother : "Mother, go back, and leave this terrible wilderness. Do you not see here this rock of execution, smeared with the clotted gore of snakes, awful as the luxurious couch of death ! But I will go to the shore of the sea, and worship the lord Gokaṛṇa, and quickly return, before Garuḍa comes here." When Śankhachūḍa had said this, he took a respectful leave of his sadly wailing mother, and went to pay his devotions to Gokaṛṇa.

And Jīmūtavāhana made up his mind that, if Garuḍa arrived in the meantime, he would certainly be able to carry out his proposed self-sacrifice for the sake of another. And while he was thus reflecting, he saw the trees swaying with the wind of the wings of the approaching king of birds, and seeming, as it were, to utter a cry of dissuasion. So he came to the conclusion that the moment of Garuḍa's arrival was at hand ; and, determined to offer up his life for another, he ascended the rock of sacrifice. And the sea, churned by the wind, seemed with the eyes of its bright-flashing jewels to be gazing in astonishment at his extraordinary courage. Then Garuḍa came along, obscuring the heaven, and swooping down, struck the great-hearted hero with his beak, and carried him off from that slab of rock. And he quickly went off with him to a peak of the Malaya mountain, to eat him there ; and Jīmūtavāhana's crest-jewel was torn from his head, and drops of blood fell from him, as he was carried through the air. And while Garuḍa was eating that moon of the Vidyādhara race, he said to himself : " May my body thus be offered in every birth for the benefit of others, and let me not enjoy heaven or liberation, if they are dissociated from the opportunity of benefiting my neighbour." And while he was saying this to himself, a rain of flowers fell from heaven.

In the meanwhile his crest-jewel, dripping with his blood, had fallen in front of his wife Malayavatī. When she saw it, she recognised it with much trepidation as her husband's crest-jewel, and as she was in the presence of her father-in-

law and mother-in-law she showed it them with tears. And they, when they saw their son's crest-jewel, were at once beside themselves to think what it could mean. Then King Jimūtaketu and Queen Kanakavati found out by their supernatural powers of meditation the real state of the case, and proceeded to go quickly with their daughter-in-law to the place where Garuḍa and Jimūtavāhana were. In the meanwhile Śankhachūḍa returned from worshipping Gokaṛṇa and saw, to his dismay, that that stone of sacrifice was wet with blood. Then the worthy fellow exclaimed with tears : " Alas, I am undone, guilty creature that I am ! Undoubtedly that great-hearted one, in the fullness of his compassion, has given himself to Garuḍa in my stead. So I will find out to what place the enemy has carried him off in this moment. If I find him alive, I shall escape sinking in the mire of dishonour." While he said this, he went following up the track of the drops of blood, that he saw lying close to one another on the ground.

In the meanwhile Garuḍa, who was engaged in devouring Jimūtavāhana, saw that he was pleased ; so he immediately stopped, and said to himself : " Strange ! This must be some matchless hero ; for the great-hearted one rejoices even while I am devouring him, but does not lose his life. And on so much of his body as is not lacerated he has all the hairs erect, as it were a coat of mail ; and his look is lovingly fixed on me, as if I were his benefactor. So he cannot be a snake ; he must be some saint ; I will cease from devouring him, and question him." While Garuḍa was thus musing, Jimūtavāhana said to him : " King of birds, why do you desist ? There is flesh and blood in my body, and you are not satisfied as yet, so go on eating it." When the king of birds heard this, he asked him with much astonishment : " Great-souled one, you are not a snake, so tell me who you are." But Jimūtavāhana answered Garuḍa : " In truth I am a Nāga ; what is the meaning of this question of yours ? Do according to your kind, for who that is not foolish would act ¹ contrary to the purpose he had undertaken ? "

¹ The Sanskrit College MS. reads *vidadhyād*. This is the reading which I follow here, in preference to that of Brockhaus.

While he was giving this answer to Garuḍa, Śankhachūḍa came near, and called out to Garuḍa from a distance : “ Do not do a rash and criminal deed, son of Vinatā. What delusion is this that possesses you ? He is not a snake ; lo ! I am the snake designed for you.” When Śankhachūḍa had said this he came up quickly, and standing between those two, and seeing Garuḍa bewildered, he went on to say : “ Why are you perplexed ; do you not see that I have hoods and two tongues ; and do you not observe the charming appearance of this Vidyādhara ? ” While Śankhachūḍa was saying this, the wife and parents of Jīmūtavāhana came there with speed. And his parents, seeing him mangled, immediately cried out : “ Alas, son ! Alas, Jīmūtavāhana ! Alas, compassionate one, who have given your life for others ! How could you, son of Vinatā, do this thoughtless deed ? ”

When Garuḍa heard this, he was grieved, and he said : “ What ! Have I in my delusion eaten an incarnation of a Bodhisattva ? This is that very Jīmūtavāhana who sacrifices his life for others, the renown of whose glory pervades all these three worlds. So, now that he is dead, the time has arrived for my wicked self to enter the fire. Does the fruit of the poison-tree of unrighteousness ever ripen sweet ? ” While Garuḍa was distracted with these reflections, Jīmūtavāhana, having beheld his family, fell down in the agony of his wounds, and died.

Then his parents, tortured with sorrow, lamented, and Śankhachūḍa again and again blamed his own negligence. But Jīmūtavāhana’s wife, Malayavatī, looked towards the heavens, and in accents choked with tears thus reproached the goddess Ambikā, who before was pleased with her, and granted her a boon : “ At that time, O goddess Gaurī, thou didst promise me that I should have for husband one destined to be paramount sovereign over all the kings of the Vidyādharas, so how comes it that thou hast falsified thy promise to me ? ” When she said this, Gaurī became visible, and saying, “ Daughter, my speech was not false,” she quickly sprinkled Jīmūtavāhana with nectar from her pitcher.¹

¹ Cf. Waldau’s *Böhmische Märchen*, p. 594, and see Bernhard Schmidt’s *Griechische Märchen*, p. 106.

That made the successful hero Jimūtavāhana at once rise up more splendid than before, with all his limbs free from wounds.

He rose up, and prostrated himself before the goddess, and then all prostrated themselves, and the goddess said to him : “ My son, I am pleased with this sacrifice of thy body, so I now anoint thee with this hand of mine emperor over the Vidyādharas, and thou shalt hold the office for a *kalpa*.” With these words Gaurī sprinkled Jimūtavāhana with water from her pitcher and, after she had been worshipped, disappeared. And thereupon a heavenly rain of flowers fell on that spot, and the drums of the gods sounded joyously in the sky.

Then Garuḍa, bending low, said to Jimūtavāhana : “ Emperor, I am pleased with thee, as thou art an unparalleled hero, since thou, of soul matchlessly generous, hast done this wonderful deed, that excites the astonishment of the three worlds, and is inscribed on the walls of the egg of Brahmā. So give me an order, and receive from me whatever boon thou dost desire.” When Garuḍa said this, the great-hearted hero said to him : “ Thou must repent, and never again devour the snakes ; and let these snakes, whom thou didst devour before, whose bones only remain, return to life.” Thereupon Garuḍa said : “ So be it ; from this day forth I will never eat the snakes again ; heaven forfend ! As for those that I ate on former occasions, let them return to life.”

Then all the snakes that he had eaten before, whose bones alone remained, rose up unwounded, restored to life by the nectar of his boon. Then the gods, the snakes and the hermit bands assembled there full of joy, and so the Malaya mountain earned the title of the three worlds. And then all the kings of the Vidyādharas heard by the favour of Gaurī the strange story of Jimūtavāhana ; and they immediately came and bowed at his feet, and after he had dismissed Garuḍa, they took him to the Himālayas, accompanied by his rejoicing relations and friends, a noble emperor, whose great inauguration ceremony had been performed by Gaurī with her own hands. There Jimūtavāhana, in the society

of his mother and father, and of Mitrāvasu and Malayavatī, and of Śankhachūḍa, who had gone to his own house, and returned again, long enjoyed the dignity of emperor of the Vidyādhara, rich in jewels, which had been gained by his marvellous and extraordinarily heroic action.

163G. *King Trivikramasena and the Mendicant*

Having told this noble and interesting tale, the Vetāla proceeded to put another question to King Trivikramasena : “So tell me, which of those two was superior in fortitude, Śankhachūḍa or Jimūtavāhana? And the conditions are those which I mentioned before.” When King Trivikramasena heard this question of the Vetāla’s he broke his silence, through fear of a curse, and said, with calm composure : “This behaviour was nowise astonishing in Jimūtavāhana, as he had acquired this virtue in many births, but Śankhachūḍa really deserves praise, for that, after he had escaped death, he ran after his enemy Garuḍa, who had found another self-offered victim ¹ and had gone a long distance with him, and importunately offered him his body.”

When that excellent Vetāla had heard this speech of that king’s he left his shoulder and again went to his own place, and the king again pursued him as before.

¹ The MS. in the Sanskrit College reads *anyaṃ vṛttātmānaṃ* : *anyaṃ* at any rate must be right.

A COMPARISON WITH KSHEMENDRA

In the passage on p. 52, describing the beauty of Malayavati, we have one of the few places where Kshemendra is more prolix than Somadeva. It is a good example of the difference in purpose of the two authors. Somadeva aims at giving an exact copy of the work before him, and does not indulge in rhetorical elaborations of his own invention whenever opportunity offers. This, on the other hand, is just what Kshemendra does, and whenever a chance occurs for expatiating on a woman's beauty or some rather arresting natural or unnatural phenomena, he is unable to let the opportunity slip.

In this instance he takes twelve *ślokas* to describe Malayavati's beauty, beginning at the soles of her feet and ending with the hair of her head. The following translation has been specially made by Dr L. D. Barnett:

Bṛīhatkathāmañjarī—Ślokas 792-803

792. Hearing this, being attracted by curiosity, he entered the residence of the Mountain's Daughter and beheld a lotus-eyed maiden, the quint-essence of the world.
793. Bright was the pair of her lotus-feet, coloured like buds of coral, as though it had moisture clinging to it from treading an ocean of passion [i.e. *rāga*; lit. red colour].
794. The female swan of beauty was brightly displayed in the pair of her slender legs, which were like a couple of young stalks in the lotus-pool of loveliness.
795. She bore hips which were rods of the plantain-tree for the peacock of dalliance, resembling an arch of lovely ivory in the city of the God of the Flower-bow,
796. which were a pair of sandbanks in the river of beauty, a couple of litters for Rati. Her loins were Kāma's own city, of which the moat was her girdle.
797. Kāma, when disturbed by the fire of Śiva's wrath, had plunged into the eddies of the pool of her navel, and was traceable there by the smoky streak of its line of hairs.
798. Because of the buds of rays from her brilliant pearl-necklace her breasts had become like a pair of ruddy geese having sprouts of young lotus-stalks stuck in their mouths.
799. Her arms, graceful as creepers on the sandal-tree of youth, were adorned with snakes consisting of rays from the sapphires of the bracelets on her upper and lower arms.
800. By the beauties of her lips the sylvan line of leaf-buds created, as it were, by Spring, Kāma's young son, became dusky.
801. The crowd of her ogling glances, coming under the sunshade of her brow high above the clear-cut upright rod of her nose, attained the nature of unboundedly generous givers of lotuses.

802. She bore a line of curls like a row of bees on the lotus of her face.
 Seeing her, who was like a eulogy on the king Good Fortune presented
 by Kāma,
803. he became engrossed in her, having his eyes staring with wonder, speedily
 stirred to trembling by Kāma in his new incarnation.

CHAPTER XCI

163G. *King Trivikramasena and the Mendicant*

THEN the brave King Trivikramasena went back once more to the *śimśapā* tree, and taking the Vetāla from it, carried him off on his shoulder. And when he had set out, the Vetāla said to him, from his perch on his shoulder : “ Listen, King ; to cheer your toil, I will tell you the following tale.

163G (17). *The Beautiful Unmādinī* ¹

There was a city of the name ² of Kanakapura situated on the bank of the Ganges, in which the bounds of virtue were never transgressed, and which was inaccessible to the demon Kali. In it there was a king rightly named Yaśodhana, who, like a rocky coast, protected the earth against the sea of calamity. When Destiny framed him, she seemed to blend together the moon and the sun, for although he delighted the world, the heat of his valour was scorching, and the circle of his territory never waned. This king was unskilled ³ in slandering his neighbour, but skilled in the meaning of the Śāstras, he showed poverty in crime, not in treasure and military force. His subjects sang of him as one afraid only of sin, covetous only of glory, averse to the wives of others, all compact of valour, generosity and love.

In that capital of that sovereign there was a great merchant, and he had an unmarried daughter, named Unmādinī. Whoever there beheld her was at once driven mad by the wealth of her beauty, which was enough to bewilder even the God of Love himself. And when she attained womanhood, her politic father, the merchant, went to King

¹ See the Appendix, pp. 241-244.—N.M.P.

² The Sanskrit College MS. reads *prāg* for *nāma*.

³ The Sanskrit College MS. gives *māndyaṃ* for *maurkhyam*.

Yaśodhana, and said to him : “ King, I have a daughter to give in marriage, who is the pearl of the three worlds ; I dare not give her away to anyone else, without informing your Majesty. For to your Majesty belong all the jewels on the whole earth, so do me the favour of accepting or rejecting her.”

When the king heard this report from the merchant, he sent off, with due politeness, his own Brāhmans, to see whether she had auspicious marks or not. The Brāhmans went and saw that matchless beauty of the three worlds, and were at once troubled and amazed ; but when they had recovered their self-control they reflected : “ If the king gets hold of this maiden the kingdom will be ruined, for his mind will be thrown off its balance by her, and he will not regard his kingdom ; so we must not tell the king that she possesses auspicious marks.” When they had deliberated to this effect,¹ they went to the king, and said falsely to him : “ She has inauspicious marks.” Accordingly the king declined to take that merchant’s daughter as his wife.

Then, by the king’s orders, the merchant, the father of the maiden Unmādinī, gave her in marriage to the commander of the king’s forces, named Baladhara. And she lived happily with her husband in his house, but she thought that she had been dishonoured by the king’s abandoning her on account of her supposed inauspicious marks.

And as time went on, the lion of spring came to that place, slaying the elephant of winter, that, with flowering jasmine creepers for tusks, had ravaged the thick-clustering lotuses. And it sported in the wood, with luxuriant clusters of flowers for mane, and with mango buds for claws. At that season King Yaśodhana, mounted on an elephant, went out to see the high festival of spring in that city of his. And then a warning drum was beaten, to give notice to all matrons to retire, as it was apprehended that the sight of his beauty might prove their ruin.

When Unmādinī heard that drum, she showed herself to the king on the roof of her palace, to revenge the insult he had offered her by refusing her. And when the king saw

¹ The Sanskrit College MS. gives *mankshu* for *mantram*.

her, looking like a flame shooting up from the fire of love, when fanned by spring and the winds from the Malaya mountain, he was sorely troubled. And gazing on her beauty, that pierced deep into his heart, like a victorious dart of Kāma, he immediately swooned. His servants managed to bring him round, and when he had entered his palace he found out from them, by questioning them, that this was the very beauty who had been formerly offered to him, and whom he had rejected. Then the king banished from his realm those who reported that she had inauspicious marks, and thought on her with longing, night after night, saying to himself: “Ah! how dull of soul and shameless is the moon, that he continues to rise, while her spotless face is there, a feast to the eyes of the world!” Thinking thus in his heart, the king, being slowly wasted by the smouldering fire of love, pined away day by day. But through shame he concealed the cause of his grief, and with difficulty was he induced to tell it to his confidential servants, who were led by external signs to question him. Then they said: “Why fret yourself? Why do you not take her to yourself, as she is at your command?” But the righteous sovereign would not consent to follow their advice.

Then Baladhara, the commander-in-chief, heard the tidings, and, being truly devoted to him, he came and flung himself at the feet of his sovereign, and made the following petition to him: “King, you should look upon this female slave as your slave girl, not as the wife of another; and I bestow her freely upon you, so deign to accept my wife. Or I will abandon her in the temple here; then, King, there will be no sin in your taking her to yourself, as there might be if she were a matron.” When the commander-in-chief persistently entreated the king to this effect, the king answered him, with inward wrath: “How could I, being a king, do such an unrighteous deed? If I desert the path of right, who will remain loyal to his duty? And how can you, though devoted to me, urge me to commit a crime, which will bring momentary pleasure,¹ but cause great misery in the

¹ *Duḥkhāvahe*, the reading of Brockhaus' edition, is obviously a misprint for *sukhāvahe*, which I find in the Sanskrit College MS.

next world ? And if you desert your lawful wife I shall not allow your crime to go unpunished, for who in my position could tolerate such an outrage on morality ? So death is for me the best course." With these words the king vetoed the proposal of the commander-in-chief, for men of noble character lose their lives sooner than abandon the path of virtue. And in the same way the resolute-minded monarch rejected the petition of his citizens, and of the country people, who assembled, and entreated him to the same effect.

Accordingly, the king's body was gradually consumed by the fire of the grievous fever of love, and only his name and fame remained.¹ But the commander-in-chief could not bear the thought that the king's death had been brought about in this way, so he entered the fire ; for the actions of devoted followers are inexplicable.²

163G. *King Trivikramasena and the Mendicant*

When the Vetāla, sitting on the shoulder of King Trivikramasena, had told this wonderful tale, he again said to him : " So tell me, King, which of these two was superior in loyalty, the general or the king ; and remember, the previous condition still holds." When the Vetāla said this, the king broke silence, and answered him : " Of these two the king was superior in loyalty." When the Vetāla heard this, he said to him reproachfully : " Tell me, King, how can you make out that the general was not his superior ? For, though he knew the charm of his wife's society by long familiarity, he offered such a fascinating woman to the king out of love for him ; and when the king was dead he burnt himself ; but the king refused the offer of his wife without knowing anything about her."

When the Vetāla said this to the king, the latter laughed, and said : " Admitting the truth of this, what is there astonishing in the fact that the commander-in-chief, a man of

¹ May we compare this king to Daphnis, who τὸν αὐτῷ ἄννε πικρὸν ἔρωτα, καὶ ἐς τέλος ἄννε μοίρας ?

² Cf. the behaviour of the followers of the Emperor Otho, who threw themselves on his pyre, after he had killed himself in his tent.

good family, acted thus for his master's sake, out of regard for him ? For servants are bound to preserve their masters even by the sacrifice of their lives. But kings are inflated with arrogance, uncontrollable as elephants, and when bent on enjoyment they snap as under the chain of the moral law. For their minds are overweening, and all discernment is washed out of them when the waters of inauguration are poured over them, and is, as it were, swept away by the flood. And the breeze of the waving chowries fans away the atoms of the sense of scripture taught them by old men, as it fans away flies and mosquitoes. And the royal umbrella keeps off from them the rays of truth, as well as the rays of the sun ; and their eyes, smitten by the gale of prosperity, do not see the right path. And so even kings that have conquered the world, like Nahusha and others, have had their minds bewildered by Māra, and have been brought into calamity. But this king, though his umbrella was paramount in the earth, was not fascinated by Unmādinī, fickle as the Goddess of Fortune ; indeed, sooner than set his foot on the wrong path, he renounced his life altogether ; therefore him I consider the more self-controlled of the two."

When the Vetāla heard this speech of the king's, he again rapidly quitted his shoulder by the might of his delusive power, and returned to his own place ; and the king followed him swiftly, as before, to recover him : for how can great men leave off in the middle of an enterprise which they have begun, even though it be very difficult ?

CHAPTER XCII

163G. *King Trivikramasena and the Mendicant*

THEN in that cemetery, full of flames of funeral pyres, as of demons, flesh-devouring, with lolling tongues of fire, the undaunted King Trivikramasena went back that same night to the *śiṃśapā* tree.

And there he unexpectedly saw many corpses of similar appearance hanging upon the tree, and they all seemed to be possessed by Vetālas. The king said to himself: "Ah! what is the meaning of this? Is this deluding Vetāla doing this now in order to waste time? For I do not know which of these many corpses here I ought to take. If this night shall pass away without my accomplishing my object I will enter the fire, I will not put up with disgrace." But the Vetāla discovered the king's intention, and pleased with his courage he withdrew that delusion. Then the king beheld only one Vetāla on the tree in the corpse of a man, and he took it down, and put it on his shoulder, and once more started off with it. And as he trudged along, the Vetāla again said to him: "King, your fortitude is wonderful; so listen to this my tale.

163G (18). *The Brāhman's Son who failed to acquire the Magic Power*¹

There is a city called Ujjayinī, inferior only to Bhogavatī and Amarāvati, which Śiva, who was won by the toilsome asceticism of Gaurī, being in love with the matchless pre-eminence of its excellence, himself selected as his habitation. It is full of various enjoyments, to be attained only by distinguished well-doing; in that city stiffness and hardness is seen only in the bosoms of the ladies,² curvature only in

¹ See Appendix, pp. 244-249.—N.M.P.

² See Vol. I, p. 30n², 31n.—N.M.P.

their eyebrows,¹ and fickleness only in their rolling eyes ; darkness only in the nights ; crookedness only in the ambiguous phrases of poets ; madness only in elephants ; and coldness only in perils, sandalwood juice and the moon.

In that city there was a learned Brāhman, named Deva-svāmin, who had offered many sacrifices, and possessed great wealth, and who was highly honoured by the king, whose name was Chandraprabha. In time there was born to that Brāhman a son, named Chandrasvāmin, and he, though he had studied the sciences, was, when he grew up, exclusively devoted to the vice of gambling.² Now once on a time that Brāhman's son, Chandrasvāmin, entered a great gambling-hall to gamble. Calamities seemed to be continually watching that hall with tumbling dice for rolling eyes, like the black antelope in colour, and saying to themselves : " Whom shall we seize on here ? " And the hall, full of the noise of the altercations of gamblers, seemed to utter this cry : " Who is there whose wealth I could not take away ? I could impoverish even Kuvera, the lord of Alakā." Then he entered the hall, and playing dice with gamblers, he lost his clothes and all, and then he lost borrowed money in addition. And when he was called upon to pay that impossible sum, he could not do it, so the keeper of the gambling-hall seized him and beat him with sticks.³ And that Brāhman's son, when beaten with sticks all over his body, made himself motionless as a stone, and to all appearance dead, and remained in that state.

When he had remained there in that condition for two or three days, the proprietor of the gambling establishment got angry, and said, in the gambling-hall, to the gamblers who frequented it : " This fellow has begun to try on the petrification dodge, so take the spiritless wretch and throw him into some blind well ; but I will give you the money."

¹ *Bhanga* also means defeat.

² This vice was prevalent even in the Vedic age. See Zimmer, *Alt-Indisches Leben*, pp. 283-287 ; Muir's *Sanskrit Texts*, vol. v, pp. 425-430. It is well known that the plot of the *Mahābhārata* principally turns on this vice.—See *Ocean*, Vol. II, pp. 231n¹, 232n.—N.M.P.

³ Compare the conduct of Māthura in the *Mṛichchhakatika*. For the penniless state of the gambler see p. 195, and Gaal, *Märchen der Magyaren*, p. 3.

When the proprietor said this to the gamblers they took up Chandrasvāmin, and carried him to a distant wood, to look for a well. There an old gambler said to the others : " This fellow is all but dead ; so what is the good of throwing him into a well now ? So let us leave him here, and say that we left him in a well." All approved his speech, and agreed to do as he recommended.

Then the gamblers left Chandrasvāmin there and went their ways, and he rose up and entered an empty temple of Śiva that stood near. There he recovered his strength a little, and reflected in his grief : " Alas ! being over-confiding, I have been robbed by these gamblers by downright cheating, so where can I go in this condition, naked, cudgelled and begrimed with dust ? What would my father, my relations or my friends say of me, if they saw me ? So I will remain here for the present, and at night I will go out, and see how I can make shift to get food, to satisfy my hunger." While he was going through these reflections, in hunger and nakedness, the sun abated his heat, and abandoned his garment the sky, and went to the mountain of setting.

Thereupon there came there a Pāsupāta ascetic, with his body smeared with ashes, with matted hair and a trident, looking like a second Śiva. When he saw Chandrasvāmin he said to him : " Who are you ? " Thereupon Chandrasvāmin told him his story, and bowed before him, and the hermit, when he heard it, said to him : " You have arrived at my hermitage, as an unexpected guest, exhausted with hunger ; so rise up, bathe and take a portion of the food I have obtained by begging." When the hermit said this to Chandrasvāmin he answered : " Reverend sir, I am a Brāhman ; how can I eat a part of your alms ? "

When the hospitable hermit, who possessed magic powers, heard that, he entered his hut, and called to mind the science which produced whatever one desires, and the science appeared to him when he called it to mind, and said : " What shall I do for you ? " And he gave it this order : " Provide entertainment for this guest." The science answered : " I will." And then Chandrasvāmin beheld a golden city rise up, with a garden attached to it, and full of female attendants.

And those females came out of that city, and approached the astonished Chandrasvāmin, and said to him: "Rise up, good sir; come, eat and forget your fatigue." Then they took him inside, and made him bathe, and anointed him; and they put splendid garments on him, and took him to another magnificent dwelling. And there the young man beheld a young woman who seemed their chief, who was beautiful in all her limbs, and appeared to have been made by the Creator out of curiosity to see what he could do. She rose up, eager to welcome him, and made him sit beside her on her throne; and he partook with her of heavenly food, and ate with much delight betel-nut, flavoured with five fruits.

And next morning he woke up, and saw only that temple of Śiva there, and neither that city, nor that heavenly lady, nor her attendants. Then the hermit came out of the hut, smiling, and asked him how he had enjoyed himself in the night, and the discreet Chandrasvāmin, in his despondency, said to the hermit: "By your favour, reverend sir, I spent the night happily enough; but now, without that heavenly lady, my life will depart." When the hermit heard that, being kind-hearted, he laughed and said to him: "Remain here; you shall have exactly the same experiences this night also." When the hermit said this, Chandrasvāmin consented to stay, and by the favour of the hermit he was provided, by the same means, with the same enjoyments every night.

And at last he understood that this was all produced by magic science, so, one day, impelled by destiny, he coaxed that mighty hermit and said to him: "If, reverend sir, you really take pity on me, who have fled to you for protection, bestow on me that science, whose power is so great." When he urged this request persistently, the hermit said to him: "You cannot attain this science; for it is attained under the water, and while the aspirant is muttering spells under the water, the science creates delusions to bewilder him, so that he does not attain success. For there he sees himself born again, and a boy, and then a youth, and then a young man, and married, and then he supposes that he has a son.

And he is falsely deluded, supposing that one person is his friend and another his enemy, and he does not remember this birth, nor that he is engaged in a magic rite for acquiring science. But whoever, when he seems to have reached twenty-four years, is recalled to consciousness by the science of his instructor, and, being firm of soul, remembers his real life, and knows that all he supposes himself to experience is the effect of illusion, and though he is under the influence of it enters the fire, attains the science, and rising from the water sees the real truth. But if the science is not attained by the pupil on whom it is bestowed, it is lost to the teacher also, on account of its having been communicated to an unfit person. You can attain all the results you desire by my possession of the science ; why do you show this persistence ? Take care that my power is not lost, and that your enjoyment is not lost also."

Though the hermit said this, Chandrasvāmin persisted in saying to him : " I shall be able to do all that is required ¹ ; do not be anxious about that." Then the hermit consented to give him the science. What will not good men do for the sake of those that implore their aid ? Then the Pāśupata ascetic went to the bank of the river, and said to him : " My son, when, in repeating this charm, you behold that illusion, I will recall you to consciousness by my magic power, and you must enter the fire which you will see in your illusion. For I shall remain here all the time on the bank of the river to help you." When that prince of ascetics had said this, being himself pure, he duly communicated that charm to Chandrasvāmin, who was purified and had rinsed his mouth with water.

Then Chandrasvāmin bowed low before his teacher, and plunged boldly into the river, while he remained on the bank. And while he was repeating over that charm in the water, he was at once bewildered by its deluding power, and cheated into forgetting the whole of that birth. And he imagined himself to be born in his own person in another town, as the son of a certain Brāhman, and he slowly grew up. And in his fancy he was invested with the

¹ I read *sakshyāmi*, with the Sanskrit College MS.

Brāhmanical thread, and studied the prescribed sciences, and married a wife, and was absorbed in the joys and sorrows of married life, and in course of time had a son born to him, and he remained in that town engaged in various pursuits, enslaved by love for his son, devoted to his wife, with his parents and relations.

While he was thus living through in his fancy a life other than his real one, the hermit, his teacher, employed the charm whose office it was to rouse him at the proper season. He was suddenly awakened from his reverie by the employment of that charm, and recollected himself and that hermit, and became aware that all that he was apparently going through was magic illusion, and he became eager to enter the fire, in order to gain the fruit which was to be attained by the charm ; but he was surrounded by his elders, friends, superiors and relations, who all tried to prevent him. Still, though they used all kinds of arguments to dissuade him, being desirous of heavenly enjoyment, he went with his relations to the bank of the river, on which a pyre was prepared. There he saw his aged parents and his wife ready to die with grief, and his young children crying ; and in his bewilderment he said to himself : “ Alas ! my relations will all die if I enter the fire, and I do not know if that promise of my teacher’s is true or not. So shall I enter the fire ? Or shall I not enter it ? After all, how can that promise of my teacher’s be false, as it is so precisely in accordance with all that has taken place ? So, I will gladly enter the fire.” When the Brāhman Chandrasvāmin had gone through these reflections, he entered the fire.

And to his astonishment the fire felt as cool to him as snow. Then he rose up from the water of the river, the delusion having come to an end, and went to the bank. There he saw his teacher on the bank, and he prostrated himself at his feet, and when his teacher questioned him, he told him all his experiences, ending with the cool feel of the fire. Then his teacher said to him : “ My son, I am afraid you have made some mistake in this incantation, otherwise how can the fire have become cool to you ? This phenomenon in the process of acquiring this science is unprecedented.”

When Chandrasvāmin heard this remark of the teacher's he answered : " Reverend sir, I am sure that I made no mistake."

Then the teacher, in order to know for certain, called to mind that science, and it did not present itself to him or his pupil. So, as both of them had lost the science, they left that place despondent.

163G. *King Trivikramasena and the Mendicant*

When the Vetāla had told this story, he once more put a question to King Trivikramasena, after mentioning the same condition as before : " King, resolve this doubt of mine ; tell me, why was the science lost to both of them, though the incantation was performed in the prescribed way ? " When the brave king heard this speech of the Vetāla's he gave him this answer : " I know, lord of magic, you are bent on wasting my time here ; still I will answer. A man cannot obtain success, even by performing correctly a difficult ceremony, unless his mind is firm, and abides in spotless courage, unhesitating and pure from wavering. But in that business the mind of that spiritless young Brāhman wavered, even when roused by his teacher,¹ so his charm did not attain success, and his teacher lost his mastery over the charm, because he had bestowed it on an undeserving aspirant."

When the king had said this, the mighty Vetāla again left his shoulder and went back invisible to his own place, and the king went back to fetch him as before.

¹ *Prabodhya* should, I think, be *prabudhya*.

CHAPTER XCIII

163G. *King Trivikramasena and the Mendicant*

THEN King Trivikramasena again went and took the Vetāla from the *śimśapā* tree, and putting him on his shoulder set out with him; and as he was returning from the tree, the Vetāla once more said to him: "Listen, King. I will tell you a delightful tale.

163G (19). *The Thief's Son*¹

There is a city named Vakrolaka, equal to the city of the gods; in it there dwelt a king named Sūryaprabha, equal to Indra. He, like Viṣṇu, rescued this earth, and bore it a long time on his arm, gladdening all men by his frame ever ready to bear their burdens.² In the realm of that king tears were produced only by contact with smoke; there was no talk of death except in the case of the living death of starved lovers, and the only fines were the fine gold sticks in the hands of his warders. He was rich in all manner of wealth, and he had only one source of grief—namely, that, though he had many wives, no son was born to him.

Now, at this point of the story, there was a merchant, of the name of Dhanapāla, in the great city of Tāmraliptī, the wealthiest of the wealthy. And he had born to him one daughter only, and her name was Dhanavatī, who was shown by her beauty to be a Vidyādhari fallen by a curse. When she grew up to womanhood, the merchant died; and his relations seized his property, as the king did not interfere to protect it.³

¹ See Appendix, pp. 249, 250.—N.M.P.

² It also means, in the case of Viṣṇu, "by his incarnation in the form of a boar."

³ Both the D. text and also the corresponding passage in Kshemendra read the contrary to the B. text—namely, that it was his relations, *backed by the king*, who tried to seize the wife's inheritance. See Speyer, *op. cit.*, p. 136.—N.M.P.

Then the wife of that merchant, who was named Hiraṇ-yavatī, took her own jewels and ornaments, which she had carefully concealed, and left her house secretly at the beginning of the night, with her daughter Dhanavatī, and fled, to escape from her husband's relations. And with difficulty did she get outside the town, leaning upon the hand of her daughter, for without her was the darkness of night, and within her the darkness of grief. And as she went along in the thick darkness outside the town, it chanced, so fate would have it, that she ran her shoulder against a thief impaled on a stake, whom she did not see. He was still alive, and his pain being aggravated by the blow he received from her shoulder, he said : " Alas ! who has rubbed salt into my wounds ? " The merchant's wife then and there said to him : " Who are you ? " He answered her : " I am a detected thief impaled here,¹ and though I am impaled, my breath has not yet left my body, wicked man that I am. So tell me, lady, who you are and whither you are going in this manner." When the merchant's wife heard this, she told him her story ; and at that moment the eastern quarter adorned her face with the outshining moon, as with a beauty-patch.

Then, all the horizon being lighted up, the thief saw the merchant's daughter, the maiden Dhanavatī, and said to her mother : " Listen to one request of mine : I will give you a thousand pieces of gold ; come, give me this maiden daughter of yours to wife." She laughed, and said : " What do you want with her ? " Then the thief replied : " I am now as good as dead, and I have no son ; and you know, a sonless man does not inherit the worlds of bliss. But, if you agree to my proposal, whatever son she may give birth to by my appointment, whoever may be his father, will be the issue raised up to me. This is the reason why I ask for her, but do you accomplish that desire of mine." When the merchant's widow heard this, she consented to it out of avarice. And she brought water from somewhere or other, and poured it on the hand of that thief, and said : " I give you this my maiden daughter in marriage."

¹ There is probably a pun in *sūchitāḥ*.

He then gave to her daughter the command aforesaid, and then said to the merchant's widow : "Go and dig at the foot of this banyan-tree, and take the gold you find there ; and when I am dead, have my body burned with the usual ceremonies, and throw my bones into some sacred water, and go with your daughter to the city of Vakrolaka. There the people are made happy by good government under King Sūryaprabha, and you will be able to live as you like, free from anxiety, as you will not be persecuted." When the thief had said this, being thirsty he drank some water which she brought ; and his life came to an end, spent with the torture of impalement.

Then the merchant's widow went and took the gold from the foot of the banyan-tree, and went secretly with her daughter to the house of a friend of her husband's ; and while she was there, she managed to get that thief's body duly burned, and had his bones thrown into sacred water, and all the other rites performed. And the next day she took that concealed wealth and went off with her daughter, and travelling along reached in course of time that city Vakrolaka. There she bought a house from a great merchant named Vasudatta, and lived in it with her daughter, Dhanavatī.

Now at that time there lived in that city a teacher of the name of Vishṇusvāmin. And he had a pupil, a very handsome Brāhman, of the name of Manaḥsvāmin. And he, though he was of high birth, and well educated, was so enslaved by the passions of youth that he fell in love with a courtesan of the name of Hamsāvalī. But she demanded a fee of five hundred gold *dīnārs*, and he did not possess this sum, so he was in a state of perpetual despondency.

And one day that merchant's daughter, Dhanavatī, saw him from the top of her palace, such as I have described, with attenuated but handsome frame. Her heart was captivated by his beauty ; so she called to mind the injunction of that thief her husband, and artfully said to her mother, who was near her : "Mother, behold the beauty and youth of this young Brāhman, how charming they are, raining nectar into the eyes of the whole world." When that merchant's widow heard this, she saw that her daughter was in

love with the young Brāhman, and she thought thus in her mind : “ My daughter is bound by the orders of her husband to choose some man, in order to raise up issue to her husband, so why should she not invite this one ? ” When she had gone through these reflections, she entrusted her wish to a confidential maid, and sent her to bring the Brāhman for her daughter.

The maid went and took that Brāhman aside, and communicated her mistress’s wish to him, and that young and dissolute Brāhman said to her : “ If they will give me five hundred gold *dīnārs* for Hamsāvalī, I will go there for one night.” When he said this to the maid, she went and communicated it to the merchant’s widow, and she sent the money to him by her hand. When Manaḥsvāmin had received the money, he went with the maid to the private apartments of the widow’s daughter, Dhanavatī, who had been made over to him. Then he saw that expectant fair one, the ornament of the earth, as the partridge beholds the moonlight, and rejoiced ; and after passing the night there, he went away secretly next morning.

And Dhanavatī, the merchant’s daughter, became pregnant by him, and in due time she brought forth a son, whose auspicious marks foreshadowed his lofty destiny. She and her mother were much pleased at the birth of a son ; and then Śiva manifested himself to them in a dream by night, and said to them : “ Take this boy, as he lies in his cradle, and leave him, with a thousand gold pieces, early in the morning, at the door of King Sūryaprabha. In this way all will turn out well.” The merchant’s widow and the merchant’s daughter, having received this command from Śiva, woke up, and told one another their dream. And relying upon the god, they took the boy and the gold, and laid them together at the gate of King Sūryaprabha’s palace.¹

¹ So in the legend of Pope Gregory the child is exposed with a sum of gold at its head, and a sum of silver at its feet (*English Gesta*, edited by Herrtage, No. lxi). The story will also be found in Simrock’s *Deutsche Volksbücher*, vol. xi ; here we have the gold and silver, as in the *Gesta*. See also No. 85 in Gonzenbach’s *Sicilianische Märchen*, with Dr Köhler’s notes. Cf. Nos. v and vi in Prym and Socin’s *Syrische Märchen* for stories of exposed children who attain wealth and power.—In folk-tales the “ exposed child ” is

In the meanwhile Śiva thus commanded in a dream King Sūryaprabha, who was tormented with anxiety to obtain a son : “ Rise up, King, somebody has placed at the gate of your palace a handsome child and some gold, take him as he lies in his cradle.” When Śiva had said this to the king, he woke up in the morning, and at that moment the warders came in and told him the same, and so he went out himself, and seeing at the gate of the palace that boy with a heap of gold, and observing that he was of auspicious appearance, having his hands and feet marked with the line, the umbrella, the banner and other marks, he said, “ Śiva has given me a suitable child,” and he himself took him up in his arms, and went into the palace with him. And he made a feast, and gave away an incalculable amount of wealth, so that only the word “ poor ” was without its proper wealth of signification. And King Sūryaprabha spent twelve days in music, and dancing, and other amusements, and then he gave that son the name of Chandraprabha.

And gradually Prince Chandraprabha increased in stature as well as in excellent character, delighting his dependents by both. And in course of time he grew up, and became capable of bearing the weight of the earth, winning over the subjects by his courage, his generosity, his learning and other accomplishments. And his father, King Sūryaprabha, seeing that he possessed these qualities, appointed him his successor in the kingdom, and being an old man, and having accomplished all his ends in life, he went to Vārāṇasī. And while that son of his, distinguished for policy, was ruling the earth, he abandoned his body at Vārāṇasī, in the performance of severe asceticism.

And that pious King Chandraprabha, hearing of the death of his father, lamented for him, and performed the usual ceremonies, and then said to his ministers : “ How can I ever pay my debt to my father ? However I will make one recompense to him with my own hand. I will take his bones

usually set adrift on a river by jealous relations, and subsequently rises to great prosperity. For this widely spread *motif* see Chauvin, *op. cit.*, vii, p. 95 *et seq.*, and Cosquin, “ Le Lait de la Mère et le Coffre Flottant,” *Études Folkloriques* pp. 199-264.—N.M.P.

and duly fling them into the Ganges, and I will go to Gayā, and offer an obsequial cake to all the ancestors, and I will diligently perform a pilgrimage to all sacred waters, as far as the eastern sea." When the king said this, his ministers said to him: "Your Majesty, kings ought never to do these things, for sovereignty has many weak points, and cannot subsist a moment without being upheld. So you must pay this debt to your father by the instrumentality of another. What visiting of holy waters, other than the doing of your duty, is incumbent upon you? Kings, who are ever carefully guarded, have nothing to do with pilgrimage, which is exposed to many dangers." When King Chandraprabha heard this speech of his ministers he answered them: "Away with doubts and hesitations! I must certainly go for my father's sake; and I must visit the sacred waters while I am young and strong enough. Who knows what will take place hereafter, for the body perishes in a moment? And you must guard my kingdom until I return." When the ministers heard this resolve of the king's they remained silent. So the king got ready all the requisites for the journey.

Then, on an auspicious day, the king bathed, made offerings to the fire, gave complimentary presents to Brāhmans, and ascended a chariot to which the horses were yoked, subdued in spirit and wearing the dress of an ascetic,¹ and started on his pilgrimage. With difficulty did he induce the feudal chiefs, the Rājapūts, the citizens and the country people, who followed him as far as the frontier, to return, much against their will; and so, throwing the burden of his realm upon his ministers, King Chandraprabha set out in the company of his private chaplain, attended by Brāhmans in chariots. He was diverted by beholding various garbs, and hearing various languages, and by the other distractions of travel; and so, seeing on his way all kinds of countries, in course of time he reached the Ganges. And he gazed upon that river, which seemed with the ridges of its waves to be making a ladder for mortals to ascend into heaven by; and which might be said to imitate Ambikā, since it sprang from the mountain

¹ I read with the Sanskrit College MS. *prayataḥ* for *prayātaḥ*. The latter reading, however, gives a fair sense. In *sl.* 67 I read *tishṭhaty*.

Himavat, and playfully pulled in its course the hair of Śiva, and was worshipped by the divine Ṛishis and the Gaṇas. So he descended from his chariot, and bathed in that river, and threw into it, in accordance with pious custom, the bones of King Sūryaprabha.

And after he had given gifts, and performed the *śrāddha*,¹ he ascended the chariot, and set out, and in course of time reached Prayāga,² celebrated by Ṛishis, where the meeting streams of the Ganges and Yamunā gleam for the welfare of men, like the line of flame and the line of smoke of the sacrificial butter blending together. There King Chandraprabha fasted, and performed, with various pious actions, such as bathing, distribution of wealth, and so on, the solemn ceremony of the *śrāddha*, and then he went on to Vārāṇasī, which seemed by the silken banners of its temples, tossed up and down by gusts of wind, to cry out from afar: "Come and attain salvation."

In that city he fasted for three days, and then worshipped Śiva with various meat-offerings, as became his own rank, and then set out for Gayā. As he travelled through the woods, the trees, which were bent down by the weight of their fruit, and in which the birds were sweetly singing, seemed at every step to be bowing before him and praising him at the same time; and the winds, throwing about the woodland flowers, seemed to honour him with posies. And so he crossed the forest districts and reached the sacred hill of Gayā.³ And there he duly performed a *śrāddha*, in which he

¹ See Vol. I, p. 56n¹.—N.M.P.

² The modern Allahabad. See Vol. II, p. 110n¹, and Vol. IV, p. 166n¹.—N.M.P.

³ Literally, "head of Gayā." When Gayāsura was engaged in devotion on the hill Kolāhal, about thirty miles from Gayā, Brahmā and the other gods came to him, and asked him what object he had in view. He said that his wish was that his body might become the holiest thing in the world, so that all who touched it might at once obtain salvation. The request was granted. But Yama complained to Brahmā that no one now came to hell, so that his position had become a sinecure. Thereupon Brahmā, after taking counsel with the other gods, went to Gayāsura, and asked him to give his body for a place on which to perform a sacrifice. He consented. Then Brahmā performed his sacrifice on the body of Gayāsura, placed several gods on it, and made it immovable. His body now lies with its head towards the north and

bestowed many gifts on Brāhmans, and then he entered the Holy Wood. And while he was offering the sacrificial cake to his father in the well of Gayā there rose out of it three human hands to take the cake. When the king saw this, he was bewildered, and said to his own Brāhmans : “ What does this mean ? Into which hand am I to put the cake ? ” They said to him : “ King, this hand, in which an iron spike is seen, is certainly the hand of a thief ; and this second hand, which holds a colander,¹ is the hand of a Brāhman ; and this third hand, which has a ring and the auspicious marks, is the hand of a king. So we do not know into which hand the sacrificial cake is to be put, or what it all means.” When the Brāhmans said this to the king, he was unable to arrive at any certain decision.

163G. *King Trivikramasena and the Mendicant*

When the Vetāla, on the shoulder of the king, had told this wonderful tale, he said to King Trivikramasena : “ Now into whose hand should the cake have been put ? Let your

its feet towards the south. It is therefore called Gayākshetra. The area of Gayākshetra is ten square miles. The interior part of Gayākshetra, about two square miles in extent, is called Gayāśiraḥ, or the head of Gayā. A more usual form appears to be Gayaśiraḥ, the head of the Asura Gaya. It is a little south-west of Bishṇu Pad. The pilgrims offer *piṇḍas* there. The principal part of Gayāśiraḥ is called Gayāmukha. *Śrāddhas* are performed there. Dharmāranya, which I have translated “ Holy Wood,” is a place in the east of Bodh Gayā, where Dharmarāja performed a sacrifice. Gayākūpa, or the well of Gayā, is in the south-west of Gayāśiraḥ. Here *piṇḍas* are offered to ancestors who have been great sinners. The above note is summarised from some remarks by Babu Sheo Narain Trivedi, Deputy Inspector of Schools, made for my information, at the request of W. Kemble, Esq., C.S., Magistrate of Gayā. Pandit Maheśa Chandra Nyāyaratna has pointed out to me that there is an account of the glories of Gayā in the *Vāyu Purāṇa*, and another in the *Padma Purāṇa*. [These agree pretty nearly with that given above.] See also Barth's *Religions of India*, p. 278, note 2.—It would be hard to overestimate the sacredness of the little village of Gayā in the eyes of Buddhists. It “ is now,” says Sir George Grierson (in a most interesting article, “ Gayā,” *Hastings' Ency. Rel. Eth.*, vol. vi, p. 182), “ the most holy spot on the earth to something like a hundred and forty millions of people.” The whole article should be read.—N.M.P.

¹ Used for filtering the soma-juice, see Böhtlingk and Roth, *s.v.*

Highness tell me that ; and remember the previous condition is still binding on you."

When King Trivikramasena, who was well versed in law, heard this from the Vetāla, he broke silence, and answered him : " The sacrificial cake should have been placed in the hand of the thief, for King Chandraprabha was his son, raised up to him by his appointment, and he was not the son of either of the other two. For though the Brāhman begot him, he cannot be considered his father, as he sold himself for money for that one night. However, he might have been considered the son of King Sūryaprabha, because he had the sacraments performed for him, and brought him up, if the king had not received his wealth for this purpose. For the gold which was placed at the head of the child in the cradle was the price paid to King Sūryaprabha for bringing him up, and other services. Accordingly King Chandraprabha was the son, begotten by another man, of that thief, who received his mother with the pouring of water over the hands, who gave the order for his being begotten, and to whom all that wealth belonged ; and he ought to have placed the sacrificial cake in the thief's hand ; this is my opinion."

When the king said this, the Vetāla left his shoulder, and went to his own place, and King Trivikramasena again went after him to bring him back.

CHAPTER XCIV

163G. *King Trivikramasena and the Mendicant*

THEN King Trivikramasena went and took down that Vetāla from the *śimśapā* tree, and, putting him on his shoulder, started off with him again. And when he had set out in silence, the Vetāla spake to him from his shoulder: "King, what is the meaning of this persistency of yours? Go, enjoy the good of the night; it is not fitting that you should carry me to that wicked mendicant. However, if you are obstinately bent on it, so be it; but listen to this one story.

163G (20). *The Brāhman Boy who offered himself up to save the Life of the King*¹

There is a city called Chitrakūṭa,² rightly so named, where the established divisions of the castes never step across the strict line of demarcation. In it there lived a king, named Chandrāvaloka, the crest-jewel of kings, who rained showers of nectar into the eyes of those devoted to him. Wise men praised him as the binding-post of the elephant of valour, the fountain-head of generosity and the pleasure-pavilion of beauty. There was one supreme sorrow in the heart of that young prince, that, though he enjoyed all kinds of prosperity, he could not obtain a suitable wife.

Now, one day, the king, accompanied by mounted attendants, went out to a great forest to hunt, in order to dispel that sorrow. There he cleft with continual shafts the herds of wild swine, as the sun, shining in the dun sky,³ disperses the darkness with his rays. Surpassing Arjuna in strength,

¹ See Appendix, pp. 250-256.—N.M.P.

² *I.e.* wonderful peak.

³ Here there is probably a pun. The phrase may mean that the king delighted in the dark grey skins of the pigs.

he made the lions, impetuous in fight, and terrible with their yellow manes, repose upon beds of arrows. Like Indra in might, he stripped of their wings¹ the mountain-like Śarabhas, and laid them low with the blows of his darts hard as the thunderbolt. In the ardour of the chase he felt a longing to penetrate into the centre of the wood alone, so he urged on his horse with a smart blow of his heel. The horse, being exceedingly excited by that blow of his heel, and by a stroke of the whip, cared neither for rough nor smooth, but darting on with a speed exceeding that of the wind, in a moment traversed ten *yojanas*, and carried the king, the functions of whose senses were quite paralysed, to another forest.

There the horse stopped, and the king, having lost his bearings, roamed about wearied, until he saw near him a broad lake, which seemed to make signs to him to approach with its lotuses, that, bent down towards him and then raised again by the wind, seemed like beckoning hands.² So he went up to it, and relieved his horse by taking off its saddle and letting it roll, and bathed and watered it, and then tied it up in the shade of a tree, and gave it a heap of grass. Then he bathed himself, and drank water, and so he dispelled his fatigue, and then he let his eye wander hither and thither in the delightful environs of the lake. And in one part he saw, at the foot of an *aśoka* tree, a wonderfully beautiful hermit's daughter, accompanied by her friend. She wore garlands of flowers, and a dress of bark, which became her well. And she looked exceedingly charming on account of the elegant way in which her hair was plaited together after the hermit fashion. And the king, who had now fallen within the range of the arrows of love, said to himself: "Who can this be? Can it be Sāvitrī come to bathe in the lake? Or can it be Gaurī, who has slipped away from the arms of Śiva, and again betaken herself to asceticism?"

¹ This alludes to Indra's clipping with his bolts the wings of the mountains. The Śarabha is a fabulous eight-legged animal. See Vol. VI, p. 3n¹.
—N.M.P.

² The natives in India beckon in this way.—This is the general practice not only in India but throughout the East. Our form of beckoning means "Go away!" to the Eastern. See Burton, *Nights*, vol. vi, p. 109n².—N.M.P.

Or can it be the beauty of the moon that has taken upon herself a vow, as the moon has set, now that it is day? So I had better approach her quietly and find out." Having thus reflected, the king approached that maiden.

But when she saw him coming, her eyes were bewildered by his beauty, and her hand relaxed its grasp on the garland of flowers, which she had before begun to weave, and she said to herself: "Who is this that has found his way into such a wood as this? Is he a Siddha or a Vidyādhara? In truth his beauty might satisfy the eyes of the whole world." When these thoughts had passed through her mind she rose up, and modestly looking askance at him she proceeded to go away, though her legs seemed to want all power of movement,

Then the polite and dexterous monarch approached her and said: "Fair one, I do not ask you to welcome and entertain a person seen for the first time, who has come from a distance, and desires no fruit other than that of beholding you; but how is your running away from him to be reconciled with the obligations of hermit life?" When the king said this, the lady's attendant, who was equally dexterous, sat down there, and entertained the king.

Then the eager king said to her, with an affectionate manner: "Worthy lady, what auspicious family is adorned by this friend of yours? What are the ear-nectar-distilling syllables of her name? And why does she torture in this wilderness, with the discipline appropriate to ascetics, her body, which is soft as a flower?" When her friend heard this speech of the king's she answered: "This is the maiden daughter of the great hermit Kaṇva, borne to him by Menakā; she has been brought up in the hermitage, and her name is Indīvaraprabhā. She has come here to bathe in this lake by permission of her father, and her father's hermitage is at no great distance from this place."

When she said this to the king he was delighted, and he mounted his horse, and set out for the hermitage of the hermit Kaṇva, with the intention of asking him for that daughter of his. He left his horse outside the hermitage, and then he entered with modest humility its enclosure, which was full of

hermits with matted hair, and coats of bark, thus resembling in appearance its trees. And in the middle of it he saw the hermit Kaṇva surrounded with hermits, delighting the eye with his brightness, like the moon surrounded with planets. So he went up to him, and worshipped him, embracing his feet. The wise hermit entertained him and dispelled his fatigue, and then lost no time in saying to him : “ My son Chandrāvaloka, listen to the good advice which I am about to give you. You know how all living creatures in the world fear death : so why do you slay without cause these poor deer ? The Disposer appointed the weapon of the warrior for the protection of the terrified. So rule your subjects righteously, root up your enemies, and secure fleeting Fortune and her gifts by the warlike training of horse, and elephant, and so on. Enjoy the delights of rule, give gifts, diffuse your fame through the world ; but abandon the vice of hunting, the cruel sport of death. What is the profit of that mischievous hunting, in which slayer, victim and horse ¹ are all equally beside themselves ? Have you not heard what happened to Pāṇḍu ? ”

The intelligent King Chandrāvaloka heard and accepted cheerfully this advice of the hermit Kaṇva, and then answered him : “ Reverend sir, I have been instructed by you ; you have done me a great favour ; I renounce hunting, let living creatures be henceforth free from alarm.” When the hermit heard that, he said : “ I am pleased with you for thus granting security to living creatures ; so choose whatever boon you desire.” When the hermit said this, the king, who knew his time, said to him : “ If you are satisfied with me, then give your daughter Indīvarāprabhā.” When the king made this request, the hermit bestowed on him his daughter, who had just returned from bathing, born from an Apsaras, a wife meet for him. Then the wives of the hermits adorned her, and the marriage was solemnised, and King Chandrāvaloka mounted his horse and set out thence quickly, taking with him his wife, whom the ascetics followed as far as the limits of the hermitage with gushing tears. And as he went along, the sun, seeing that the action of that day had been pro-

¹ The Sanskrit College MS. reads *vāhyasya*, which I have followed.

longed,¹ sat down, as if wearied, on the peak of the mountain of setting. And in course of time appeared the gazelle-eyed nymph of night, overflowing with love, veiling her shape in a violet robe of darkness.

Just at that moment the king found on the road an *aśvattha* tree, on the bank of a lake, the water of which was transparent as a good man's heart. And seeing that that spot was overshadowed with dense boughs and leaves, and was shady and grassy, he made up his mind that he would pass the night there. Then he dismounted from his horse, and gave it grass and water, and rested on the sandy bank of the lake, and drank water, and cooled himself in the breeze; and then he lay down with that hermit's daughter, under that tree on a bed of flowers. And at that time the moon arose, and removing the mantle of darkness, seized and kissed the glowing face of the East. And all the quarters of the heaven were free from darkness, and gleamed, embraced and illuminated by the rays of the moon, so that there was no room for pride.² And so the beams of the moon entered the interstices in the bower of creepers, and lit up the space round the foot of the tree like jewel-lamps.

And the next morning the king left his bed, and, after the morning prayer, he made ready to set out with his wife to rejoin his army. And then the moon, that had in the night robbed the cheeks of the lotuses of their beauty, lost its brightness, and slunk, as if in fear, to the hollows of the western mountain; for the sun, fiery red with anger, as if desirous to slay it, lifted his curved sword in his outstretched fingers.³ At that moment there suddenly came there a Brāhman demon, black as soot, with hair yellow as the lightning, looking like a thunder-cloud. He had made himself a wreath of entrails; he wore a sacrificial cord of hair; he was gnawing the flesh of a man's head, and drinking blood out of a skull. The monster, terrible with projecting

¹ The Sanskrit College MS. gives *dūrādhva-gamana-klāntam vikshya tam nṛpatiṃ tadā*: "having seen that the king was wearied with his long journey."

² The passage is full of puns: "darkness" means the quality of darkness in the mind; and "illuminated" means also "calmed."

³ There is also an allusion to the circle of the sun's rays.

tusks, uttered a horrible loud laugh, and vomiting fire with rage,¹ menaced the king in the following words: "Villain! know that I am a Brāhman demon, Jvālāmukha by name, and this *aśvattha* tree my dwelling is not trespassed upon even by gods, but thou hast presumed to occupy and enjoy it with thy wife. So receive from me, returned from my nightly wanderings, the fruit of thy presumption. I, even I, O wicked one, will tear out and devour the heart of thee, whose mind love has overpowered, aye, and I will drink thy blood."

When the king heard this dreadful threat, and saw that his wife was terrified, knowing that the monster was invulnerable, he humbly said to him in his terror: "Pardon the sin which I have ignorantly committed against you, for I am a guest come to this your hermitage, imploring your protection. And I will give you what you desire, by bringing a human victim, whose flesh will glut your appetite; so be appeased, and dismiss your anger." When the Brāhman demon heard this speech of the king's he was pacified, and said to himself: "So be it! That will do." Then he said to the king: "I will overlook the insult you have offered me on the following conditions. You must find a Brāhman boy, who, though seven years old and intelligent, is of so noble a character that he is ready to offer himself for your sake. And his mother and father must place him on the earth, and hold him firmly by the hands and feet, while he is being sacrificed. And when you have found such a human victim you must yourself slay him with a sword-stroke, and so offer him up to me, on the seventh day from this. If you comply with these conditions, well and good; but if not, King,

¹ This is another example of the "unintentional injuries" *motif*, which we have already had in No. 27A, Vol. II, p. 147. To the references given in the note on that page I would add an ancient Egyptian story of the twelfth dynasty, called by Maspero (*Popular Stories of the Ancient Egypt*, p. 101), "The Shipwrecked Sailor." After the hero has satisfied his hunger on the island he makes a fire-lighter, lights a fire, and offers a burnt-offering to the gods. Immediately a voice like thunder is heard, the earth trembles, and an enormous serpent appears. It commands him to say who has brought him to the island. In a note, Maspero suggests that among the plants collected for the fire there may have been some that acted as a summons to the *genius loci*, while he himself had no intention of performing a magic rite.—N.M.P.

I will in a moment destroy you and all your court." When the king heard this, in his terror he agreed at once to the conditions proposed, and the Brāhman demon immediately disappeared.

Then King Chandrāvaloka mounted his horse, and set out with Indivaraprabhā in quest of his army, in a state of the utmost despondency. He said to himself: "Alas, I, bewildered by hunting and love, have suddenly incurred destruction like Pāṇḍu¹; fool that I am! For whence can I obtain for this Rākshasa a victim such as he has described? So I will go in the meantime to my own town, and see what will happen." While thus reflecting, he met his own army, that had come in search of him, and with that and his wife he entered his city of Chitrakūṭa. Then the whole kingdom rejoiced, when they saw that he had obtained a suitable wife, but the king passed the rest of the day in suppressed sorrow.

The next day he communicated to his ministers in secret all that had taken place, and a discreet minister among them said to him: "Do not be downcast, King, for I will search for and bring you such a victim, for the earth contains many marvels."

When the minister had consoled the king in these words, he had made with the utmost rapidity a golden image of a seven-years-old child, and he adorned its ears with jewels, and placed it on a chariot,² and had it carried about in the towns, villages and stations of herdsmen. And while that image of a child was being carried about, the minister had the following proclamation continually made in front of it, with beat of drum: "If a Brāhman boy of seven years old will willingly offer himself to a Brāhman demon for the good of the community, and if his mother and father will permit the brave boy to offer himself, and will hold his hands and feet while he is being slain, the king will give to that boy, who is so eager to benefit his parents as to comply with

¹ See Vol. II, pp. 126, 127.

² The B. text has a corrupted reading. For *karṇe rathārpitām* it has *karṇi-rathārpitām*; thus we must translate ". . . and dressed it with ornaments, then he placed it in a palankeen . . ." See Speyer, *op. cit.*, pp. 136, 137.—N.M.P.

these conditions, this image of gold and gems, together with a hundred villages."

Now it happened that a certain seven-years-old Brāhman boy, living on a royal grant to Brāhmins, who was of great courage and admirable character, heard this proclamation. Even in his childhood this boy had always taken pleasure in benefiting his fellow-men, as he had practised that virtue in a former life ; in fact, he seemed like the ripe result of the merits of the king's subjects incarnate in bodily form. So he came and said to the men who were making this proclamation : " I will offer myself up for your good ; but first, I will go and inform my parents ; then I will return to you." When he said this to them they were delighted, and they let him go. So he went home, and folding his hands in an attitude of supplication, he said to his parents : " I wish to offer for the good of the community this perishable body of mine ; so permit me to do so, and put an end to your poverty. For if I do so, the king will give me this image of myself, made of gold and gems, together with a hundred villages, and on receiving them I will make them over to you. In this way I shall pay my debt to you, and at the same time benefit my fellow-men ; and your poverty will be at an end and you will have many sons to replace me."

As soon as he had said this, his parents answered him : " What is this that you say, son ? Are you distracted with wind ? Or are you planet-struck ? Unless you are one of these, how could you talk in this wild way ? Who would cause his son's death for the sake of wealth ? What child would sacrifice its body ? " When the boy heard this speech of his parents he rejoined : " I do not speak from a disordered intellect ; hear my speech, which is full of sense. This body, which is full of indescribable impurities, which is loathsome by its very birth, and the abode of pain, will soon perish ¹ anyhow. So wise men say that the only solid and permanent thing in a fleeting universe is that merit which is acquired by means of this very frail and perishable body.² And what greater merit can there be than the benefiting of

¹ *Vināśyaiva* should be *vināśyeva*.

² I follow the Sanskrit College MS., which reads *etenātyasāreṇa*.

all creatures ? So, if I do not show devotion to my parents, what fruit shall I reap from my body ?” By this speech, and others of the same kind, the resolute boy induced his weeping parents to consent to his wish. And he went to the king’s servants, and obtained from them that golden image, together with a grant of a hundred villages, and gave them to his parents. Then he made the king’s servants precede him, and went quickly, accompanied by his parents, to the king in Chitrakūṭa.

Then King Chandrāvaloka, beholding arrived the boy, whose courage¹ was so perfect, and who thus resembled a bright protecting talisman, was exceedingly delighted. So he had him adorned with garlands, and anointed with unguents, and, putting him on the back of an elephant, he took him with his parents to the abode of the Brāhman demon.

Then the chaplain drew a circle² near the *aśvattha* tree, and performed the requisite rites, and made an oblation to the fire. And then the Brāhman demon, Jvālāmukha, appeared, uttering a loud laugh, and reciting the Vedas. His appearance was very terrible ; he was drunk with a full draught of blood, yawning, and panting frequently ; his eyes blazed, and he darkened the whole horizon with the shadow of his body. Then King Chandrāvaloka, beholding him, bent before him, and said : “ Adorable one, I have brought you this human sacrifice, and it is now the seventh day, gentle sir, since I promised it you ; so be propitious, receive this sacrifice, as is due.” When the king made this request, the Brāhman demon looked at the Brāhman boy, licking the corners of his mouth with his tongue.³

At that moment the noble boy, in his joy, said to himself : “ Let not the merit which I acquire by this sacrifice of my body gain for me heaven, or even a salvation which involves no benefits to others, but may I be privileged to offer up my body for the benefit of others in birth after birth ! ” While he was forming this aspiration, the heaven was suddenly filled with the chariots of the heavenly host, who rained flowers.

¹ *Tejas* means “ courage,” and also “ brightness.”

² See Vol. II, p. 98n⁴ and Vol. III, p. 201 *et. seq.*—N.M.P.

³ *Asṛikkāṇīm* is probably a misprint for *sṛikkāṇīm*.

Then the boy was placed in front of the Brāhman demon, and his mother took hold of his hands and his father of his feet. Then the king drew his sword, and prepared to slay him ; but at that moment the child laughed so loudly that all there, the Brāhman demon included, abandoned the occupation in which they were engaged, and in their astonishment put their palms together and, bowing, looked at his face.

163G. *King Trivikramasena and the Mendicant*

When the Vetāla had told this entertaining and romantic tale, he once more put a question to King Trivikramasena : “ So tell me, King, what was the reason that the boy laughed in such an awful moment as that of his own death ? I feel great curiosity to know it ; so, if you know, and do not tell me, your head shall split into a hundred pieces.”

When the king heard this from the Vetāla, he answered him : “ Hear what was the meaning of that child’s laugh. It is well known that a weak creature, when danger comes upon it, calls upon its father or mother to save its life. And if its father and mother be gone, it invokes the protection of the king, who is appointed to succour the afflicted, and if it cannot obtain the aid of the king, it calls upon the deity under whose special protection it is. Now, in the case of that child, all those were present, and all behaved in exactly the opposite manner to what might have been expected of them. The child’s parents held its hands and feet out of greed of gain, and the king was eager to slay it to save his own life, and the Brāhman demon, its protecting deity, was ready to devour it. The child said to itself : ‘ To think that these should be thus deluded, being led so much astray for the sake of the body, which is perishable, loathsome within, and full of pain and disease ! Why should they have such a strange longing for the continuance of the body, in a world in which Brahmā, Indra, Viṣṇu, Śiva, and the other gods, must certainly perish.’ Accordingly the Brāhman boy laughed out of joy and wonder, joy at feeling that he had accomplished his object, and wonder at beholding the marvellous strangeness of their delusion.”

When the king had said this he ceased, and the Vetāla immediately left his shoulder and went back to his own place, disappearing by his magic power. But the king, without hesitating a moment, rapidly pursued him : the hearts of great men, as of great seas, are firm and unshaken.

CHAPTER XCV

163G. *King Trivikramasena and the Mendicant*

THEN King Trivikramasena again went and took the Vetāla from the *śimśapā* tree, and carried him along on his shoulder. And as he was going along, the Vetāla again said to the king: "Listen, King, I will tell you a story of violent attachment.

163G (21). *Anangamanjarī, her Husband Maṇivarman and the Brāhman Kamalākara*¹

There is a city called Viśālā, which is like a second city of Indra, made by the Creator on earth, for the sake of virtuous people who have fallen from heaven. In it there lived a fortunate king, named Padmanābha, who was a source to good men, and excelled King Bali.² In the reign of that king there lived in that city a great merchant, named Arthadatta, who surpassed in opulence the God of Wealth. And to him there was born a daughter named Anangamanjarī, who was exhibited on earth by the Creator as a likeness of a heavenly nymph. And that merchant gave her to the son of a distinguished merchant dwelling in Tāmraliptī, and named Maṇivarman. But as he was very fond of his daughter Anangamanjarī, because she was his only child, he would not let her leave his house, but kept her there with her husband. But Anangamanjarī's husband Maṇivarman was as distasteful to her as a biting bitter medicine to a sick man. But that lovely one was dearer than life to her husband, as wealth hardly won and long hoarded is to a miser.

Now once on a time that Maṇivarman, longing to see his

¹ See Appendix, pp. 256-258.—N.M.P.

² Tawney seems not to have appreciated the punning comparison to Viṣṇu, his weapons and defeat of Bali, that runs through this sentence. See further Speyer, *op. cit.*, p. 137.—N.M.P.

parents, went to his home in Tāmraliptī to visit them. After some days had passed, the hot season descended upon the land, impeding the journey of men absent from home with the sharp shafts of the sun's rays. The winds blew laden with the fragrance of the jasmine and trumpet-flower, and seemed like the hot ¹ sighs of the cardinal points on account of the departure of spring. Lines of dust raised by the wind flew up to heaven, like messengers sent by the heated earth to hasten the approach of the clouds. The days passed slowly, like travellers exhausted by the severe heat, and longing for the shade of the trees. The nights, pale-gleaming with moonbeams, became exceedingly ² reduced owing to the loss of the spring with all its happy meetings.

One day in that season, that merchant's daughter Anangamanjarī was sitting with her intimate friend in a lofty window of her house, white with sandalwood ointment,³ and elegantly dressed in a thin garment of silk. While there, she saw a young Brāhman, named Kamalākara, the son of the king's chaplain, passing by, and he looked like the God of Love, risen from his ashes, going to find Rati. And when Kamalākara saw that lovely one overhead, like the orb of the moon,⁴ he was full of joy, and became like a cluster of *kumuda* flowers. The sight of those two young persons became to one another, by the mighty command of Kāma, a priceless ⁵ fascination of the mind. And the two were overcome by passion, which rooted up their modesty, and carried away by a storm of love-frenzy, which flung their minds to a distance. And Kamalākara's companion, as soon as he saw that his friend was love-smitten, dragged him off, though with difficulty, to his own house.

As for Anangamanjarī, she inquired what his name was, and, having no will of her own, slowly entered the house with that confidante of hers. There she was grievously afflicted with the fever of love, and thinking on her beloved, she

¹ *Ushmā* should probably be *ushnā*.

² In the Sanskrit College MS. *ati* is inserted before *durbalatām*.

³ See note at the end of the chapter.—N.M.P.

⁴ The moon is the patron of the *kumuda*; the sun of the *kamala*, or lotus. *Kamalākara* means a collection of *kalas*.

⁵ The Sanskrit College MS. reads *achūrṇam*—"without powder."

rolled on the bed, and neither saw nor heard anything. After two or three days had passed, being ashamed and afraid, unable to bear the misery of separation, thin and pale, and despairing of union with her beloved, which seemed a thing impossible, she determined on suicide. So one night, when her attendants were asleep, she went out, drawn, as it were, by the moon, which sent its rays through the window like fingers, and made for a tank at the foot of a tree in her own garden. There she approached an image of the goddess Chāṇḍī, her family deity, that had been set up with much magnificence by her father, and she bowed before the goddess, and praised her, and said : “ Though I have not obtained Kamalākara for a husband in this life, let him be my husband in a future birth ! ” When the impassioned woman had uttered these words in front of the goddess, she made a noose with her upper garment, and fastened it to an *asoka* tree.

In the meanwhile it happened that her confidante, who was sleeping in the same room, woke up, and not seeing her there, went to the garden to look for her. And seeing her there engaged in fastening a noose round her neck, she cried out, “ Stop ! stop ! ” and running up, she cut that noose which she had made. Anangamanjarī, when she saw that her confidante had come and cut the noose, fell on the ground in a state of great affliction. Her confidante comforted her, and asked her the cause of her grief, and she at once told her, and went on to say to her : “ So you see, friend Mālatikā, as I am under the authority of my parents and so on, and have little chance of being united to my beloved, death is my highest happiness.” While Anangamanjarī was saying these words she was exceedingly tortured with the fire of Love’s arrows, and being overpowered with despair, she fainted away.

Her friend Mālatikā exclaimed : “ Alas, the command of Kāma is hard to resist, since it has reduced to this state this friend of mine, who was always laughing at other misguided women who showed a want of self-restraint.¹ ” Lamenting in these words, she slowly brought Anangamanjarī round with cold water, fanning, and so on ; and, in

¹ I take *anyāvīṇītavanitāhāsini* as one word, and read *vilapantī* instead of *vilapantīm*.

order to allay her heat, she made her a bed of lotus leaves, and placed on her heart a necklace cool as snow. Then Anangamanjarī, with her eyes gushing with tears, said to her friend : “ Friend, the necklace and the other applications do not allay my internal heat. But do you by your cleverness accomplish something which will really allay it. Unite me to my beloved, if you wish to preserve my life.” When she said this, Mālatikā lovingly answered her : “ My friend, the night is now almost at an end, but to-morrow I will make an arrangement with your beloved, and bring him to this very place. So in the meanwhile control yourself, and enter your house.” When she said this, Anangamanjarī was pleased, and drawing the necklace from her neck, she gave it to her as a present. And she said to her : “ Now go to your house, and early to-morrow go thence to the house of my beloved ; and may you prosper ! ” Having dismissed her confidante in these words, she entered her own apartments.

And early next morning her friend Mālatikā went, without being seen by anyone, to the house of Kamalākara, and searching about in the garden, she saw him at the foot of a tree. He was rolling about, burning with the fire of love, on a bed of lotus leaves moistened with sandalwood juice,¹ and a confidential friend of his was trying to give him relief by fanning him with a plantain leaf. She said to herself : “ Is it possible that he has been reduced to this stage of love’s malady by separation from her ? ” So she remained there in concealment, to find out the truth about it.

In the meanwhile that friend of Kamalākara’s said to him : “ Cast your eye, my friend, for a moment round this delightful garden, and cheer up your heart. Do not give way to despondency.” When the young Brāhman heard this, he answered his friend : “ My friend, my heart has been taken from me by Anangamanjarī, the merchant’s daughter, and my breast left empty ; so how can I cheer up my heart ? Moreover, Love, finding me robbed of my heart, has made me a quiver for his arrows ; so enable me to get hold of that girl, who stole it.”

When the young Brāhman said that, Mālatikā’s doubts

¹ See note at the end of the chapter.—N.M.P.

were removed, and she was delighted, and showed herself, and went up to him, and said : “ Happy man, Anangaman-jarī has sent me to you, and I hereby give you her message, the meaning of which is clear : ‘ What sort of conduct is this for a virtuous man, to enter a fair one’s bosom by force, and after stealing away her heart, to go off without showing himself ? ’ It is strange too that though you have stolen the lady’s heart, she now wishes to surrender to you herself and her life. For day and night she furnaces forth hot sighs, which appear like smoke rising from the fire of love in her burning heart. And her teardrops, black as collyrium, fall frequently, looking like bees attracted by the fragrance of her lotus-like face. So if you like, I will say what will be for the good of both of you.”

When Mālatikā said this, Kamalākara answered her : “ My good lady, this speech of yours, though it comforts me by showing that my beloved loves me, terrifies me, as it tells that the fair one is in a state of unhappiness. So you are our only refuge in this matter ; do as you think best.” When Kamalākara said this, Mālatikā answered : “ I will to-night bring Anangamanjarī secretly into the garden belonging to her house, and you must take care to be outside. Then I will manage by some device of mine to let you in, and so you will be able to see one another in accordance with your wishes.” When Mālatikā had by these words delighted the young Brāhman, she went away, having accomplished her object, and delighted Anangamanjarī also.

Then the sun, in love with the twilight, departed somewhere or other, together with the day, and the heaven adorned itself, placing the moon on its western quarter like a patch on the forehead. And the pure white *kumuda* cluster laughed joyously with the cheerful faces of its opened flowers, as if to say : “ Fortune has left the lotus cluster and come to me.” Thereupon the lover Kamalākara also adorned himself, and, full of impatience, slowly approached the outside of the door that led into the garden of Anangamanjarī’s house. Then Mālatikā managed to bring into that garden Anangamanjarī, who had with difficulty got through the day. And she made her sit in the middle of it, in a bower

of mango-trees, and went out and brought in Kamalākara also. And when he entered he beheld Anangamanjarī in the midst of dense-foliaged trees, as gladly as the traveller beholds the shade.

While he was advancing towards her she saw him, and as the violence of her passion robbed her of shame, she eagerly ran forward and threw her arms round his neck. She faltered out, "Where are you going? I have caught you," and immediately her breath was stopped by the weight of excessive joy, and she died. And she fell on the ground, like a creeper broken by the wind. Alas! strange is the course of love, that is terrible in its consequences. When Kamalākara beheld that misfortune, which was terrible as a thunderstroke, he said, "Alas! what is this?" and fell senseless on the ground. In a moment he recovered consciousness; and then he took his beloved up in his arms and embraced and kissed her, and lamented much. And then he was so violently oppressed by excessive weight of sorrow that his heart burst asunder at once, with a crack. And when Mālatikā was lamenting over their corpses, the night, seeing that both these lovers had met their end, came to an end, as if out of grief. And the next day the relations of both, hearing from the gardeners what had happened, came there distracted with shame, wonder, grief and bewilderment. And they remained for a long time doubtful what to do, with faces downcast from distress: bad women are a grievous affliction, and a source of calamity to their family.

At this moment Maṇivarman, the husband of Anangamanjarī, came, full of longing to see her, from his father's house in Tāmraliptī. When he reached his father-in-law's house, and heard what had taken place, he came running to that garden, his eyes blinded with tears. There, beholding his wife lying dead beside another man, the passionate man at once yielded up his breath, that was heated with the fire of grief. Then the people there began to cry out, and to make an uproar, and all the citizens heard what had taken place, and came there in a state of astonishment.

Then the goddess Chāṇḍī, who was close at hand, having

been called down into that garden long ago by the father of Anangamanjarī, was thus supplicated by her Gaṇas : “ Goddess, this merchant Arthadatta, who has established an image of thee in his garden, has always been devoted to thee, so have mercy upon him in this his affliction.” When the beloved of Śiva, the refuge of the distressed, heard this prayer of her Gaṇas, she gave command that the three should return to life, free from passion. So they all, by her favour, immediately arose, as if awaking from sleep, free from the passion of love. Then all the people were full of joy, beholding that marvel ; and Kamalākara went home, with his face downcast from shame ; and Arthadatta, having recovered his daughter¹ Anangamanjarī, who looked thoroughly ashamed of herself, together with her husband, returned to his house in high spirits.

163G. *King Trivikramasena and the Mendicant*

When the Vetāla had told this story that night on the way, he again put a question to King Trivikramasena. He said : “ King, tell me, which of those three, who were blinded by passion, was the most infatuated ? And remember, the curse before-mentioned will take effect if you know and do not say.”

When the king heard this question of the Vetāla’s he answered him : “ It seems to me that Maṇivarman was the most infatuated with passion of the three. For one can understand those two dying, as they were desperately in love with one another, and their amorous condition had been fully developed by lapse of time. But Maṇivarman was terribly infatuated, for when he saw his wife dead of love for another man, and the occasion called for indignation, he was so far from being angry that, in his great love, he died of grief.”

When the king had said this, the mighty Vetāla again left his shoulder, and departed to his own place, and the king again went in pursuit of him.

¹ I insert *sutām* at the beginning of the line. The *su* is clear enough in the Sanskrit College MS., but the rest of the word is illegible.

NOTE ON SANDALWOOD

On p. 99 of this chapter we read of the fair Anangamanjari being "white with sandalwood ointment." Then again on p. 101 the love-sick Kamalākara vainly tries to quench the fire of love by lying on "a bed composed of lotus leaves moistened with sandalwood juice." So too in the eleventh Vetāla one of the princesses has "sandalwood lotion applied to her body" (p. 11), while the third unfortunate lady "had sandalwood unguent and other remedies applied to her hands, in order to allay the pain" (p. 12). See also the references on pp. 30, 43, 53 and 72. We thus see that there appears to be two distinct uses to which sandalwood was put: as a face-cream for cooling and perfuming the skin, and as a medicinal application to relieve pain, burns, fever, etc.

It will be interesting to see how far this is confirmed by the historical evidence that exists with reference to sandalwood. All forms of the word as found in English (*Sandal*, *Sandle*, *Sanders*, *Sandalwood*) are derived from the Sanskrit *chandana*, "refreshing," through the Persian *sandal*, *chandal*, the Arabic *ṣandal*, *sandali-aswad*, the Greek *σάνταλον*, *σάνδαλον*, Low Latin *santalum*, and French *sandal*, *santal*.

Sandalwood is the wood of the *Santalum album*, Linn., order Santalaceæ, which is a small evergreen tree native in the dry regions of South India (e.g. Western Ghats, Mysore and Coimbatore), while in Bombay, Poona, Gujarat, and several localities in Northern India it is chiefly a cultivated plant. The fragrance for which the wood is so prized depends on the presence of essential oil, situated chiefly in the dark central wood of the tree. It is the roots which yield the largest quantity and finest quality oil. It is pale yellow in colour, transparent, with a resinous taste and a peculiarly fragrant and penetrating odour. The outer parts of old trunks and young trees are almost entirely without scent, hence the sandal-cutters carefully remove the outer and generally lighter portion of the wood, which they term the "sap." The heartwood is cut into small chips, and distillation is slowly carried on for ten days, at the end of which period the whole of the oil is extracted.

According to one authority 100 parts of sandalwood yield, upon distillation with steam, 1·25 to 2·8 parts of the essential oil (Watt, *Economic Products of India*, vol. vi, pt. ii, p. 464). Another author (Seemann, *Intellectual Observer*, vol. iv, p. 74) states that a pound of wood yields about two drachms of oil. In Hindu medical works sandalwood is described as bitter, cooling, astringent, and useful in biliousness, vomiting, fever, thirst and heat of the body (Dutt, *Materia Medica of the Hindus*, p. 225 of the 1877 edition). The wood ground up with water to the consistence of paste is a common application among the natives to erysipulous and local inflammations, to the temples in fevers, and to allay heat in cutaneous diseases. In remittent fevers it acts as a diaphoretic (Drury, *Useful Plants of India*, p. 383). The paste is also used for painting the body after bathing, and is employed for making the *Shardana*, or caste-marks, especially in Southern India. Sandalwood powder mixed with coconut-water is used in bathing to cool the body, and is especially efficient in the

case of headache, prickly heat, etc. Watt (*op. cit.*, p. 465) gives several references to accounts of the effective use of the oil in venereal diseases.

We pass on to the value of the wood for other domestic and religious purposes. In these cases it is the perfume of the distilled oil which is so important. As mentioned above, the oil from the roots is the finest, although an oil is expressed from the seeds, but this is a thick, viscid oil used only by the poorer classes in lamps. The essential oil constitutes the basis of the majority of attars distilled in India, and, mixed with pure alcohol, forms the perfumer's *Extrait de bois de Santal*. In order to sweeten it for use on the handkerchief a slight addition of rose is required. It mixes well with soap. With charcoal and a little nitre it forms sandal pastilles for perfuming apartments, but much of the odour is lost in the preparation (Seemann, *op. cit.*, p. 74).

The wood is used chiefly in the carving industry—boxes, cabinets, work-tables, walking-sticks, fans, picture-frames, etc., being some of the more usual articles so made. The Kanara district is the chief home of the sandalwood-carving industry. For the possible identification of the *Algum* or *Almug* trees of 1 Kings x, 11, 12, and 2 Chronicles ii, 8; ix, 10, 11, see the article by G. E. Post in Hastings' *Dictionary of the Bible*, vol. i, p. 63, and W. H. Schoff, *The Ship "Tyre,"* 1920, pp. 27, 28.

Turning to its sacred uses, we find that idols are carved from the wood. It is interesting to notice that among the treasures brought from India by Hiuen Tsiang were two sandalwood figures of Buddha, the larger of which was modelled on one made by the desire of Udayana, King of Kausāmbi (see Beal, *Life of Hiuen Tsiang*, pp. 213, 214). An emulsion of the wood is given as an offering to the gods, and an incense made of it is burned before them. A considerable export for making incense followed in the wake of Buddhism, and the amount used in this fashion by China was, and still is, particularly large. The Parsis consume large quantities, usually of an inferior variety, in their fire-temples. The relatives of the deceased who can afford to buy the wood, do so for cremation purposes, while all Hindus add at least one piece of it to the funeral pyre.

Although sandalwood was used in India from at least the fifth century B.C., it was almost entirely confined to Buddhist and Hindu peoples. In the West it appears not to have been known until the beginning of the Christian era, the earliest Roman reference being in the famous *Periplus of the Erythræan Sea* (circa A.D. 80). Here we read (36) of two market-towns on the Persian Gulf called Apologus [Obollah of Saracen times], and Ommana [Oman]:

"To both of these market-towns large vessels are regularly sent from Barygaza, loaded with copper and sandalwood and timbers of teakwood and logs of blackwood and ebony" (see Schoff's edition, 1912, pp. 36, 152, and further, Lassen, *Indische Alterthumskunde*, vol. i, p. 287).

Barygaza is the modern Broach in the Gulf of Cambay, the Greek name being from the Prakrit Bharukachchha, a corruption of the Sanskrit Bhṛigukachchha.

The wood is mentioned by Cosmas Indicopleustes (sixth century A.D.) under the name *Tzandāna*, and frequently by the early Arab traders who

visited India and China. Both Cosmas and the Arabs attributed the wood to China, the mistake arising from the fact that the Chinese vessels trading with the merchants of Bagdad had picked up cargoes of the wood at Ceylon and such Indian ports as Broach. (See M'Crindle's edition, Hakluyt Soc., 1897, p. 366.) As was only to be expected with a people so fond of perfumes as the Mohammedans, sandalwood became a great favourite with them, and caused a considerable spread of its use in the Middle and Near East.

For early European references see Yule and Burnell, *Hobson Jobson*, under "Sandal." (The article in the 1903 edition adds nothing to that of 1886.)

With regard to the modern sandalwood trade of both India and the various islands of the Malay Archipelago and the Pacific we are not concerned, but a good idea of this may be got from the following:—

Watt, *op. cit.*, vol. iv, pt. ii, pp. 466, 467; Seemann, *op. cit.*, p. 78 *et seq.*; "C.B.," *Leisure Hour*, 1869, pp. 598-600; and the anonymous articles in *The Practical Magazine*, vol. vii, 1877, pp. 373, 374, and in *Scientific American*, vol. cviii, 1913, p. 558, which deals largely with the need for great and more careful cultivation of the tree, and finally in the *Annual Statement of the Seaborne Trade of British India*, the most recent copies of which show that the export trade has steadily increased since 1921, and now stands at about eight hundred tons per annum.

So far, we have spoken only of the *Santalum album*, which is the one referred to in the *Ocean*. Mention, however, should also be made of the Red Sanders Tree, *Pterocarpus santalinus*, which is used chiefly as a dye. Owing, however, to the modern introduction of aniline dyes, its use in this capacity has been very considerably curtailed. See further, Watt, *op. cit.*, vol. vi, pt. i, p. 359 *et seq.*; and D. Hooper, "Calature Wood," *Nature*, vol. lxxxvi, 1911, pp. 311, 312.—N.M.P.

CHAPTER XCVI

163G. *King Trivikramasena and the Mendicant*

THEN King Trivikramasena again fetched the Vetāla from the top of the *śimśapā* tree, and put him on his shoulder, and as he was going along, the Vetāla said to him on the way : “ King, you are good and brave, so hear this matchless tale.

163G (22). *The Four Brāhman Brothers who resuscitated the Lion*¹

There lived once on the earth a king, named Dharaṇi-varāha, who was lord of the town of Pāṭaliputra.² In his realm, which abounded in Brāhmans, there was a royal grant to Brāhmans named Brahmasthala ; and on it there lived a Brāhman of the name of Viṣṇusvāmin. He had a wife that was as well suited to him as the oblation to the fire. And in course of time he had four sons by her. And when they had learned the Vedas, and passed their childhood, Viṣṇusvāmin went to heaven, and his wife followed him.

Then all his sons there, being in a miserable state, as they had no protectors, and having had all their property taken from them by their relations, deliberated together, and said : “ We have no means of support here, so why should we not go hence to the house of our maternal grandfather in the village named Yajnasthala ? ” Having determined on this, they set out, living on alms, and after many days they reached the house of their maternal grandfather. Their grandfather was dead, but their mother’s brothers gave them shelter and food, and they lived in their house, engaged in

¹ See Appendix, pp. 258-260.—N.M.P.

² I read with the Sanskrit College MS. *Kusumapurākhyānagareśvaraḥ*. But *Kusumapurākhye nagare svarāt*, the reading of Professor Brockhaus’ text, would mean “an independent monarch in the city of Pāṭaliputra,” and would give almost as good a sense.

reading the Vedas. But after a time, as they were paupers, their uncles came to despise them, and neglected to supply them with food, clothes and other necessities.

Then their hearts were wounded by the manifest contempt shown for them by their relations, and they brooded over it in secret, and then the eldest brother said to the rest : “ Well ! brothers, what are we to do ? Destiny performs everything ; no man can do anything in this world at any place or time. For to-day, as I was wandering about in a state of distraction, I reached a cemetery ; and in it I saw a man lying dead on the ground, with all his limbs relaxed. And when I saw him I envied his state, and I said to myself : ‘ Fortunate is this man, who is thus at rest, having got rid of his burden of grief.’ Such was the reflection that then occurred to me. So I determined to die, and I tried to hang myself by means of a rope fastened to the branch of a tree. I became unconscious, but my breath did not leave my body ; and while I was in this state the rope broke, and I fell to the earth. And as soon as I recovered consciousness I saw that some compassionate man was fanning me with his garment. He said to me : ‘ Friend, say, why do you allow yourself to be thus afflicted, though you are wise ? For joy springs from good deeds, and pain from evil deeds ; these are their only sources. If your agitation is due to pain, then perform good deeds. How can you be so foolish as to desire to incur the pains of hell by suicide ? ’ With these words that man consoled me, and then departed somewhere or other ; but I have come here, having abandoned my design of committing suicide. So you see that, if Destiny is adverse, it is not even possible to die. Now I intend to go to some holy water, and there consume my body with austerities, in order that I may never again endure the misery of poverty.”

When the eldest brother said this, his younger brothers said to him : “ Sir, why are you, though wise, afflicted with pain merely because you are poor ? Do you not know that riches pass away like an autumn cloud. Who can ever count on retaining fortune or a fickle woman, though he carry them off and guard them carefully, for both are

insincere in their affection and secretly hostile to their possessor? So a wise man must acquire by vigorous exertion some eminent accomplishment, which will enable him frequently to bind¹ and lead home by force riches, which are like bounding deer." When the eldest brother was addressed in this language by his brothers, he at once recovered his self-control, and said: "What accomplishment of this kind should we acquire?" Then they all considered and said to one another: "We will search through the earth and acquire some magic power." So having adopted this resolution, and fixed upon a trysting-place at which to meet, the four separated, going east, west, north and south.

And in course of time they met again at the appointed spot, and asked one another what each had learned. Then one of them said: "I have learned this magic secret: if I find a bit of a bone of any animal, I can immediately produce on it the flesh of that animal." When the second heard this speech of his brother's, he said: "When the flesh of any animal has been superinduced upon a piece of bone, I know how to produce the skin and hair appropriate to that animal." Then the third said: "And when the hair and flesh and skin have been produced, I am able to create the limbs of the animal to which the bone belonged." And the fourth said: "When the animal has its limbs properly developed, I know how to endow it with life."

When they had said this to one another, the four brothers went into the forest to find a piece of bone on which to display their skill. There it happened that they found a piece of a lion's bone, and they took it up without knowing to what animal it belonged. Then the first covered it with the appropriate flesh, and the second in the same way produced on it all the requisite skin and hair, and the third completed the animal by giving it all its appropriate limbs and it became a lion, and then the fourth endowed it with life. Then it rose up a very terrible lion, furnished with a dense shaggy mane, having a mouth formidable with teeth,² and with hooked claws

¹ I follow the Sanskrit College MS., which reads *baddhvā* for *buddhyā*.

² The Sanskrit College MS. gives the reading *sadaṃśhṭrāsankaṭamukhaḥ*, which I follow.

at the end of its paws. And charging the four authors of its being, it slew them on the spot, and then retired gluttoned to the forest. So those Brāhmanas perished by making the fatal mistake of creating a lion ; for who can give joy to his own soul by raising up a noisome beast ?

So, if Fate be not propitious, an accomplishment, though painfully acquired, not only does not bring prosperity, but actually brings destruction. For the tree of valour only bears fruit, as a general rule, when the root, being uninjured,¹ is watered with the water of wisdom, and when it is surrounded with the trench of policy.

163G. *King Trivikramasena and the Mendicant*

When the Vetāla, sitting on the shoulder of the king, had told this tale on the way, that night, to King Trivikramasena, he went on to say to him : “ King, which of these four was guilty in respect of the production of the lion, that slew them all ? Tell me quickly, and remember that the old condition is still binding on you.”

When the king heard the Vetāla say this, he said to himself : “ This demon wishes me to break silence, and so to escape from me. Never mind, I will go and fetch him again.” Having formed this resolution in his heart, he answered that Vetāla : “ That one among them who gave life to the lion is the guilty one. For they produced the flesh, the skin, the hair and the limbs by magic power, without knowing what kind of animal they were making ; and therefore no guilt attaches to them on account of their ignorance. But the man who, when he saw that the animal had a lion’s shape, gave life to it, in order to display his skill, was guilty of the death of those Brāhmanas.”

When the mighty Vetāla heard this speech of the king’s, he again left his shoulder by magic power and went back to his own place, and the king again went in pursuit of him.

¹ I read *avikṛite*, with the Sanskrit College MS.

CHAPTER XCVII

163G. *King Trivikramasena and the Mendicant*

THEN the noble King Trivikramasena went back, and again took down that Vetāla from the *śimśapā* tree, and though the Vetāla transformed himself in all possible ways, he put him on his shoulder and started off with him in silence, and then the Vetāla said to him : “ King, though the business in which you are engaged is not becoming to you, you exhibit in it undaunted perseverance ; so listen, I will tell you a tale to dispel your fatigue.

163G (23). *The Hermit who first Wept and then Danced*¹

There is in the land of Kalinga a city named Śobhāvati, like the city of Indra in heaven, the abode of those that act aright. It was ruled by a king named Pradyumna, whose sway was mighty, and who, like the god Pradyumna, was celebrated for his exceeding power and valour. The only detraction heard in his realm was that of the string from the bow, the only pressure that of the fingers on the cymbal ; vice was only known in the name of the age,² and keenness only in the pursuit of knowledge.

In a certain part of that town there was a grant named Yajñasthala, given by that king, on which many Brāhmans were settled. There lived on it a very wealthy Brāhman who had mastered the Vedas, whose name was Yajñasoma. He maintained a sacrificial fire, and honoured guests and the gods. After his youth was past, there was born to him by his wife, who was in every way a suitable match for him, an only son, the child of a hundred wishes. And that promising

¹ See Appendix, pp. 260, 261.—N.M.P.

² *Guṇa* means “ virtue ” and also “ string ” ; *kara*, “ finger ” and “ tribute ” ; the *kaliyuga*, or “ age of vice,” is the last and worst. *Vaikṛtaṃ* in *śl.* 2 may perhaps mean “ anger,” as in 79 *śl.* 2 : see Böhtlingk and Roth *s.v.*

boy grew up in his father's house, and the Brāhmanas duly called him Devasoma. And when he had attained the age of sixteen years, that boy, who captivated all by his knowledge, modesty and other good qualities, suddenly died of a fever. Then Yajnasoma, together with his wife, remained lovingly embracing that dead boy, and lamenting over him, and refused for a long time to let him be taken away to be burnt.

Then the old men assembled and reproved that Brāhman in the following words: "Brāhman, are you not aware, though you know what is near and far, that the condition of this *Fata Morgana* of a world is frail as a bubble on water? Look at those kings who filled the earth with their armies, and enjoyed themselves in this world, deeming themselves immortal, lying on jewelled couches on the delightful summits of palaces, that resounded with the warbling of music, having their bodies anointed with sandalwood ointment and other fragrant unguents, and begirt with beautiful women. Even these no one could save from being consumed by flesh-devouring flames, lying alone on the funeral pyre in the cemetery, whither the dead are followed by weeping friends, and when their extremities had been shrivelled, from being at last devoured by the jackals: much less can any others escape this fate. So tell us, wise man, what mean you by embracing that corpse?" Many other speeches of this kind did they address to him.

At last, with difficulty, his relations got him to stop clinging to his dead son; and then, after the body had been laid out, they put it on a bier, and with loud lamentations carried it to the burning-place, accompanied by many people, who shed tears on account of the calamity.

Now at that time there was dwelling in that cemetery an old Pāśupata ascetic possessing supernatural power, who lived in a hut. His name was Vāmaśiva. His body was emaciated with age and excessive asceticism, and bound round with veins, as if with fear that it would break. He was covered all over with hair white with ashes, his matted locks were yellow as lightning, and he looked like a second Śiva. When that hermit heard in the distance the lamentation of

those people outside his hut, he said to the pupil that lived with him : " Rise up ! go and find out the meaning of this confused noise outside in the cemetery, such as I never heard before, and come back quickly and tell me."

Now this pupil was one who had taken a vow of living on the products of begging ; he was a fool, and a rogue, and an egoist, puffed up with contemplation, magical powers and other things of the kind, and at this time he was annoyed because his teacher had rebuked him. So, when his teacher gave him this order, he answered him : " I will not go ! Go yourself, for my time for begging is fast slipping away." When the teacher heard that, he said : " Out on you, fool, devoted to your belly ! Only half one watch of the day has passed ; how can it be your time for begging now ? " When the wicked pupil heard that he was angry, and said to his teacher : " Out on you, you decrepit old creature ! I am no longer your pupil, and you are no longer my teacher. I will go elsewhere : carry this vessel yourself." When he had said this, he put down in front of him his stick and water-vessel, and got up and went away.

Then the hermit left his hut, laughing as he went, and came to the place where the young Brāhman had been brought to be buried. And when the hermit saw him with the people lamenting for the flower of his youth, being afflicted with old age, and possessed of magical powers, he determined to enter his body. So he quickly went aside, and first wept aloud, and immediately afterwards he danced with appropriate gesticulations. Then the ascetic, longing to be young again, abandoned his own body, and at once entered by magic power that young Brāhman's body. And immediately the young Brāhman on the pyre, which was ready prepared, returned to life, and rose up with a yawn. When his relations and all the people saw that, they raised a loud shout of " Hurrah ! he is alive ! he is alive ! "

Then that ascetic, who was a mighty sorcerer, and had thus entered the young Brāhman's body, not intending to abandon his vow, told them all the following falsehood : " Just now, when I went to the other world, Śiva himself restored my life to me, telling me that I must take upon me

the vow of a Pāśupata ascetic. And I must this moment go into a solitary place and support this vow, otherwise I cannot live ; so depart you, and I also will depart." Saying this to all those present, the resolute votary, bewildered with mixed feelings of joy and grief, dismissed them to their own homes. And he himself went and threw that former body of his into a ravine ; and so that great magician, who had taken the vow, having become young, went away to another place.

163G. *King Trivikramasena and the Mendicant*

When the Vetāla had told this story that night on the way, he again said to King Trivikramasena : " Tell me, King, why did that mighty magician, when entering another body, first weep, and then dance ? I have a great desire to know this."

When that king, who was a chief of sages, heard this question of the Vetāla's, fearing the curse, he broke silence, and gave him this answer : " Hear what the feelings of that ascetic were. He was grieved because he thought that he was just going to abandon that body, which had grown up with him through many years, by living in which he had acquired magic power, and which his parents had fondled when he was a child, so he wept violently, for affection for one's body is a deeply rooted feeling. But he danced for joy because he thought that he was about to enter a new body, and that by means of that he would acquire greater magic power ; for to whom is not youth pleasing ? "

When the Vetāla, who was inside that corpse, heard this speech of the king's, he left his shoulder and went back to that *śiṃśapā* tree ; but that exceedingly undaunted monarch again ran after him to recover him, for the resolution of determined men surpasses in firmness the mighty mountains, and remains unshaken even at the end of a *kalpa*.

21. HOW THE FOUR BROTHERS FARED WITH THE HARLOT¹

Then as the goblin was being carried along again by the king, he told another story:

Your majesty, in the south there was a king named Vikramabāhu.² In his kingdom there was a town called Puṣkarāvati.³ In it there lived

² = Arm of valor. The variant reading, Virabāhu = strong-armed.

³ = Abounding in lotuses. The variant Puṣpavatī = abounding in flowers.

a merchant whose wealth was superior to that of the god of wealth, a caravan trader named Nidhipatidatta.⁴ He had four wives, Kāmasenā, Vāsavadattā, Kṣamāvati, and Campāvati.⁵ They bore to him four sons, Ratnadatta, Maṇidatta, Kumāradatta, and Kanakadatta.⁶ Then Ratnadatta learned music. No one in the world was his equal in dancing, singing, and the allied arts. Maṇidatta learned military science. No marksman in the world was his equal. Kumāradatta learned the account of all the sciences.⁷ No learned man in the world was his equal. Kanakadatta learned all the wisdom of political science. There was no one so learned in that science as he. These four, who were endowed with all good qualities, who surpassed the god of love by their divine beauty, who stole the hearts of all loving women, whose manly virtues were famed among all men, continually enjoyed all happiness with their wives.

After some time their father died. Then, as fate willed it, those four, though they were of one mind, separated because of the mutual quarrelling of their wives. All their wealth amounting to a crore was divided amicably. But three divine jewels remained in common. Nidhipatidatta had formerly given this command: "If you four should separate, then the one to whom my friend Vikramabāhu gives these three gems shall receive them, and no other." Remembering these words of their father's the four went to the king. And the king seeing his friend's sons said to them: "Oh sons of my friend, why have you come here?" When they were asked this, they informed him of their father's words. The king when he saw the three jewels was astonished and thought: "The three marvelous divine jewels I shall give to that one of my friend's sons who is most clever. Therefore their excellence must be tested." Thinking that he said to them: "Oh sons of my friend, you are not at all bound to abide by the decision that I make about the three jewels." They replied: "We shall abide by whatever

⁴ = Given by the lord of wealth. The variant Nidhipati = lord of wealth, is not so plausible as a man's name.

⁵ = Love-army, given by Indra, patient, and abounding in campa-flowers respectively.

⁶ = Jewel-given, pearl-given, given by the god of war, and gold-given respectively.

⁷ The Newārī version says that the third brother was learned in the *kāmaśāstra*. No account is given of his trial; he is dismissed with the mere statement of failure. The lack of certainty about his attainments and the meagreness of the account of his attempt in all the sources make him look suspiciously like a secondary addition to the story.

your majesty orders.⁸ Who has even so much strength as to transgress your majesty's words?" The king said: "Let these jewels remain here in common. In the city of Kusumapura⁹ there is a harlot named Rūpavatī,¹⁰ whose appearance bewitches the three worlds. She for a lac consorts with a man for one night. If she receives a thousand lacs, yet she does not love him a second day. These jewels belong to him who is able to consort with that harlot for two nights." Hearing that they said: "Who must go first? Let your majesty command." The king replied: "You must go following the order of seniority."

Then Ratnadatta took a great array of goods including many elephants, horses, pearls, and rubies, and gold and jewels, and resembling Indra he went to Kusumapura and entered upon the great undertaking by means of dancing, singing, the playing of musical instruments, and other manifestations of his art. He gave a clever man goods amounting to a lac and sent him to investigate Rūpavatī. When she saw that man with all the goods, she was astonished and thought: "Ah! to such a degree has eagerness not been seen in any man." When she had perceived that, she refreshed him with the nectar of her words. The clever man when he had been put at ease said to her: "Rūpavatī, have intercourse with a man like the god of love, the lordly Ratnadatta." Rūpavatī said: "I am fortunate since his affection has settled upon me. So bring him and come quickly. I am fit to sport with that great man. When he has given a lac, he shall sport with me." Saying this she sent him off. He told Ratnadatta Rūpavatī's words.

Then joyfully Ratnadatta went to Rūpavatī at night. When he had sported with her in manifold ways, in order that he might have intercourse with her a second day, he disclosed his secret arts. When Rūpavatī had witnessed Ratnadatta's dancing, singing, and other arts, which even the gods, the gandharvas, and the kimnaras¹¹ descended to earth to see and hear, she lamented. Then Ratnadatta said: "Oh you who are dearer than life, why do you weep for no reason?" She answered: "Lord of my life, I weep because I shall not sport with you, the best of men, on another day." He said: "Why is that?" The harlot replied: "When I have received a lac, I sport for one night." The young man said: "I will give three lacs to sport a second night."

⁸ For the construction, see Intro. §8.

⁹ = Flower city.

¹⁰ = Possessing beauty.

¹¹ The gandharvas serve as musicians at Indra's court; the kimnaras are attached to Kubera.

The harlot replied: "Even for a thousand lacs I will not sport a second night. I have taken a vow to this effect." Ratnadatta, repulsed in spite of many efforts, was greatly grieved and went away as if stupified. He went back there and said to king Vikramabāhu: "Your majesty, who will be the hero of a second night's sport with her?"

Then Maṇidatta with a great store of jewels went to Kusumapura and had audience with the king of that city. When Maṇidatta had obtained the audience, the king gave him a great living and kept him there. Then a hostile king came to conquer this king of Kusumapura and having overcome all his soldiers, elephants, and horses, came to overthrow the king also. Maṇidatta then promised: "Your majesty, I shall conquer this hostile king in battle and bring him to you." When he had promised this, he went and conquered him and brought him before the king. Beginning from that time there was no man of action his equal in Kusumapura. Having displayed various manly feats he sported amorously with that harlot. Not even because of such manly performances was he able to sport with her two nights. Much grieved he told the story to Vikramabāhu.

Then Kumāradatta also went there and had intercourse with her and in order to do so a second night he made a discourse about his desire for the three great jewels. Nevertheless he was repulsed by her and went home and informed the king.

Then Kanakadatta also thought in his mind: "The brave and handsome have got no consolation. What can I accomplish by going there? Now there is no means for success in the undertaking. So I shall take some provisions and one servant and shall find out how she lives." Thinking this he went there and tried to investigate her way of life. At that time Rūpavati attended by a thousand harlots was going along the road. When he had seen her who was beautiful as a vidyādhari,

Kanakadatta afterwards asked a slave prostitute: "Good lady, who is this woman going along?" She said: "Young man, this is no other than the harlot Rūpavatī." Kanakadatta said: "Where is she going?" She replied: "In an isolated part of the city in a temple of Śiva lives her teacher, a female ascetic named Puṇyaśarīrā.¹² She constantly waits upon her to do her reverence." Then Kanakadatta thought: "My object has been fulfilled. Therefore I shall follow her."

When Rūpavatī had spoken to the ascetic woman and had gone home, Kanakadatta presented himself to Puṇyaśarīrā and bowed to her. She asked him: "Who are you?" He replied: "I am a rajput from another country." The ascetic woman said: "Son, why have you come?" He answered: "Mother, I have come to do you reverence." She refreshed Kanakadatta with the nectar of her words and dismissed him. But whenever Rūpavatī came he always went elsewhere. Then after just six months she, gratified, asked him: "Son, why have you waited upon me for so long a time? I am pleased. So tell me your desire. I shall fulfill it." He said: "Mother, this I must tell you in private." She then dismissed her attendants to a distance and said again: "Son, tell me your desire." Kanakadatta said: "That Rūpavatī who comes in the evening to do you reverence, takes a lac and sports with a man for one night. Why, even for a thousand lacs, will she not sport a second day? I serve you in order to learn the reason for that." She said: "Shall I ask her when she comes? Then secretly here in a solitary corner of the temple you shall hear it from Rūpavatī's own lips." Then he was exceedingly pleased.

On the following day Rūpavatī came to the ascetic woman's dwelling. Seeing her Kanakadatta hid himself¹³ very secretly in a corner of her house. Rūpavatī when she had paid her respects to Puṇyaśarīrā remained conversing about various things with her. When she had found an opportunity to introduce the topic, the ascetic woman said to Rūpavatī: "Daughter, indirectly I have heard this, that taking a lac you have intercourse with an excellent man for one night only. Even for a thousand lacs you will not sport with him for two nights. I desire

¹² = Having a holy body, i.e. holy.

¹³ On *lukkāyitaḥ* see Intro. §8.

to know the reason for that. You must certainly tell me the reason. Then only shall I be pleased." Rūpavatī replied: "Lady, that is a secret that I cannot tell." The ascetic woman said: "Daughter, if you will not tell me the reason for that, I am displeased." Rūpavatī said: "Mother, if I must by all means tell the reason for that, then make a promise that you will not tell it to anyone." The ascetic woman replied: "Daughter, if I tell the reason for that to anyone, then I shall have broken my word." Rūpavatī said: "Listen, mother." "I am attentive," replied the ascetic woman. "Tell me." Rūpavatī then told her story:

"In the city called Padmapura¹⁴ there lived a king, Pracandāsena.¹⁵ I was the daughter of that king's minister of peace and war, Vicitrādatta,¹⁶ and was wholly devoted to the worship of Gaurī. Then that goddess was pleased and gave me a boon: 'Daughter, through my favor you will be fortunate. You will obtain a wholly suitable husband. You will remember your former existences.' At that time my father gave me in marriage to Pratāpasena,¹⁷ the son of the king. Through the favor of the goddess's blessing I became dearer to him than life itself. The king sent off my husband to subdue a hostile king. He could not live even a moment without me. So he took me with him even there. Then when the powerful enemy king attacked him, my husband was terrified. At once through fear he abandoned even me, who was dearer to him than life itself, and went to another country. At that time I was taken by the enemy, who was mounted on the shoulder of a cow-elephant and I thought: 'Shame upon the man, since he abandoned one who possessed all the marks of beauty and fled! How is it possible that the enemy king, since he has won me whose beauty fascinates the three worlds, will give me up? My wifely fidelity will be destroyed.' When I had considered this, pining for Pratāpasena, I gave up the ghost.

"At the moment of death I saw a cow-elephant's face. Because of that I became a cow-elephant. Even when I had become an elephant, I spent my time pining for Pratāpasena. Must-elephants came to me to sport with me, but I disappointed them all. I favored none of them. Then one day I met Pratāpasena who had become a must-elephant. Recognizing him because I remembered my previous existence, I favored

¹⁴ = Lotus-city.

¹⁵ = Having a formidable army.

¹⁶ = Marvellous-given.

¹⁷ = Army of splendor.

him. Beginning from that time I continually enjoyed all pleasures with him. At that time an elephant catcher came there and met us. Then also Pratāpasena, in the form of an elephant, at once abandoned me and went to another forest. I was taken by those men and given to the king. The king made me his chief elephant. Then one day the king mounted me and went to hunt deer. I, pining for him who had the form of a must-elephant, gave up the ghost.

"At the moment of death I saw a doe. Therefore I became a doe. Then also when I had reached maturity I had intercourse with no bucks. I remained pining for him alone. One day as I wandered about in that forest I saw a buck. Because of my merit I recognized that he was Pratāpasena. He had put off the form of an elephant and become a deer. I favored him. Beginning from that time I enjoyed all pleasures with him. Then when that wood was burning with a forest fire, he abandoned me again and went to another forest. I, being unable to go to another forest, pining for him gave up the ghost.

"At the time of death, there on the shore of a lake I saw a cakravāka-hen. Therefore I became a cakravāka-hen. Born in that state I had intercourse with no bird. I continually pined for him. By the power of fate Pratāpasena put off the form of a deer and took on that of a cakravāka and came to me. When I had found him, I continually enjoyed all pleasures with him. One day I went to a lake within Kusumapura. There he saw a number of hunters and abandoning me fled. I was caught by a hunter. Pining for him I gave up the ghost.

"At the moment of death I saw a lovely courtesan who lived in Kusumapura playing in the water. Therefore I also was born in the womb of a courtesan. When I had reached maturity, I determined: 'Men are cruel and without love, for in four births Pratāpasena abandoned me who was attached to him and ran away.' In anger because of that I resolved: 'I shall enjoy a man for one night. A second night I shall not enjoy him.' Mother, that is the reason."

When she had told the secret to the ascetic woman and made obeisance, surrounded by hundreds of courtesans she went home. After a little while Kanakadatta bowed to the ascetic woman and in disguise went to every harlot's house except Rūpavati's. But he did not have intercourse with any of them. He told all the courtesans this story:

"I am Pratāpasena, the son of Pracandāsena, king of Padmapura. My wife was the daughter of Vicitrādatta. She was dearer to me than life itself. Through fear of an enemy I left her and ran away. Then she dying became a cow-elephant. I also became an elephant and with her enjoyed manifold pleasures. But through fear of a man who was catching elephants I abandoned her and went to another forest. She, pining for me even in captivity, gave up the ghost. Then she became a doe. Through grief for her I became a deer and sported with her, but through fear of a forest fire I went away. She pining for me became a cakravāka-hen. Then I also died and became a cakravāka and enjoyed all manner of sport with her. One day I came with her to the lake in Kusumapura. Through fear of a hunter I fled. She, caught by the hunter, died pining for me and came to birth in a human womb. Then I too left my cakravāka body and became a man and continually pine for her alone."

When he had painted it on a cloth, he put it into the hands of all the harlots and remained there in the city. Rūpavati, when she had heard that story indirectly, brought Kanakadatta to her own house and learned the whole affair and hanging on Kanakadatta's neck wept loudly, and all the people were astonished. Kanakadatta then made love to Rūpavati. Beginning from that time he continually enjoyed various pleasures with Rūpavati who thought that she had obtained the love of Pratāpasena and gave up her resolution. When he had stayed for a few days, Kanakadatta said to Rūpavati: "Beloved, my city of Puṣkarāvati is like Indra's Amarāvati.¹⁸ When we have gone there, I shall enjoy pleasures with you who are dearer to me than life itself." Rūpavati replied: "Lord of my life, your command must always be done by me." Then taking Rūpavati with all her property he went to his own country and secretly told Vikramabāhu the whole story. When he had heard that, the king thought in his mind: "What a marvel is this! Many clever men were unable to have intercourse with her for

¹⁸ = City of the immortals, i.e. Indra's abode.

two nights. This man has brought her and come here. So I shall make Kanakadatta my minister of peace and war." Then the king gave those jewels to Kanakadatta and showing him great favor made him minister of peace and war.

The goblin said: "Speak, king. In each birth she knew her husband. Why, although she remembered her previous existences, did she not recognize Kanakadatta for what he was? For his fraudulent story was successful." The king said: "Listen, goblin. In each birth she had intercourse with her own husband. Because of that merit she recognized her own husband. When she was born in the caste of harlots she became very wicked. Because of intercourse with other men, though she remembered her previous existences, she forgot her own husband." When he had caused the king to break his silence, the goblin hung again on the śiṅśapā-tree.

So ends the twenty-first story of the goblin.

22. HOW MŪLADEVA OBTAINED A BRIDE FOR ŚAŚIDEVA¹

Then as the goblin was being carried along again by the king, he propounded another problem:

Your majesty, there was a city named Kuṇḍinapura.² There Śveta-ketu,³ a very pious king, lived. He had a friend dear to him as life itself, a merchant named Śaṃkaradatta.⁴ That merchant married Anaṅgasenā,⁵ the daughter of Maṇidatta⁶ who lived in that city. With her Śaṃkaradatta continually enjoyed manifold pleasures. Once this man entrusted his family to king Śvetaketu and when he had given a bodyguard numbering thousands to protect Anaṅgasenā, whose appearance fascinated the three worlds, and had given urgent instructions,^{6a} he went to a foreign land to trade. In twelve years he did not return. In his absence Anaṅgasenā became like the crescent of the moon in the waning half of the month. Then occurred the festival of the god of love. To that festival came men and women in great numbers to wor-

¹ This story is not in the other versions, except the Newārī version. It is a new addition to the cycle of Mūladeva stories which Bloomfield treated in the article cited in note 1 to the translation of story 13. In this story, as in story 13, Mūladeva's friend is called Śaśideva and not Śaśin; W, in the only place where I have been able to find the name, calls him Śaśin, but the Newārī version has Śaśideva.

² The capital of Vidarbha.

³ = Having a white banner.

⁴ = Given by Śiva, the auspicious one.

⁵ = Army of love.

⁶ = Pearl-given.

^{6a} I.e. for the guarding of his wife. Bettei interprets *nirbandham ācārya* as "he went toward Nirvandha (a river of southern India)."

ship the love-god. Maṇidatta's wife said to her daughter: "Daughter, you should do homage to the love-god for Śaṁkaradatta's return." Hearing that she took her bodyguard and surrounded by a hundred slaves went and worshipped the love-god and was returning to her father's house.

Śaśideva, the great rascal, seeing her then was smitten with love. He managed to go to the city of Padmāvati⁷ and told the story to Mūladeva. When he had heard it, Mūladeva said: "Śaśideva, my friend, do not be downcast. I shall invent a way for you to obtain her." Śaśideva said: "Sir, footsoldiers guard her. Similarly her parents do not relax their watch. King Śvetaketu is zealous in protecting her. Then how is that possible?" Mūladeva replied: "Why worry? Friend, in this city there is a bawd named Kāmikalpalatā.⁸ She is able to disturb even Arundhatī.⁹ Therefore we shall go and inform her." Thinking that, they went and told her. She said: "Śaśideva and Mūladeva, I also am acquainted with Anaṅgasenā. But although the undertaking of the affair be difficult, I will go in spite of difficulties and tell of your love. You two shall go and stay there unseen. I shall continually do homage to Śiva. When I have demonstrated that I have power, afterwards I shall find a stratagem."

So taking two slave women she went there and continually did homage to Śiva. Then she obtained great magic power. All people said: "This ascetic woman knows all things." When she had heard this, Anaṅgasenā said to her mother: "Mother, make the story of your son-in-law known to the omniscient woman." She replied: "Daughter, you have done well in reminding me." Then she went and gave her goods and did obeisance and said: "All-wise mother, my son-in-law has not returned in twelve years. What are the facts about him? Tell me and I will give you great wealth." The ascetic woman said: "Certainly I will tell you. Today go home. When I have considered, I shall tell you something about him. But you must bring Anaṅgasenā here too."

On the next day Maṇidatta came with his wife and brought his daughter. When he had given goods and made obeisance, he said: "All-wise mother, I have come to you with my wife and have brought Anaṅgasenā. Tell us the facts about Śaṁkaradatta." Because they urgently pressed her, she said: "Maṇidatta, your son-in-law has married there a girl whose beauty fascinates the three worlds." Having heard that, the parents fell at the feet of the wise woman and said: "Mother, tell us by what means Śaṁkaradatta will leave that girl and return here."

⁷ = Abounding in lotuses.

⁸ = The creeper that grants the wishes of lovers.

⁹ The wife of Vasiṣṭha, one of the

seven Ṛṣis. She is invoked at the marriage ceremony by the bridegroom as a model of wifely fidelity.

She replied: "Maṇidatta, there is a charm. But it is hard to acquire and cannot be given." Hearing that the parents said: "Ascetic woman, if you do not give that charm, then Anaṅgasenā will die of separation from him. Through grief for her we also shall die and you will be guilty of murder." When they had said this, they fell again at her feet.

Then she said: "In that charm one thing is impossible of execution. If your daughter does that, then only will the charm be successful." They replied: "Whatever order you give she will carry out." Then she took Maṇidatta's wife aside and said: "Listen. Having made a hidden bower, Anaṅgasenā, when she sees a man brought to her, shall whisper the charm there. Then she shall enjoy the pleasures of love daily with that man. When he takes on the appearance of Śaṁkara-datta, at that very time he will return." She answered: "I will go and ask my husband." When she asked him, Maṇidatta replied: "Beloved, by all means do that by means of which our son-in-law will return." Then she (the ascetic woman) said: "At your door there are many soldiers. At the time when the charm is to be recited it will be impossible to go there." Maṇidatta replied: "No one shall interfere with your visit. I will instruct everyone today. You shall come and go at your pleasure." Then Maṇidatta went and built a bower. That ascetic woman came in a horse-drawn litter and in just the way described caused Anaṅgasenā to whisper the charm. Kāmikalpalatā continually conversed with her.

One day the ascetic woman said to Anaṅgasenā: "Daughter, how have you come to such a state? When I see you with your body extremely thin, because of your distress I am greatly distressed. Tell me." Anaṅgasenā replied: "Mother, since my husband went to trade, beginning from that time I have not seen even the shadow of a man. Now that I have seen a man at the moment of whispering the charm, I remember my amorous sport with my husband." Hearing that the ascetic woman said: "If that is so, propose it to that same man." She replied: "In that case, tell him that." The ascetic woman said: "I give him to you. By joy you will produce joy." She said: "Do not tell this to anyone else." Then Kāmikalpalatā was pleased and secretly told Śaśideva. When he had heard that, Śaśideva was as if he had regained life. Then he continually enjoyed manifold amorous sports with Anaṅgasenā. And Anaṅgasenā, since she had got the learned Śaśideva, forgot Śaṁkaradatta. The ascetic woman under pretence of reciting the charm came and went continually to further Śaśideva's intercourse.

athai 'kadā mūladevaḥ śaśidevam abravīt: sakhe, atra sthitvā prajojanābhāvaḥ. tasmād anaṅgasenām ādāya svadeśe gamyatām. śaśidevo vadati: katham³⁴ etac chakyam. mūladevo vadati: tava vacanena sā 'tivarāgavati. yad vadiṣyasi sā tat kariṣyati. tato dolayā sā 'trā 'gamiṣyati. tadā mayo 'pāyaḥ kartavyaḥ. tataḥ śaśidevo gatvā 'naṅgasenām mūladevopadiṣṭam kathayām āsa. sā tad apy aṅgikṛtāvatī. mūladevaḥ sahasā bhāṣasataikam³⁵ ādāya rājadvāram samāgatya śaśidevasadrśo³⁶ bhūtvā dolārūḍhām tām nirikṣya tasyā vastre³⁷ dhṛtvā vadati³⁸ sma: tvam mama bhāryā prāṇadhikā.³⁹ katham prapalāyayaṣi.⁴⁰ tadā rakṣakā janā⁴¹ anaṅgasenāyāś ceṣṭām maṇidattāya kathayām āsuḥ. tac chrutvā maṇidatto gatvā rājānam jñāpayām āsa. rājā ca mitrapatniḥ dambanām adhigamyā 'naṅgasenām ātmasamīpam āniya vadati.⁴² re re nirlajja, mama mitrapatny anaṅgasenā tvayā patnīm⁴³ vaditvā katham dhṛtā. asyāḥ pitā maṇidattaḥ khyāta eva 'ste. tat katham etad vadasi. yāhi yāhi. tvam aham vyāpādayāmi. kiṁ karomi. yajñopavitam āste. śvetaketuḥ aham tena vakṣyāmi. tatas teno 'ktam: cirapravāsinā mayā⁴⁴ 'lokyā dhṛte 'yam. tato 'ham mama patnīm āniyā 'vaśyam nrpatīm⁴⁵ darśayiṣyāmi. tadai 'va mamai 'śā⁴⁶ 'kīrtiḥ palāyiṣyate. iti vākyena sarvān saṁtoṣya gataḥ.

gatvā kāmikalpalatām āha: mātara, yadi tvam manyase tadā 'naṅgasenām ādāya gacchāmaḥ. tayo 'ktam: katham etac chakyam. mūladevo⁴⁷ vadati: mātara, sā 'tivarāgavati śaśidevavākyād yāsyati. kiṁ tu tasyā akīrtir loke sthāsyati. ekā mṛtā strī mayā 'netavyā. gandhacandanaharitālādibhis⁴⁸ tām parimārjyā 'dāya dolayā 'nītvā śaśidevena saha tatra bhavati yāsyati. gatvā 'naṅgasenāyāḥ sarvābharaṇam⁴⁹ tasyām dattvā 'naṅgasenāyāḥ śayyāyām śayayitvā bhavatyā 'tra gantavyam. tataḥ śaśidevas tadgrhe 'gnīm dattvā 'naṅgasenām ādāya palāyiṣyate. tadā 'naṅgasenāyāḥ sarvābharaṇena yutām tām

³⁴ P om. through vadati, but some such words are necessary.

³⁵ PV *bhaṭṭa*°.

³⁶ V °*sadrśam kṛtvā*.

³⁷ V *vastraprānte dh*°. P *dhṛtā* for *dhṛtvā*.

³⁸ P om. *v*° *s*°.

³⁹ V *prāṇasamā*.

⁴⁰ V *yāsyasi*.

⁴¹ V *dāsījanāś ca*.

⁴² V *mūladevaḥ v*°.

⁴³ P *matpatnīm viditvā*. V *matpatnīm vaditvā*.

⁴⁴ V *mayā tām evālokyā mā* (read *sā*) *mayā dhṛtā*. P for *dhṛteyam*, *dhṛtoyam*.

⁴⁵ V °*pate darśayāmi*.

⁴⁶ V °*śāpakīrtiḥ*.

⁴⁷ P om. *m*° *v*°.

⁴⁸ P °*tālābhis*.

⁴⁹ P om. *s*° *t*° *d*°, but necessary to sense.

One day Mūladeva said to Śaśideva: "Friend, there is no use in staying here. So bring Anaṅgasenā and let us go to our own country." Śaśideva replied: "How is that possible?" Mūladeva said: "She is very much enamored of anything you say. She will do what you say. So she shall come here in a litter. Then I shall invent an artifice." Śaśideva went and told Anaṅgasenā what Mūladeva had commanded. She assented even to that. Mūladeva at once with a hundred servants¹⁰ came to the king's gate in the guise of Śaśideva and looking at her as she rode in the litter he seized her by the clothes and said: "You are my wife, dearer to me than life itself. Why do you run away and leave me?" The guards told Maṇidatta what was happening to Anaṅgasenā. Hearing that Maṇidatta went and told the king. And the king, when he learned of the insult to his friend's wife, summoned Anaṅgasenā to him and said to Mūladeva: "Oh shameless man, why have you seized Anaṅgasenā, my friend's wife, saying that she was your wife?"¹¹ It is very well known that Maṇidatta is her father. So why do you say that? Begone, begone! or I shall kill you. Will I do it? Here is the sacred thread. By that I, Śvetaketu, will take oath."¹² Then he said: "I have been away from home a long time; when I saw this woman, I seized her (thinking she was my wife, for she looks just like her).¹³ Therefore I shall surely bring my wife and show her to your majesty. Only then will this disgrace of mine be wiped out." When he had satisfied them all with these words, he went away.

He went and said to Kāmikalpalatā: "Mother, if you think it right, then let us take Anaṅgasenā and leave." She said: "How is that possible?" Mūladeva replied: "Mother, since she is exceedingly enamored, she will go if Śaśideva says so. However, a disgraceful report of her will remain among the people. I must bring a dead woman. When you have rubbed the body with perfume, sandal, orpiment, and the like, and have taken and carried her in a litter, you shall go there with Śaśideva. When you have arrived, put on her all Anaṅgasenā's ornaments and lay her on Anaṅgasenā's bed and come here. Then Śaśideva shall set fire to that house and shall run away with Anaṅgasenā. When

¹⁰ For *śataika*, see Intro. §8.

¹¹ The reading of the text, *patnīm vaditvā*, is the simplest emendation for the MS.'s *matpatnīm vaditvā*. Possible readings would be *vatpatnīm* or *matpatnī 'ti* or even, by contamination of constructions, *matpatnīm iti* (see Whitney, §268b; Speyer, §292), but the MS. reading seems impossible even as a contamination.

¹² I follow Bettei in thinking that Śvetaketu here takes an oath on his *yajñopavīta*, though in detail my translation differs somewhat from his. A really satisfactory interpretation is not at hand; I suspect some corruption in the text.

¹³ This bracketed phrase is not represented in the text, which may be incomplete here.

they see her covered with all Anaṅgasenā's ornaments, everyone will think she is Anaṅgasenā. So no one will say: 'Anaṅgasenā has run off with another man.'" According to Mūladeva's strategem the plan was carried out and Śaśideva took her and went with Mūladeva to their own country.

The next day her mother and father continually lamented loudly. The king himself came and through affection for his friend sent her bones to various holy pilgrimage-places. The ascetic woman cried aloud: "Alas! alas!" and lamenting said: "I will not stay in this place. Since my dear pupil Anaṅgasenā is dead, I will go elsewhere." When she had said this, she went to the city of Padmāvati. After some time Mūladeva with Śaśideva took Anaṅgasenā and showed her to the king and said: "Let your majesty see how my wife looks like Anaṅgasenā. Deceived because of her resemblance I formerly seized Anaṅgasenā." When he had looked at her, the king was astonished and said: "Why, this is Anaṅgasenā in person!" The king then gave proof of his favor and dismissed them. Anaṅgasenā's mother and father, when they saw her, who was really their own daughter, gave her all Anaṅgasenā's jewels and wept.

The goblin said: "Let your majesty speak.¹⁴ Did Kāmikalpalatā or Mūladeva show more ready wit?" The king replied: "Listen, goblin. Mūladeva was the greatest deceiver because his wit was more ready at all times." Thus having deceived the king, the goblin hung again on the śiṅśapā-tree.

So ends the twenty-second story of the goblin.

23. HOW AN OGRE DEVASTATED ARIMAULIMAṆI'S KINGDOM¹

Then as the goblin was being carried along again, he told another story:

Your majesty, on the banks of the river Narmadā there stood a city named Ekacakravartī.² There lived a king called Arimaulimaṇi.³ One day a great animal was found coming down the river. The people of the town killed it out of curiosity. In its belly they found a girl whose beauty fascinated the three worlds. At once they informed the king of that matter. The king went there and showed her kindness in various ways and asked her: "Maiden, who are you? Why have you come to such a state?" She answered: "Your majesty, I am the daughter of

¹⁴ For the construction, see Intro. §8.

¹ This story is not in the other versions.

² Perhaps = being governed by a supreme king.

³ = Whose enemies are his crest-jewel. For a non-honorific meaning, see note 17.

king Nṛpamaṇimukuta⁴ and am called Śobhāvati.⁵ Surrounded by a hundred attendants I entered the water of the river to sport in the water. Then this creature caught me and swallowed me. I have become like one in a dream. Where my father's country is or where I am, neither one do I know." Hearing that the king said: "Maiden, previously king Nṛpamaṇimukuta sent a man to me to suggest that I should marry you." She replied: "Your majesty, what is your name?" The king replied: "I am king Arimaṇi." She said: "Your majesty, my desire has been accomplished." Then the king became very desirous to marry her.

Learning that, an ogre, who was disguised, said: "How will you marry this Śobhāvati? I and my father will eat her. So if you desire your own life, do not marry her. My father appears in the form of a crocodile, and my mother in that of a leech. I have the form of a lizard." The king flew into a passion and said to him: "You scoundrel of an ogre, what can your father do to me?" The ogre answered angrily: "You scoundrel, you worst of kings, we are brahman-ogres. How dare you insult my father? But let it pass. I tolerate the offence once." The king said: "There may be occasions where once is enough.⁶ I shall insult him a hundred times. Go, villain. Do what you can." Then the ogre in anger said: "Worst of kings, now you had better protect your whole kingdom."

When the ogre Tālajaṅgha⁷ had said this, he immediately informed his father and went to Laṅkāpuri.⁸ There he assembled the ogres and came to the city of king Arimaṇi with his father. Disguising themselves they continually ate all the men that they caught. Then Tālajaṅgha said: "Mother Kumbhodari,⁹ putting on the form of a harlot go to that city and eat the men and make the city empty." Hearing that, Kumbhodari put on the form of a harlot and stopped at a bawd's house. The bawd seeing her asked: "Who are you?" She replied: "I am a harlot named Madonnatā.¹⁰ I wish to stay in your house." She said: "Stay in my house at your pleasure."¹¹ Then whatever men loved her she took in private under pretext of sporting with them and ate them.

One day Vidyādhara,¹² the son of a teacher named Vasudatta,¹³ met

⁴ = Having kings as his crown of jewels.

⁵ = Abounding in beauty.

⁶ For *varaika*, see Intro. §8. The sense of the sentence is somewhat doubtful.

⁷ = Having legs as long as a palm-tree.

⁸ The chief city of Ceylon, the capital

of Rāvaṇa, king of the rākṣasas.

⁹ = Pot-belly.

¹⁰ = Sublime in love.

¹¹ If *tiṣṭhatu* is correct, and not *tiṣṭha tu*, a subject *bhavatī* must be understood.

¹² = Possessed of knowledge.

¹³ = God-given.

her. She, seeing that Vidyādhara was very handsome, had intercourse with him continually. Then one day because his wife insisted that he should make love with her, he did not go to Madonnatā. So the ogress sighed because she had been smitten with love and went to his house at night in the guise of his mother. When she saw Vidyādhara enjoying the pleasures of love with his own wife, she became angry and on the spot she became a bee and appeared as if drawn by the smell of a blossom. When he saw her, Vidyādhara said to his wife: "My dear, have this bee chased out. Because of the breeze made by her wings the light will be extinguished." She answered: "Master, this bee is here because of the perfume of the flowers' nectar. Let her stay." Vidyādhara struck the bee with a blow of his hand lest she blow out the light. She became very faint but somehow managed to recover her senses. Madonnatā then reflected: "When he comes to me, I shall eat his flesh and blood and avenge that wrong."

So on the next day when Vidyādhara after sporting with her had gone to sleep, she killed him. Kharjūrajaṅgha¹⁴ came and ate him¹⁵ and went back to his own abode. Then a citizen found out what had happened and reported to the king what she was doing, saying: "Your majesty, an ogress is here in the form of a harlot. It is just she who is eating the people of the city. Vidyādhara also has been eaten by her." Arimaulimaṇi then went and asked her: "Wretch, evil woman, you have eaten the son of a brahman. A citizen saw that and informed me." The ogress said: "You have been very well informed. I am an ogress named Kumbhodarī. My husband is Kharjūrajaṅgha and my son Tālaṅgha. You insulted my son and married Śobhāvati. Through anger at that my husband collected the ogres and ate the brahman." Then the king gave all his men orders: "Let this ogress be killed." And she assumed her own form, reviled them all and went to Kharjūrajaṅgha's abode. The king then sent suitable persons and had them make friends with him. He made an agreement with the ogre and always gave him a man a day. In that way some time passed.

Once the lot for the day fell upon a woman who had a son. She, realizing that her son must die, wept. At that moment a foreign king named Mahābala¹⁶ asked her: "Mother, why are you weeping?" She told Mahābala the story. He said: "Mother, I will kill all the ogres and protect your son. Go and inform the king." Then she went at

¹⁴ = Having the legs of a scorpion.

¹⁵ The text *khāditaṃ imaṃ nūvā* can perhaps bear the meaning given in the translation, i.e. "brought him eaten" = "ate him." If *khāditaṃ* could mean

"food," I should prefer the reading of P, *idaṃ* for *imaṃ*. V's reading is an obvious emendation.

¹⁶ = Having great strength.

TWENTY-THIRD STORY.

AGAIN Vicramāditya mounted the muruca tree, seized the Vedālam, and was bringing him along, when he related the following story.

“ Listen, oh Vicramāditya ! In the city of Shegàpuram, as king Natchetiran was one day patrolling the streets, he met in his way with some robbers **who had plundered a girl of her ornaments, and were detaining her as their prisoner in a starving condition.* The king attacked and slew them, and after his victory lodged the girl in an old temple which was in the vicinity, whilst he himself entered the city, in order to cook a meal and bring it back to her.

A procuress met him on his return, and after soliciting him with earnest entreaties to accompany her, under an assurance that she would afterwards carry the food to the girl, she took him along with her and left him with her mistress. The mistress no sooner beheld him than she fell in love with him and detained him ; so that he forgot, in her society, the poor girl whom he had left in the temple, and who was grieving, because the king who had gone to fetch food for her was still not returned.

“ Whilst she was in this situation, a merchant chanced to perceive her, and taking her away to his own house, placed food before her. They were thus enjoying each other's company, when he perceived a rat running along,

* There is evidently a passage left out in the original, which I have supplied from the context, and marked by Italics.

which he struck at and killed. Upon this he launched out into many various expressions of boastings and vauntings of his own courage; which when she heard, she made the following reflections: ‘*Talky*—*Talky* thus big because you have killed a rat! The king who quitted me just now, cut to pieces a band of robbers and brought me away; he made not such a mighty swaggering, and yet you must needs talk thus.’ Maintaining such an opinion as this, she was unable to endure remaining with such a contemptible wretch, and quitted life. Perceiving this, the merchant, under the influence of fear, lest the king who had left her in the temple, should hear of her death, and should seize on his property and kill him, bestowed all his wealth in gifts and charities, and destroyed himself. Then the king, who had abandoned her, recalling her to mind, went and searched in the place where he had lodged her, but being unable to find her, was grievously afflicted and destroyed himself. The procuress hearing the news, and reflecting that it was through her means that these three persons had lost their lives, likewise destroyed herself.

“Of these four persons, who was the most extraordinary?”, demanded the Vedālam. To which Vicramāditya replied: “The rest died through excess of passion; * the death of the procuress was the most extraordinary.”

* That is, the girl, through excess of hatred and contempt; the merchant, through excess of fear; the king, through excess of sorrow. There is no passion attributed to the procuress.

The Vedālam hearing this answer, loosed his bonds
and mounted the muruca tree.

CHAPTER XCVIII

163G. *King Trivikramasena and the Mendicant*

THEN the brave King Trivikramasena, disregarding the awful night, which in that terrible cemetery assumed the appearance of a Rākshasī, being black with darkness, and having the flames of the funeral pyres for fiery eyes, again went to the *śimśapā* tree, and took from it the Vetāla, and put him on his shoulder.

And while he was going along with him, as before, the Vetāla again said to that king: "O King, I am tired out with going backwards and forwards, though you are not; so I will put to you one difficult question, and mind you listen to me.

163G (24). *The Father that married the Daughter and the Son that married the Mother*¹

There was in the Deccan a king of a small province, who was named Dharma; he was the chief of virtuous men, but he had many relations who aspired to supplant him. He had a wife named Chandravatī, who came from the land of Mālava; she was of high lineage, and the most virtuous of women. And that king had born to him by that wife one daughter, who was not without cause named Lāvanyavatī.²

And when that daughter had attained a marriageable age, King Dharma was ejected from his throne by his relations, who banded together and divided his realm. Then he fled from his kingdom at night with his wife and that daughter, taking with him a large number of valuable jewels, and he deliberately set out for Mālava, the dwelling-place of his father-in-law. And in the course of that same night he reached the Vindhya forest with his wife and daughter. And when he entered it, the night, that had escorted him thus

¹ See Appendix, p. 262.—N.M.P.

² *I.e.* possessed of beauty.

far, took leave of him with drops of dew by way of tears. And the sun ascended the eastern mountain, stretching forth its first rays, like a warning hand, to dissuade him from entering that brigand-haunted wood. Then he travelled through it with his wife and daughter, having his feet wounded with sharp points of *kuśa* grass, and he reached a village of the Bhillas. It was full of men who robbed their neighbours of life and property, and shunned by the virtuous, like the strong city of Death.

Then beholding the king from a distance with his dress and ornaments, many Śavaras, armed with various weapons, ran to plunder him. When King Dharma saw that, he said to his daughter and wife : “ The barbarians will seize on you first, so enter the wood in this direction.” When the king said this to them, Queen Chandravatī and her daughter Lāvāṇyavatī, in their terror, plunged into the middle of the wood. And the brave king, armed with sword and shield, killed many of the Śavaras, who came towards him, raining arrows. Then the chief summoned the whole village, and falling on the king, who stood there alone, they slashed his shield to pieces and killed him ; and then the host of bandits departed with his ornaments. And Queen Chandravatī, concealed in a thicket of the wood, saw from a distance her husband slain ; so in her bewilderment she fled with her daughter, and they entered another dense forest a long distance off. There they found that the shadows of the trees, afflicted by the heat of midday, had laid themselves at their cool roots, imitating travellers. So, tired and sad, the queen sat down weeping with her daughter, in a spot on the bank of a lotus-lake, under the shade of an *aśoka* tree.

In the meanwhile a chief, who lived near, came to that forest on horseback, with his son, to hunt. He was named Chaṇḍasiṃha, and when he saw their footsteps imprinted in the dust, he said to his son Sinhaparākrama : “ We will follow up these lovely and auspicious tracks, and if we find the ladies to whom they belong, you shall choose whichever you please of them.” When Chaṇḍasiṃha said this, his son Sinhaparākrama said to him : “ I should like to have for a wife the one that has these small feet, for I know that she

will be young and suited to me. But this one with large feet, being older than the other, will just suit you." When Chaṇḍasiṃha heard this speech of his son's, he said to him : " What is this that you say ? Your mother has only recently gone to heaven, and now that I have lost so good a wife, how can I desire another ? " When Chaṇḍasiṃha's son heard that, he said to him : " Father, do not say so, for the home of a householder is empty without a wife. Moreover, have you not heard the stanza composed by Mūladeva ? ' Who that is not a fool enters that house in which there is no shapely love eagerly awaiting his return, which, though called a house, is really a prison without chains.' So, father, my death will lie at your door if you do not take as your wife that companion of the lady whom I have chosen."

When Chaṇḍasiṃha heard this speech of his son's, he approved it, and went on slowly with him, tracking up their footsteps. And he reached that spot near the lake, and saw that dark Queen Chandravatī, adorned with many strings of pearls,¹ sitting in the shade of a tree. She looked like the midnight sky in the middle of the day, and her daughter, Lāvāṇyavatī, like the pure white moonlight, seemed to illumine her. And he and his son eagerly approached her, and she, when she saw him, rose up terrified, thinking that he was a bandit.

But the queen's daughter said to her : " Mother, do not be afraid ; these are not bandits ; these two gentle-looking, well-dressed persons are certainly some nobles come here to hunt." However, the queen still continued to hesitate ; and then Chaṇḍasiṃha got down from his horse and said to the two ladies : " Do not be alarmed : we have come here to see you out of love ; so take confidence² and tell us fearlessly who you are, since you seem like Rati and Priti fled to this wood in sorrow at Kāma's having been consumed by the flames of Śiva's fiery eye. And how did you two come to

¹ By reading *muktātāraughamaṇḍitām*, with the D. text, we see it was rather the great splendour of the orients (pearls of the finest water) that attracted Chaṇḍasiṃha.—N.M.P.

² I read *viśvasya*, with the Sanskrit College MS., in place of *viśramya*, which means "having rested."

enter this unpeopled wood ? For these forms of yours are fitted to dwell in a gem-adorned palace. And our minds are tortured to think how your feet, that deserve to be supported by the lap of beautiful women, can have traversed this ground full of thorns. And, strange to say, the dust raised by the wind, falling on your faces, makes our faces lose their brightness from despondency.¹ And the furious heat of the beams of the fierce-rayed sun, as it plays on your flower-soft bodies, burns us. So tell us your story ; for our hearts are afflicted : we cannot bear to see you thus abiding in a forest full of wild beasts.”

When Chaṇḍasiṃha said this, the queen sighed, and, full of shame and grief, slowly told him her story. Then Chaṇḍasiṃha, seeing that she had no protector, comforted her and her daughter, and coaxed them with kind words into becoming members of his family. And he and his son put the queen and her daughter on their horses, and conducted them to their rich palace in Vittapapurī. And the queen, being helpless, submitted to his will, as if she had been born again in a second life. What is an unprotected woman, fallen into calamity in a foreign land, to do ? Then Sinhaparākrama, the son of Chaṇḍasiṃha, made Chandravatī his wife, on account of the smallness of her feet. And Chaṇḍasiṃha made her daughter, the Princess Lāvaṇyavatī, his wife, on account of the largeness of her feet. For they made this agreement originally, when they saw the two tracks of the small footsteps ; and who ever swerves from his plighted word ?

So, from the mistake about the feet, the daughter became the wife of the father, and the mother the wife of the son ; and so the daughter became the mother-in-law of her own mother, and the mother became the daughter-in-law of her own daughter. And in course of time both of them had by those husbands sons and daughters, and they also had sons and daughters in due course of time. So Chaṇḍasiṃha and Sinhaparākrama lived in their city, having obtained as wives Lāvaṇyavatī and Chandravatī.”

¹ I adopt Dr Kern's conjecture of *hata* for *ahata*.

163G. *King Trivikramasena and the Mendicant*

When the Vetāla had told this story on the way at night, he again put a question to King Trivikramasena : “ Now, King, about the children who were in course of time born to the mother and daughter by the son and the father in those two lines—what relationship did they bear to one another ? Tell me if you know. And the curse before threatened will descend on you if you know and do not tell.”

When the king heard this question of the Vetāla's, he turned the matter over and over again in his mind, but he could not find out, so he went on his way in silence. Then the Vetāla in the dead man's body, perched on the top of his shoulder, laughed to himself, and reflected : “ Ha ! ha ! the king does not know how to answer this puzzling question, so he is glad, and silently goes on his way with very nimble feet. Now I cannot manage to deceive this treasure-house of valour any further,¹ and this is not enough to make that mendicant stop playing tricks with me, so I will now deceive that villain, and by an artifice bestow the success, which he has earned, upon this king, whom a glorious future awaits.”

When the Vetāla had gone through these reflections, he said to the king : “ King, though you have been worried with so many journeys to and fro in this cemetery terrible with black night, you seem quite happy, and you do not show the least irresolution. I am pleased with this wonderful courage that you show.² So now carry off this body, for I am going out of it ; and listen to this advice which I give you for your welfare, and act on it. That wicked mendicant, for whom you have fetched this human corpse, will immediately summon me into it, and honour me. And wishing to offer you up as a victim, the rascal will say to you : ‘ King, prostrate yourself on the ground in such a way that eight

¹ I read *param*, with the MS. in the Sanskrit College.

² This idea is found also in European story-books. See Kuhn's *Sagen aus Westfalen*, p. 277 : “ *Diese Unerschrockenheit gefiel dem Teufel so sehr, dass sich sein Zorn nicht nur legte, sondern,*” etc. See also Grimm's *Irische Elfenmärchen* (which is based on Croker's *Tales*), p. 8.

limbs will touch it.' Then, great King, you must say to that ascetic ¹ : ' Show me first how to do it, and then I will do exactly as you do.' Then he will fling himself on the ground, and show you how to perform the prostration, and that moment you must cut off his head with the sword. Then you will obtain that prize which he desires, the sovereignty of the Vidyādhara. Enjoy this earth by sacrificing him ! But otherwise that mendicant will offer you up as a victim. It was to prevent this that I threw obstacles in your way for such a long time here. So depart ; may you prosper ! " When the Vetāla had said this, he went out of that human corpse that was on the king's shoulder.

Then the king was led by the speech of the Vetāla, who was pleased with him, to look upon the ascetic Kshāntiśīla as his enemy, but he went to him in high spirits, where he sat under the banyan-tree, and took with him that human corpse.

¹ *Śramaṇa*.

CHAPTER XCIX

163G (25). *Conclusion of King Trivikramasena and the Mendicant*¹

THEN King Trivikramasena came up to that mendicant Kshāntiśīla, carrying that corpse on his shoulder. And he saw that ascetic, alone at the foot of a tree, in the cemetery that was terrible with a night of the black fortnight, eagerly awaiting his arrival. He was in a circle made with the yellow powder of bones, the ground within which was smeared with blood, and which had pitchers full of blood placed in the direction of the cardinal points.² It was richly illuminated with candles of human fat,³ and near it was a fire fed with oblations; it was full of all the necessary preparations for a sacrifice, and in it the ascetic was engaged in worshipping his favourite deity.

So the king went up to him, and the mendicant, seeing that he had brought the corpse, rose up delighted, and said, praising him: "Great King, you have conferred on me a favour difficult to accomplish. To think that one like you should undertake this enterprise in such a place and at such a time! Indeed they say with truth that you are the best of all noble kings, being a man of unbending courage,⁴ since you forward the interests of another with such utter disregard of self. And wise men say that the greatness of great ones consists in this very thing, that they swerve not from what they have engaged₁ to do, even though their lives are in danger."

With these words the mendicant, thinking he had gained

¹ See Appendix, p. 263.—N.M.P.

² I read, with the MS. in the Sanskrit College, *lipta* for *klīpta*, and *pūrṇa* for *pūrva*.

³ See Vol. III, pp. 150-154.—N.M.P.

⁴ The Sanskrit College MS. reads *nishkampam*. But perhaps we ought to read *nishkampā*, "O fearless one." *Satyam* must be used adverbially. *Kulabhūbhṛitām* also means "of great mountains."

his end, took the corpse down from the shoulder of that king. And he bathed it, and anointed it, and threw a garland round it, and placed it within that circle. And he smeared his limbs with ashes, and put on a sacrificial thread of hair, and clothed himself in the garments of the dead, and thus equipped he continued for a time in meditation. Then the mendicant summoned that mighty Vetāla by the power of spells, and made him enter the corpse, and proceeded to worship him. He offered to him an *argha*¹ of white human teeth in a skull by way of an *argha* vessel; and he presented to him flowers and fragrant unguents; and he gratified him with the savoury reek of human eyes,² and made an offering to him of human flesh. And when he had finished his worship, he said to the king, who was at his side: "King, fall on the ground, and do obeisance with all your eight limbs to this high sovereign of spells who has appeared here, in order that this bestower of boons may grant you the accomplishment of your heart's desire."

When the king heard that, he called to mind the words of the Vetāla, and said to the mendicant: "I do not know how to do it, reverend sir; do you show me first, and then I will do exactly as you." Then the mendicant threw himself on the ground, to show the king what he was to do, and then the king cut off his head with a stroke of his sword. And he tore and dragged³ the lotus of his heart out of his inside, and offered his heart and head as two lotuses to that Vetāla.

Then the delighted hosts of goblins uttered shouts of applause on every side, and the Vetāla said to the king from inside the corpse: "King, the sovereignty of the Vidyā-dharas, which this mendicant was aiming at, shall fall to your lot after you have finished the enjoyment of your earthly sway. Since I have given you much annoyance, choose whatever boon you desire." When the Vetāla said this, the king said to him: "Since you are pleased with me, every

¹ In the D. text "very pure human blood" (*sunirmalaiḥ nararaktaiḥ*) is offered as an *argha*, an oblation to gods and venerable men, generally consisting of water, rice and *dūrva* grass.—N.M.P.

² I read *netraiśeḥa* for *netre cha*, with the Sanskrit College MS.

³ Perhaps *pāṭitāt* would give a better sense.

boon that I could desire is obtained ; nevertheless, as your words cannot be uttered in vain, I crave this boon of you : may these first twenty-four questions and answers, charming with their various tales, and this conclusion, the twenty-fifth of the series, be all famous and honoured on the earth ! ” When the king made this request to the Vetāla, the latter replied : “ So be it ! And now listen, King ; I am going to mention a peculiar excellence which it shall possess. This string of tales, consisting of the twenty-four first, and this final concluding tale, shall become, under the title of ‘The Twenty-five Tales of a Vampire,’ famous and honoured on the earth, as conducing to prosperity ! Whosoever shall read respectfully even a *śloka* of it, or whosoever shall hear it read, even they two shall immediately be freed from their curse. And Yakshas, and Vetālas, and Kushmāṇḍas, and witches, and Rākshasas, and other creatures of the kind shall have no power where this shall be recited.” When the Vetāla had said this, he left that human corpse, and went by his supernatural deluding power to the habitation he desired.

Then Śiva, being pleased, appeared, accompanied by all the gods, to that king, visibly manifest, and said to him, as he bowed before him : “ Bravo, my son, for that thou hast to-day slain this hypocritical ascetic, who was so ardently in love with the imperial sovereignty over the Vidyādhara ! I originally created thee out of a portion of myself, as Vikramāditya, in order that thou mightest destroy the Asuras, that had become incarnate in the form of Mlechchhas. And now thou hast again been created by me as an heroic king of the name of Trivikramasena, in order that thou mightest overcome an audacious evildoer. So thou shalt bring under thy sway the earth with the islands and the realms below, and shalt soon become supreme ruler over the Vidyādhara. And after thou hast long enjoyed heavenly pleasures, thou shalt become melancholy, and shalt of thy own will abandon them, and shalt at last without fail be united with me. Now receive from me this sword named Invincible, by means of which thou shalt duly obtain all this.” When the god Śiva had said this to the king, he gave him that splendid

sword, and disappeared after he had been worshipped by him with devout speeches and flowers.

Then King Trivikramasena, seeing that the whole business was finished, and as the night had come to an end, entered his own city Pratishthāna. There he was honoured by his rejoicing subjects, who in course of time came to hear of his exploits during the night, and he spent the whole of that day in bathing, giving gifts, in worshipping Śiva, in dancing, singing, music and other enjoyments of the kind. And in a few days that king, by the power of the sword of Śiva, came to enjoy the earth, that was cleared of all enemies, together with the islands and the lower regions ; and then by the appointment of Śiva he obtained the high imperial sovereignty over the Vidyādharas, and after enjoying it long, at last became united with the blessed one, so attaining all his ends.¹

‘ Well, my son, did not that heroic King Trivikramasena obtain from the favour of a Vetāla the thing that he desired ?

¹ Here ends the *Vetālapañchaviṃśati*, which began in Vol. VI, p. 165.—

TRANSLATION OF VIKRAMA'S ADVENTURES

Presented in four horizontally parallel recensions

I. Frame-story: First Section

Invocation, and announcement of theme

SOUTHERN RECENSION OF I

1. Homage to the Elephant-faced [Ganeṣa], mighty, cleaver of the darkness of obstacles, whose eye is washt-by-billows of a boundless flood of compassion.

2. Having done homage to the majestic Primeval Spirit [Viṣṇu], to the ancient Lotus-born [Brahmā], to Umā's consort [Çiva], and to blessed Sarasvatī, I compose "Vikramārka's Adventures."

Once on a time, when the Supreme Lord [Çiva] sat on a peak of Mount Kāilāsa, the Mother of the World [Pārvatī, Çiva's consort], with an obeisance, said: "Look now!

3. With the delights of the Sacred Word and of books of science the time of the wise doth pass; but of others, fools, in sleep or in quarrels.

Accordingly, to beguile the time, let a tale be told that shall amaze the minds of all the world."

Then the Supreme Lord answered Pārvatī: "O mistress of my life, listen, and I will tell a tale that will take everybody's heart."

METRICAL RECENSION OF I

Once upon a time, upon the rock which is a touchstone for the bracelet of Rāvaṇa's arm, the daughter of Himālaya [Pārvatī] said to the World-Lord [Çiva]: "O god, do thou relate some tales, beautiful, freeing from hindrances, refreshing the mind, and charming, to me who am desirous of listening." Then the Great God, being kindly disposed, spoke unto Bhavānī with a voice sweet with the nectar that flowed from the beams of the moon on his head: "There was a certain throne, mysterious and majestic; and on it round about were thirty-two statuettes. Once upon a time, on a fitting occasion, in the midst of King Bhoja's assembly, crowded with skillful artists, they related these tales." The goddess said: "Whose was this marvelous throne, O god? Of what sort was its appearance? Where was its first location, in the family of what prince? From whom did King Bhoja obtain this wondrous throne? This seems to me likely to be a matter of interest; begin at the beginning and tell me." Thus address the Great God spoke, crested with the ivory loveliness of the moon (which was on his forehead), the God who causes unforeseen prosperity.

Here ends the first section of the Thirty-two Tales of the Throne

BRIEF RECENSION OF I

1. Homage to Him, the remover of obstacles, whom the Vedānta-scholars call Brahman, and others the supreme nature [pradhāna], the soul [puruṣa], the cause of the origin of the universe [or, the cause of all production], or God.
2. I worship here the feet of Āradā [Sarasvatī, goddess of learning], who rescues men from sinking in the ocean of dullness, who alone is thoro mistress of the gift of learning, who gave to Nārada his skill at the lute.
3. In our hearts we praise the Absolute [svarūpa], which consists of perfect bliss and is entirely invisible even to the eyes of the seers; which gives luster, as a light in a house, to the minds of the sages, and which bears the name of Rāma [= Viṣṇu].
4. We revere ever Īva, the Highest Light, composed of pure bliss and intelligence, which shines in the hearts of the righteous like the disk of the moon imbedded [reflected] in the water.

Now, for the purpose of delighting the hearts of the wise, there shall be told, in (mingled) prose and verse, a story-composition, entertaining by reason of the wondrous things told in artistic narration by the thirty-two throne-statuettes. And it is said:

5. Those who possess a store of knowledge, and no others, take pleasure in the entertainment furnished by the works of great poets. Thus moonstones only are melted by the rays of the moon, and never any other stones. Moreover:
 6. Enjoyment of literature, obtainable thru the sentiments (of the words) and the emotions (produced thereby), is experienced by a skillful man thru his insight, and by no other; the clever peacocks recognize the deep-rumbling thunder of the clouds, but the cranes cannot.
 7. Ascending once upon Mount Kāilāsa, which rejoices the gods, the Bright Goddess [Gāurī = Pārvatī] askt of her lover, the Moon-bright God [Īva], the god who dwells in bliss and who makes all people bright with his splendor:
 8. "O thou whom even the ascetics, verily, cannot grasp with their minds, tho they perform penance with distressing austerities; as I come to thy embrace, O god, I become pervaded with happiness, and there awakes in me the sign of a feeling [anubhāva] of virtue [or, an auspicious outward-sign-of-inward-feeling].
 9. The righteous say, O Lord of the Gods, that thou wilt fulfil a desire when approacht in prayer; so therefore, as a kindness to me, do thou, who art the Light of Pure Knowledge, tell me stories.
 10. Bent on pleasing me, Lord of the Gods, do thou tell a tale overflowing with joy, charming, pleasant, and packt with flavor [or, with rhetorical qualities; the word, *rasa*, means in rhetoric the sentiment — love, pity, or what-not — to which a composition appeals]."
 11. Then the Great Lord, filled with the nectar of contentment, spoke unto his dear one a dear [kindly, pleasing] word in accordance with her desire.
 12. "There was a glorious divine throne, made of moonstones; and on it were thirty-two statuettes studded with jewels.
 13. Now each one of these was endowed with a miraculous voice, and thus each one in turn spoke to Bhoja, O Lotus-eyed (Goddess)."
 14. "Whose now was this throne? And how was it obtained by Bhoja?"
- "All this, O Moon-faced (Goddess), I will now tell thee."

JAINISTIC RECENSION OF I

1. Glory to that Supreme and Shining Light, which dispels all the darkness of the three worlds, whose utmost bounds even devotees cannot see, tho they understand the use of the word and concept of the Infinite.

2. I do homage to the Holy Primeval Lord, of whom the three worlds with their many variant forms appear constantly in the one mirror of knowledge as the visible image.

3. May the honored teachers [elders, reverend persons], to whom be paid reverence with bouquets of flowers, be gracious unto me. And may the noble poets, whose fancy ever rises to fresh flights, clarify [illumine] my words.

This is the beginning of a composition concerning the noble King Vikrama, champion of the religion [that is, Jainism] of the noble Arhat [Sarvajña] whose majestic feet are revered by all the gods, the demons, and the leaders of the human multitudes. This king's understanding was refined by instruction imparted by the Great Teacher Siddhasena Divākara; he was adorned with the best heroism, generosity, and supreme magnanimity in the world, and with a host of other virtues; and he surpast even Trivikrama [Viṣṇu] in courage [vikrama; a double play on the name].

Thus has this (tale) been handed down by bards of old. Namely:

Once in olden time, before the noble King Bhoja, who was the majestic dwelling-place of superior royal splendor, the virtues of the noble Vikramāditya were praised in thirty-two very marvelous stories by thirty-two statuettes, found on a throne that a god had sat upon, and that was fashioned of moonstone gems. At this point some curious persons will say: "Whose was this throne, and given by whom to whom? How was it obtained by Bhoja? What were these tales?" Hear then the account of all of this. For thus it runs.

VARARUCI RECENSION OF I

1. Hail to the majestic feet of the elders [reverend persons], and likewise to our tutelary gods, devoutly worshipt. In all affairs we undertake may constant success attend, and in literary performance may we have brilliant skill.

Vararuci composes — let cultivated people hear! — rare and beautiful tales of the prevention of the throne of Vikramāditya by thirty-two attempts [that is, apparently, tales of how King Bhoja was prevented from mounting the throne—?].

II. Frame-story: Second Section

King Bhartṛhari and the fruit that gave immortality

SOUTHERN RECENSION OF II

There was a city named Ujjayinī, bestrewn with all good things, and surpassing Indra's abode [heaven] in excellence. In it was king a man whose two majestic feet were reddened by the vermilion from the foreheads of all his vassals' wives, Bhartṛhari by name, skilled in

all the arts and knowing all the sciences. His younger brother was named Vikrama [Valor], for by his own valor he took away the valor of his foes. This Bhartṛhari had a wife named Anaṅgasenā, who surpass the nymphs of heaven [apsarases] by her beauty, loveliness, and other excellences.

In this city there was a certain brahman, who knew all the books of science, and had an exceptional acquaintance with charm-text-books; yet he was a pauper. By the performance of incantations he propitiated the Queen of the Earth [Pārvatī]. She, being propitiated, said to the brahman: "Brahman, choose a wish." The brahman said: "O goddess, if you are pleased with me, then make me immune to old age and death." Then the goddess gave him a divine fruit, and said: "My son, eat this fruit, and you shall be immune to old age and death."

Then the brahman took that fruit, and went back to his own house; and when he had bathed and performed divine service, before he ate the fruit this thought occurred to his mind: "How now! After all I am a pauper; if I become immortal who will be helped by me? No, even if I live a very long time I am bound to do nothing but go a-begging. Now even a short life, if a man be a benefactor of others, amounts to something [literally, is for the better]. Moreover, he who lives but for a very short time, blest with intelligence and high position and such advantages, his life it is that bears fruit. And thus it is said:

1. Fruitful shall be the life of a man who lives only for a short time, but endowed with renowned wisdom, manliness, high rank, and such qualities, say the righteous. As for (merely) living a long time, even a crow does that, devouring scraps of food that are thrown to him. And so:

2. Real life is that which is lived by glorious and righteous men. A crow may live for a long time, by gulping morsels of rotten food. Moreover:

3. He truly lives thru whose life many (others) live; does not even a crane fill his *own* belly with his beak? Moreover:

4. A thousand times insignificant are those who merely fill their bellies in the business of their own support; he whose own interest is the interest of others, that man alone is a leader of the just. Thus the underworld-fire drinks up the ocean to fill its own insatiable belly; but the cloud, to relieve the heat of the earth accumulated by the summer.

5. A man who *effects no useful end* either by his *caste*, his *deeds*, or his *virtues*, his birth serves only for a *name*, like an accidentally-formed word [which *makes no sense* either as *real or common noun*, a *verb*, or an *adjective*, and can constitute no word unless it be a *proper noun*; a series of puns on the double meanings of several Sanskrit words, whose translations are italicized here].

If with this idea in mind this fruit should be given to the king, he, being immune to old age and death, would be a righteous benefactor to all the four castes." Accordingly he took the fruit and came into the king's presence, and first recited this blessing:

6. "May he [Çiva] who wears a garland of snakes, and also he [Viṣṇu] who assumes a yellow-clad form — I say, may Hara and Hari [Çiva and Viṣṇu] bless you, O king!"

And giving the fruit into the king's hands he said: "O king, eat this matchless fruit, which was obtained by the favor of a goddess's boon, and you shall be immune to old age and death."

So the king took that fruit, and gave him many grants of land, and dismissed him. Then he reflected: "Now, by eating this fruit I shall have immortality. But I am extremely fond of Anaṅgasenā; and while I am still alive she will die. I cannot endure the pain of separation from her. So I will give this fruit to Anaṅgasenā, who is as dear as life to me." So saying he called Anaṅgasenā, and gave it to her. But this Anaṅgasenā had a groom as lover, and she in turn, upon meditation, gave the fruit to him. And there was a certain slave-girl, who was best-beloved of this groom; and he gave it to her. But the slave-girl was in love with a certain cowherd, and gave it to him. But he in turn had a great passion for a girl who carried cow-dung, and gave it to her.

Now this girl was carrying cow-dung outside of the city, and had placed the basket of it on her head and thrown that fruit on the top of the basket; and as she was coming along the king's highway, King Bhartṛhari was going a-hunting with the princes. And when he saw that fruit placed on the top of the load of cow-dung on her head, he took it, and turned about, and came back to his dwelling. Then he called the brahman and said: "Brahman, is there any other fruit like that which you gave me?" The brahman replied: "O king, that was a divine fruit, obtained by the favor of a goddess's boon; there is no (other) fruit like it in the world. Moreover, the king, surely, is like God himself, and no falsehood must be spoken before him; he must be regarded even as a deity. And thus it is said:

7. The seers declare that the king partakes of the nature of all the gods [or, is wholly of divine nature]; therefore a wise man shall look upon him as a god and shall speak no falsehood before him."

Then the king said: "How if a fruit of that sort makes its appearance?" The brahman replied: "Was this fruit eaten or not?" The king said: "I did not eat the fruit, but gave it to my dearly beloved consort Anaṅgasenā." The brahman said: "Then ask her whether she ate that fruit." Then the king called Anaṅgasenā, and making her swear an oath asked of her. And she replied: "I gave that fruit to the groom." Then he, being summoned and questioned, said he had given it to the slave-girl; and the slave-girl said she had given it to the cowherd, and he to the girl who carried cow-dung. Then, when the king became fully aware of the truth, he was plunged in the deepest sorrow, and spoke this stanza:

8. "All in vain is the passion which men bestow upon the charms of youth and beauty; in the hearts of arch-browed women Lord Love does exactly what he chooses."

And again: "Alas, no one can divine the thoughts and actions of women! And thus it is said:

9. The leap of a horse, God Indra's thunder, the minds of women, the destiny of man, lack and excess of rain—these not even a god comprehends; how much less a man! And so:

10. One may catch a tiger in the jungle, a bird up in the sky, or a fish swimming in the midst of the water, more easily than the fickle heart of a woman. Furthermore:

11. It is easier to imagine royal glory adorning the son of a barren woman, or floral beauty in the sky [these are in India proverbial expressions for the impossible], than even the least sign of purity in the hearts of women. Moreover:

12. Verily, the actions of women baffle even those who know Truth, and can rightly distinguish pain and pleasure, victory and defeat, life and death. And again:

13. Even tho they have just enjoyed a man like the God-of-Love, they straightway desire another man; such is the nature of all women, say the pure in heart. And so:

14. Without muttered charms, or incantations, or knowledge, or education, women are able instantly to deceive even a man who has riches of knowledge.

15. The suitor who is generally dear to women, I ween, is one

who is expelled from family and caste, despised and a scoundrel, filthy and wholly base.

16. Even tho they be in places of dignity and high position, and among virtues of worshipful eminence, women sink of themselves, without any reason at all, into a mire of wickedness.

17. Women both laugh and weep for the sake of profit; they induce a man to trust them, but themselves trust no one; therefore a man of good lineage and morals should always shun them, like cakes found in a burial-ground. Furthermore:

18. There is no greater happiness than renunciation; no other bliss than knowledge; no other savior than Viṣṇu; no greater enemy than the round of existence."

Speaking this (last) stanza Bhartṛhari attained to complete renunciation of the world; and establishing Vikramārka in the kingship, he himself went into the forest.

Here ends the Story of Bhartṛhari's Renunciation

METRICAL RECENSION OF II

There was a city named Ujjayinī, blest with ample wealth, an ornament to the earth-circle, which surpass the felicity of the gods' abode. Its king was named Bhartṛhari; he was a charmer of the hearts of lovely women; and his younger brother, the presumptive heir, was the young prince Vikramāditya. Anaṅgasenā, the august queen, was dear to Bhartṛhari; the king's heart was devoted to her, and he had no thought for any other thing. [6]

In this same city was a brahman, opprest with misfortune, who by the performance of long-continued austerities won the favor of Bhadrakālī [Pārvatī]. Being urged by the goddess to choose a wish, for some unaccountable reason he forgot his real desire, and wisht for immortality. Then, giving him a divine fruit, the goddess smiled and said: "Brahman, if your reverence will eat this fruit, you shall be like an immortal. But the fruit will have no effect on two persons or more; it must be eaten by only one." So speaking she straightway disappeared. Then he came to his own house, and his wife went forth to meet him joyfully, and askt after the result of his penance: "What have you obtained, O most wise one?" When he, holding the fruit in his hand, told her what had happened, she said to him: "A priest never has good sense; that is why you have done this now. Tho long-lived, you will be continually poverty-stricken, and always begging; so you might as well be dead." Hearing these his wife's words he was for a long time filled with sad reflection: "Where is the wisdom and where the happiness of a man who is deprived of (the support of) fate? How can a man live bereft of relations and poor? Therefore I will give this fruit to the king, and he shall live." Making this resolve, that foolish brahman quickly did so; and having received suitable marks of respect from Bhartṛhari, he departed. [26]

But then the king, having obtained the fruit, reflected: "The good brahman said that the fruit could be used only by one. If my consort Anaṅgasenā, my constant source of joy, goes to heaven, it would be a calamity! How can I endure separation

from her ? ” So the king gave the divine fruit to his beloved wife. And she presented it to a groom, her lover. And he made a present of that same fruit to a girl that cleaned the horse-stables; and she in turn to her beloved, a cowherd. But in the morning, in the stable, as he was about to drive forth the herd of cattle, he gave that fruit to his beloved, a girl who carried cow-dung. And she, carrying the fruit upon a bamboo basket filled with cow-dung, started to walk slowly back to her house. At that very moment King Bhartṛhari was coming to town from the riding-course, and saw the woman with the fruit. He remembered that fruit right well; and filled with astonishment he summoned the good brahman who gave him the fruit, and askt: “Brahman, you gave me a fruit, saying that one had been given to you by the Goddess; and here is another like it!” So saying he showed him the fruit. Looking at it and perceiving that it was so, the wise brahman said to the king: “You evidently did not eat the fruit; you gave it to some one. Ask the gūdra-woman [the carrier of cow-dung] particularly whence she came by it, O king. She will explain the whole matter, and your majesty will understand it. But you, O king, are the governor of the whole earth; how could any one speak falsely before your majesty?” Thus address the king summoned that girl who carried cow-dung, and took the fruit, and found by investigation that it was even so. And when he knew what the queen had done, he was disgusted with life, and spoke thus: “Ah, because of the enthusiasm of my vain affection I am deceived, on account of my infatuation, by a wicked and most shameless woman. A curse on the evil wrought by women!” After reflecting thus for some time, he attained to complete renunciation of the world; and establishing Vikramāditya in his kingdom, he went into the forest.

*Here ends the second section of the Thirty-two Tales of Vikramāditya's Throne, called
How Bhartṛhari's Renunciation came about*

BRIEF RECENSION OF II

The Lord said:

There was in the south country a city named Ujjayini. And there lived a king named Bhartṛhari.

1. As a flower is made glorious by its perfume, as the sky by the sun, as a grove by the spring, so did he make glorious his city, O goddess.

2. Endowed with virtues unspoiled by pride, skilled in all the art of conduct, O lovely-eyed ['partridge-eyed'] goddess, this noble king ruled his kingdom.

This King Bhartṛhari had a wife named Anaṅgasenā, who was extremely beautiful and well-favored of fortune.

3. His life depended wholly on her, the gazelle-eyed queen; for she was a spring yielding the elixir of nectar of loveliness, which causes the intoxication of love.

4. The queen was resplendent in the intoxication of youth, with fresh young limbs, like a creeper with its fresh new tendrils, when it takes on the color appropriate to the spring season [or: 'the color it assumes at the approach of spring'].

5. As Moonlight [personified as the moon's consort] is to the moon, as Sarasvatī [goddess of poetic inspiration] to the poet, so was she the mistress of his life; yes, dearer than life to him.

Now at this time there was in that city a certain brahman, who, tho he was well-versed in incantations, was an entirely helpless pauper thru the power of fate.

6. And becoming utterly desperate because of his poverty, O goddess, this brahman undertook to propitiate the goddess, the Queen of the Earth.

7. Then the World-mother, gratified by the manner [or, the genuineness] of his devotions, spoke to him, saying: "Choose a wish, wise sir."

8. Then the brahman said to the goddess: "Grant me immortality." "Amen!" said (the goddess) Caṇḍī, and gave him a divine fruit.

9. "Only eat this fruit, and immortality shall be yours." Hearing these words of the goddess the brahman reflected:

"I can obtain immortality by means of merely eating this fruit. But if a man be poor forever, and if his face be saddened by craving after alms from others, that sort of immortality would bring no pleasure, but rather nothing but pain.

10. A burden to the earth is the life of a pauper, a fool, a man living in disgrace, and also a slanderer of others.

11. Like bubbles in the water, like sparks in the fire, so beings who perform no service are born only to die.

And it is said:

12. A pauper, a sick man, a fool, an exile, and one who is always a servant of other men; these five, tho living, are declared to be in truth dead, O Bhārata!

Therefore what is the use of this length of life? So I will give this fruit to the king; and he, with the aid of long life, will work for the benefit of all, and all creatures [or, all his subjects] will be made happy. For:

13. The generous man who comforts the poverty of the deserving with gifts; he who illumines the earth-circle with ever-fresh glories; and he who makes his approach unto the majestic feet of Nārāyaṇa [Viṣṇu]; may these all live long and be successful in the three worlds, O Īva, Īva!

14. Those who relieve the misery of all creatures by their liberality and such virtues; those whose bodies become worn out repeatedly with furthering the ends of others; those who, with minds under complete control, constantly do homage to the majestic foot of Āmbhu [Īva]; happy are they! Their ends truly are attained; they it is that have won the highest heaven.

And it is said by some:

15. A man who *effects no useful end* either by his *caste*, his *deeds*, or his *virtues* — his birth serves only for a name, like an accidentally-formed word [cf. SR II. 5]."

Thus reflecting the brahman gave that fruit into the hands of King Bhartṛhari. The king thought: "By this I get long life. If Anaṅgasenā dies first, a curse on life! Without my beloved, what care I for life? For:

16. Like a cloud without lightning, a lamp without a wick, without my beloved I want not a moment of life.

And some say:

17. The moon seems to have fierce-burning rays; a gently-blowing breeze is like a thunderbolt; a garland seems like a bunch of needles, sandalwood-salve like sparks of fire, light like darkness by the power of destiny, and the very breath of life seems a burden; alas, alas! — the time of separation from a beloved wife seems the time of the destruction of the world."

Thus reflecting the king gave that fruit to Anaṅgasenā. But she had a lover, the head-groom, dearer than life itself to her; and so Anaṅgasenā gave the fruit to the head-groom. He loved a slave-girl and gave it to her; and she gave it to another man whom she loved, a door-keeper. He gave it to another woman, his mistress, dearer than life to him; and she gave it to another man whom she loved. And he took the

fruit and reflected: "This wondrous fruit is worthy of the king." So thinking he presented it to King Bhartṛhari. The king looked the fruit over, and asked the queen: "What did you do with the fruit?" Then the queen told him the truth of the matter. Forthwith the king made a full investigation, and found out the whole story. Thereupon the king said: "In the words of the proverb,

18. The woman for whom I constantly sigh loves me not, but has a passion for another man, and that man is in love with another; some other woman is charmed (with love) on my account; fie on her and him and the Love-god and her and me!

Again:

19. One must ponder ever over learning with fixt attention; one must be suspicious of a prince even tho his good will has been deserved; one must look closely after a girl even tho she be sitting on one's lap; where is any constancy to be found in learning, in a prince, or in a girl?"

Thus meditating the king, in disgust with the world, established the fortunate Vikramārka in his kingdom, and went into the forest to worship the Supporter of the World, the formless, changeless Adversary of the ocean of transmigration, the spotless Primeval Soul [Viṣṇu]. For:

20. I tell thee, gazelle-eyed lady, for men who have past over the road of the unprofitable round of existence unto the supreme station of salvation, the worship of Nārāyaṇa [Viṣṇu] is the highest good.

21. Many devotees practise the three (daily) ablutions at the places of pilgrimage, while others engage in yoga-practices, and still others take pleasure in self-mortification [tapas]; but we worship the Majesty of Supreme Knowledge, clearly revealed in the world, bearing the name of Rāma [= Viṣṇu], which is at the same time a beautiful splendor in the heart.

JAINISTIC RECENSION OF II

[This, in mss. of JR, is IV

There was once an ancient city named Avantī, founded by the noble Avantīkumāra, son of the noble Yugaḍideva, whose fame is told in the fifth book of the glorious Bhāgavatapurāṇa.

1. A city where Religion, Wealth, and Love (incarnate) had their station, all assembled together; were it not so, how could the people there have been all endowed (as they were) with (these,) the three objects of human desire?

2. Where were found rich men [ibhya], like elephants [ibha], of deep insight [or, punningly, spirited], of noble birth [or, descended from Bhadrā, the world-elephant], devoted to giving alms [or, as of elephants, abounding in rut-fluid], and yet ever unannoyed in (the face of) hostile attacks [or, among bees, which are said to annoy elephants by gathering the rut-fluid].

3. Whose people were wise [punningly: like the planet Mercury], with regard to interest-bearing (capital) not inclined to hold it back [or, as of Mercury, 'with regard to the moon, not in opposition (thereto)'], and averse to (having relations with) women who were not their own; so that they attained the glory of high position [or, as of Mercury, 'the bright apex of his orbit'].

4. Where women, like the shore of the sea, were distinguished by having offspring [punningly, boats], excellent morals [a beautiful beach], and glittering jeweled ornaments [gems, of which the sea is the proverbial "mine"].

5. Whose people did not consider Amarāvati (the city of the gods) attractive;

thinking, apparently [iva], that tho it is frequented by the gods, it is not the seat of sensual enjoyment [punningly: it is the pleasure-seat of the sky-elephant].

6. Where the people, always free from distress, scorned the inhabitants of Bhogavati [a city of serpents in the lower world], because the latter, tho they possess a plenitude of excellent delights [punningly, coils], are not free from fear caused by the king [by charm-mongers, snake-charmers].

7. (The island of) Ceylon was firmly believed by the young men of this city to be stained with blemish; for, said they, whereas even a single deceit [or, peak, kūṭa] ought to be abandoned, Ceylon has three [has the mountain Trikūṭa, "Three Peaks"].

8. In which city could be seen complete prostrations [punningly, waving of clubs] in temples, wasting of oil [end of love] in lamps, serpents [false tongues] in snake-charmers' houses, firm handles [violent fists] on swords, meaning [quarreling] in philosophical discussions, true measure [persistent arrogance] in merchants' guilds, ribbons [attachment to the world] in curling hair, but none of these things ever in people.

In this city there ruled a king named Bhartṛhari. Many kings have ruled since olden time; but in his reign the earth was resplendent in the enjoyment of a (good) ruler. For:

9. As by well-stationed pillars, the earth, weary with the burden of strife, is supported by those (princes) who are compassionate to the poor, who are not toucht even by the intoxication of prosperity, terrible tho it is, who are intent upon doing good to others and rejoice in receiving supplications, and who remain self-composed even in the face of the fury of the dread ailments that spring from youth [youthful passions].

And this king's younger brother Vikramāditya at the time of the king's coronation had been sent into exile in disgrace, for some reason or other. This king's chief queen was named Anāṅgaseṇā, and she was dearer than life to him. In this city there was a certain brahman who was opprest with extreme poverty. He undertook to propitiate the goddess, the Queen of the Earth. And she was propitiated and said: "Choose a wish." And he wisht for agelessness and immortality. Then the goddess gave him a fruit and said: "You must eat this fruit, and then you shall be ageless and immortal." Then the brahman took that fruit and went to his own dwelling; and when he had performed the midday rites and sat down to eat the fruit, he thought: "After all I am a pauper and a beggar; so of what use will agelessness and immortality be to me?" With this thought he gave the fruit to the king, and described its magic power as told by the goddess. And the king, being bound with the shackles of love, gave the fruit to the queen. But the queen gave it to a groom whom she loved. And he, being enamored of a harlot, gave it to her. The harlot reflected: "I am a harlot, a woman of low degree; what good will agelessness and immortality do me?" And she gave the fruit again to the king. But when the king had lookt the fruit over, and after he had ascertained this whole series of events, in disgust he reflected in his heart:

10. "The woman for whom I constantly sigh loves me not, but has a passion for another man, and that man is in love with another; some other woman is charmed (with love) on my account; fie on her and him and the Love-god and her and me!

14 *IIIa. Frame-story: Third Section, Part 1—SR, MR, BR, JR*

11. What mischief do not the fair-eyed women do when they have entered into the soft hearts of men? They bring them to madness and to intoxication; they mock them and they revile them; they drive them both into ecstasy and into despair.

12. The leap of a horse, thunder in the spring [?perhaps 'god Indra's thunder'], the actions of women, what the future will bring forth, lack and excess of rain — these not even the gods comprehend, how much less men!

13. O the staleness of the round of existence! O women, the cause of this staleness! Prosperity, too, is as unsteady as a swing, and the body is a house of disease and misery. For:

14. Fortune is as unsteady as a swing; the spice of sensual enjoyments loses its savor in the end; the body is a house of calamity; even a great fortune is subject to destruction in many ways; the world is a place of great sorrow, and woman is always the cause of much misery; and in spite of all this men take pleasure, alas! in this path of woe, rather than in the *ātman* [true self or soul].

15. A woman's hair is the abode of lice; her face is a mass of bones tied together with hide; *mammae eius sunt massae carnis*; *alvus est matula plena merdae et talium rerum*; *nates sunt instrumentum quod excrementum emittat*, *et crura sunt duae pilae quae id sustineant*; so what is there in her to give pleasure to the noble?

16. Birds, resting fearlessly in their laps, drink the joyous tears of the happy (ascetics) who dwell in mountain caves and reflect on the Supreme Light; but as for others, their lives are wasted away in the enjoyment of palaces, pool-banks, pleasure-groves, amusements, and shows, with which their passions make them acquainted."

So in disgust the noble King Bhartṛhari abandoned himself to the practice of asceticism, which leads to the height of intense delight by cooling the heart with that indifference which is [which makes its possessor] own-brother to the bulb, the sprout of a plant, and the cloud [that is, which makes one perfectly dispassionate].

IIIa. Frame-story: Third Section, Part 1

The treacherous ascetic and the winning of the vampire

SOUTHERN RECENSION OF IIIa

Then when Vikramāditya had obtained the kingdom, he satisfied the requirements of the gods and the brahmans, as well as of the poor, the lame, the crippled, and so forth. He gave complete protection to his subjects, made his servants contented, and won the hearts also of his ministers and vassals and so on by keeping his word. Thus the king ruled his kingdom, not departing from the principles of good conduct.

Once upon a time a certain naked ascetic came into the king's presence, and first reciting this blessing:

1. "May Hara [Çiva], who easily turns serpents into necklaces and wears them (as such), and the Boar-god [Viṣṇu] give you unbounded prosperity!"

he gave a fruit into the king's hands and said: "O king, I am going to perform a sacrifice, with a beneficent charm, in a great cemetery, on the night before the new moon. Now do you act as my assistant in it." And the king gave him his consent. So they two went to the cemetery; and there the ascetic, attempting to offer up the king as a sacrifice, was himself offered up instead. And on that occasion a vetāla [vampire or demon] was made well-disposed to the king, and the king obtained the eight Great Magic Powers.

METRICAL RECENSION OF IIIa

Then this Vikramāditya protected the whole circle of the earth, and devotedly revered both the gods and the human gods [brahmans]. He helpt to prosperity day by day the poor, needy, and wretched; (for) virtues increase constantly in a virtuous man, O (goddess) of gentle speech. Thus he prospered by his right conduct, not separating morality from worldly success.

Now there came to the king a certain magician from foreign parts, and askt him to be his assistant at a sacrifice for the attainment of a magic spell. On this occasion a vetāla became propitiated towards the king, and granted him a wish: "When you appeal to me I will come as your servant; I will act under your orders; there is nothing that I cannot perform. And the eight Magic Powers shall be attained by you." So saying he departed.

BRIEF RECENSION OF IIIa

Then forthwith Vikramārka ruled the kingdom. For:

1. Making the three worlds to shine brightly all around with wondrous outbursts of glory, which were brilliant as the water-drops thrown up by the sea when its water was churned with a churning-stick (at the famous mythical churning of the ocean), the noble King Vikramārka became a protector of the righteous, the sole establisher of religion, and eager at heart to pay devotion to the gods and the brahmans.

Now while he was governing the kingdom there arrived a certain naked ascetic, who undertook a sacrifice. And the king became his assistant thereat. On this occasion a vetāla [vampire] became well-disposed to King Vikramāditya.

JAINISTIC RECENSION OF IIIa

[This, in mss. of JR, is VI

Thus the king ruled his kingdom happily. Once upon a time a certain ascetic came and said to the king: "O hero, if you are not one to refuse a request, then I will ask a favor of you. For:

1. A thousand times insignificant are those whose attention is fixt on the business of their own support; whose own interest is but the interest of others, that man alone is a leader of the just. Thus the underworld-fire drinks up the ocean

to fill its own insatiable belly; but the cloud, to relieve the heat of the summer-parcht earth.

2. Fortune is transitory by nature; life also is transitory; existence itself is transitory; why hesitate to perform works of benevolence ? ”

Hearing the ascetic's words the king said: “ Ascetic, if you can be helpt to success by my fortune or by my life, you have but to speak.” Then the ascetic said: “ O king, the success of the noble depends ever on courage alone. For:

3. Rāma had to conquer Ceylon, and to cross the ocean on foot; Rāvāna was his opponent in battle, and he had only apes for allies; nevertheless he smote the whole horde of the demons in battle. Success in the actions of the noble depends on courage, not on their means of performance.”

Again he said: “ O king, I have undertaken to perform a certain incantation; do you act as my assistant in this.” And the king agreed. Then the ascetic went by night along with the king to a wood. Thereupon he sent the king off to bring a corpse which was hung upon the limb of a tree; and he himself performed the introductory rite and recited the incantation. Then, knowing the danger to the king, the vetāla [vampire or ghoulisish demon, which dwelt in the corpse], after whiling away the night with twenty-five stories, appeared to the king in the morning, and said: “ O king, this treacherous ascetic wishes to win for himself a golden man, by making an offering of you, as a superior hero. Therefore trust him not. For:

4. One must not put trust in a treacherous man, thinking ‘ I have done him a favor ’; a wicked scoundrel, like a serpent, bites even one who has fed milk to him.”

Hearing this, the king in amazement reflected:

5. “ The evil deeds which fools perform for the sake of one life produce for them suffering which lasts over a thousand other lives.

Ah, the deceitfulness of the soul (of man)! Well, be it so; what can he do ? [or: what difference will it make ?] I for my part will act according to circumstances. For:

6. A virtuous man, being immerst in his good deeds, is envelopt in tranquil security, while a rascal, by reason of his deeds of violence, must grovel at (his ?) footstool [see Critical Apparatus]. Truly a serpent after drinking milk would spout forth nothing but poison, but this becomes again (as mild and harmless) as the shoot of a young lotus by the power of an efficacious drug.”

Thus reflecting, when the time came to make the sacrifice, he offered up that same ascetic, and obtained in the sacrificial fire-place a golden man. Then the deity which presided over the golden man made its appearance, and told the king the power that attacht to it, and departed, praising the king. Then at dawn the king took the golden man and went into his city with great pomp.

IIIb. *Frame-story: Third Section, Part 2*

The gift of Indra's throne

SOUTHERN RECENSION OF IIIb

In the whole earth no king had a sway like Vikrama's. In the three worlds his fame flowed on unchecked like the Ganges. At this time, in

the heaven of the gods, Indra, purposing to interrupt the austerities of (the famous ascetic) Viṣvāmitra, called (the nymphs) Rambhā and Urvaṣī and said: "Whichever of you two is especially skilled in the arts of singing and dancing, let her go to Viṣvāmitra's penance-grove to disturb his austerities. And to her who succeeds in destroying the penance of Viṣvāmitra I will give a reward." Hearing this Rambhā said: "O king of the gods, I am extremely skilled at dancing." Then Urvaṣī said: "Sire, I know the art of dancing as the authorities teach it." Thus a quarrel arose between the two, and to settle it they appeared before the assembly of the gods. First Rambhā danst, and on the next day Urvaṣī also gave a dancing-exhibition. Then the whole assembly of the gods was greatly delighted at seeing the dancing of both of them; but no one could decide in favor of either, and say "she is superior in the art of dancing." Just at this juncture Nārada said: "King of the gods, there is on earth a king named Vikramāditya; he knows all the arts, and is especially well-versed in the art of dancing to music. He will be able to decide their dispute." Then great Indra sent Mātali [his charioteer and messenger] to Ujjayini to summon Vikramāditya. And Vikrama, when he received the summons, went together with his attendant the vetāla to Amarāvati [the heavenly city]; and having performed obeisance to Indra he was offered a seat by him with marks of respect. Straightway the place for dancing was decorated. And first Rambhā took her place on the stage and danst. And on the next day Urvaṣī mounted upon the stage and danst according to the authorities. Then Vikramāditya preferred Urvaṣī, and gave her the palm. Indra said: "O king, why did you give her the palm?" And Vikrama said: "Sire, in dancing the chief thing is bodily grace. And grace is thus defined in the Textbook of Dancing [of Vasantarāja; on this and the stanzas, see vol. 27, p. 264]:

1-2. Those who know dancing say that (natural) grace, which is more important than practice, consists in freedom of movement [literally, freefootedness] of the limbs, moving neither too high nor too low; in the symmetry of hips, elbows, features of the face, and ears; in charming repose of the countenance, and rhythmical expansion of the breast.

Furthermore, the dancer must exhibit the special posture suited to the beginning of the dance. And this special posture is described in the Textbook of Dancing:

3. Squareness in regard to the limbs, — even feet, and hands (hanging straight down) like tendrils, — this is the universal rule laid down for the beginning of all dances.

For thus her form should be:

4. Face of the loveliness of the autumn moon, with extended eyes, the two arms drooping at the shoulders, small chest with firm, outstanding breasts; flanks smooth as if polished, waist the size of a hand-span, hinder parts having fair buttocks, feet with curving toes; just as if adhering closely to the ideal in the dancing-teacher's mind, so her form shall be.

Charming is the special posture in which she stands still at the end of the dance:

5. Letting fall upon her hip her left hand, with a bracelet resting motionless on the wrist, and letting the other hand drop in complete relaxation like a tanvi-fern [?] or a çyāmā-branch, as her eyes are dropt upon the pavement and her toe plays with the flowers thereon, while the (upper?) half of her body is held erect at full length — her standing-posture is even more lovely than her dancing.

In short:

6. The entire meaning is portrayed by the limbs, which contain the words inherent within them; the footsteps keep to the time, and the sentiments are appropriately represented; the acting is done with the hands, delicately, and in the successive shifting of its expressions one emotion crowds another out of the field [that is, follows hard upon it]. This is a true series of expressions of feeling.

I preferred *Urvaçī* because I found her a dancer of this sort, as described in the Textbook of Dancing." Then Great Indra was much pleased, and rewarded *Vikramārka* with garments and other gifts, and also gave him a throne, studded with rare and precious gems. On this throne were fixt thirty-two statuettes; the throne was mounted by putting the foot on the heads of these statues. Taking this lovely throne with him, by Indra's permission, *Vikramārka* returned to his own city. Thereupon, in an auspicious moment and at an auspicious astronomical juncture, after first obtaining the blessings of the brahmins, he mounted that throne and ruled his kingdom.

METRICAL RECENSION OF IIIb

Wielding sway over the earth, pervading the three worlds with his glory, *Vikramāditya* ['the Sun of Valor'] shone in splendor, marching with his feet upon [or punningly, as of the sun, 'mounting with his rays upon'] the kings of the earth.

At this time, in the assembly-hall of the gods, in Amarāvati, the Lord of Çaci [Indra], desiring to break the penance of Viçvāmītra, said: "Is fair-eyed Urvaçī, or is Rambhā, better able to overcome the strength of the mind of Viçvāmītra? We will now examine the skill in dancing of each of these two goddesses, and determining their relative powers will then send the better of the two." Then Rambhā's jealousy was aroused, and she said: "Let the test be made." And Urvaçī also assented. So Indra said to the gandharvas: "Do you, sirs, decorate (the stage), and let the deities all look on; let the skill in dancing of the two contestants be viewed by the gods." Then Rambhā danst, and Indra was much pleased, and gave her gifts of affection; and the throngs of the gods were greatly delighted. But on the next day, upon seeing Urvaçī's dancing, the gods in like manner were greatly charmed, and could not tell any difference. Then the godly seer Nārada said to god Indra: "There is upon earth one who knows dancing, Vikramāditya Sāhasāṅka ['markt by courage']; at your request, Sire, he will come, and he is skilled in all learning; he can decide which of these two is superior." In accordance with the words of Nārada, Indra commanded Mātali [his charioteer and messenger]: "Bring King Vikramāditya hither in your chariot." So the charioteer went to Ujjayini and told the king the whole matter. And he mounted the chariot in obedience to the command of the Chastiser of Pāka [Indra]. Then he came to the city [Amarāvati] that is full of throngs of gods, that is to be attained by good works alone, that is adorned by the Nandana pleasure-grove in its vicinity; he was attended on his way by the kindly and favoring breezes of Vāyu [the wind-god], the stealer of the spray of the Ganges, the younger brother of the pārijāta-tree [the coral-tree of paradise]. [28]

Then he beheld the assembly of the gods, glorious and adorned with glorious rugs [for reclining], the assembly whose enjoyments all may make themselves entitled to gain by merely giving alms. Then dismounting from the chariot, and entering in by Indra's command, he made an obeisance before him and gazed with devotion upon the king of heaven, who sat upon his jeweled throne — Çunāsira [Indra] the glorious, whose twin feet shone with the crest-gems of the lokapālas [world-protectors, the principal gods], and who had in his retinue the gods, dānavas, gandharvas, yakṣas, rākṣasas, and great serpent-genii, the countless throng of the Viçvadevas ['all-gods'], and the divine nymphs. He was attended by two goddesses with horse-tail fans in their hands — even Indra, the sole Creator of the three worlds, who always abides by the advice of Bṛhaspati. Then Great Indra took the king by the hand, as he stood bowing deferentially, and with gentle words invited him to sit near him. Indra toucht the sole Bridegroom-of-the-Earth upon his arm, which shone in its deep curves like a golden pillar [the word stambha, 'pillar,' is also applied to the arm]. And Indra and Vikramāditya, the kings of heaven and earth, sat down upon jeweled thrones and made the assembly bright (with their glory). [44]

And when all the gods were seated in the assembly, the goddess Rambhā adorned the stage with her dancing. Also on the next day Urvaçī held sway over the assembly, and exhibited the best art of dancing, as taught by the teacher Bharata. Then the king was delighted, and gave the victory to Urvaçī. And when Indra askt why, he explained the whole matter: "Urvaçī in her exhibition made most prominent the (chief) members (of the body), and kept subsidiary the minor and secondary members; but Rambhā gave the most prominence to the minor and subsidiary members, and made the (chief) members secondary. That is the reason for my action. This certainly

has been definitely laid down of old by the ancient seers, Bharata and the others, that the (chief) members are more important than the minor and secondary members."

Then Great Indra, the Slayer of Jambha, hearing this, gave him as a reward a pair of garments gleaming like fire [or, purified by fire], and a great jeweled throne, with thirty-two throne-rests, and upon them thirty-two statuettes. By putting one's foot on their heads one could mount upon the throne. And the king of the immortals said: "Mount upon this throne and protect the earth in happiness for a thousand autumns, O king!" Having obtained the marvelous divine throne, Vikramārka bade farewell to Çakra [Indra], noblest of the gods, and went to Ujjayini. And then, with the merit thus attained, and under the rule of an auspicious planet, the king mounted upon the divine throne with the blessings of the brahmanas. Establishing his fame securely in the world, and protecting all his subjects, Vikramāditya ruled over the earth without a rival.

Here ends the third section, called the Winning of the Throne

BRIEF RECENSION OF IIIb

Now while he was governing the kingdom, at that time in heaven Rambhā and Urvaçī danst a charming dance before the Slayer of Jambha [Indra].

1. As they acted in public a piece of dancing of prime quality with god-like (expression of) emotions, both the emotions caused by natural feeling and those aroused by music, there was no difference discovered between the two jealous goddesses by the god-princes, nor yet by the asura-princes, the demon-princes, or the man-princes.

The man-princes and the others could find no difference in the charming dalliance which those two presented before the assembly of the gods. So, to decide the question of superiority between them, Great Indra, the elder brother of Vikrama [Vikrama here = Trivikrama, a name of Viṣṇu, used for the sake of the play on words], summoned Vikramārka, whose valor [vikrama] was famous thruout the three worlds. Then going to Great Indra's assembly upon the summons of Indra, the art-skilled Vikramasena [= Vikrama], a repository of all the kingly arts, gave the victory to Urvaçī: "Sire, King of the Gods, Urvaçī wins." Indra said: "Why?" Said the king: "Sire, Urvaçī wins by reason of her knowledge of the textbooks of dancing." Indra said: "O king, you are a master of all the arts and know all of Bharata [an authority on dramatic art]." Then the king of the gods was delighted, and gave the king a pair of garments gleaming like fire [or, purified in fire], and also a throne composed of moonstone gems, and studded with rare jewels. And on this throne were thirty-two statuettes, gleaming like unto balls of fire [masses of radiance]. The king took this and went back to his own city. Then, at a suitable moment, the king joyously mounted the throne and for a long time enjoyed the good-fortunes of kingship.

JAINISTIC RECENSION OF IIIb

[This, in mss. of JR, is VIII

Once upon a time, while the king was thus engaged in the constant practice of virtue, the noble Purandara [Indra], whose majestic feet are gilded by the rows of beams from the crest-gems on the heads of the whole gathering of supreme gods, sat upon his throne in the assembly of heaven, the assembly that is proud in the possession of spontaneous delights. And when Indra observed the long series of benevolent deeds done by the noble Vikrama, who enwrap the heavenly world with the veil of his

glory, which was woven of the multitude of his noble-qualities [guṇa, also, punningly, "threads"] that shone bright as the waves of the milk-ocean gleaming with countless moonbeams, Indra said:

1. "Tho possessing superior might, the selfish race of the gods generally give no riches, exalt not the prophets of religion, relieve no plagues, and give aid in no calamity; enough of these selfish creatures, these yugalins [? see Critical Apparatus]! But blessed are *some* men, who make the world glorious with the splendor of benevolence which pervades their whole bodies."

Then his body was all filled [literally, budded] with great thrills of joy, produced by his appreciation of (Vikrama's) store of virtues, rarely found in men of this age [the kali-yuga, the last and worst of the four ages of the universe]. And he presented him with his own throne, made of lovely moonstone gems, and adorned with thirty-two statuettes. And the noble Vikrama first performed the great ceremony of royal coronation (in honor of the throne), and thereafter every day he mounted upon this throne, which had been graced by the majesty of Purandara, whose heart was softened by his appreciation of (Vikrama's) store of virtues—virtues which succeeded in making the face of the whole earth resound (with the praise thereof).

IV. Frame-story: Fourth Section

Death of Vikrama and hiding of the throne

SOUTHERN RECENSION OF IV

When many years had gone by after this, in the city of Pratiṣṭhāna Čālivāhana was born of a little girl by the serpent-prince Čeṣa. At Ujjayinī the king and the people observed earthquakes, shooting stars, flaming skies, and other portents. Then Vikramāditya called the soothsayers and asked them: "Soothsayers, why do these portents occur daily? What is to be the result of them, and for whom does this forebode ill?" They said: "Sire, this earthquake occurred at dawn, therefore it forebodes ill to the king. And thus it is written in the book of Nārada:

1. An earthquake at the morning or evening twilight brings evil to princes, and a flaming sky, if it be of a yellow color, is a fore-teller of great woe to kings.

And also, in the book of Nārada:

2. A shooting star is declared to mean destruction to kings, and a flaming sky, if it be yellow in color, is a cause of danger to princes."

Hearing these words of the soothsayers the king said: "Soothsayers, long ago the Lord [Čiva] was gratified by my ascetic practices, and said to me: 'O king, I am pleased with you; you may ask for immortality in return.' Then I said: 'O god, when a two-and-a-half-year-old girl

brings forth a son, let my death come at his hands, and in no other way.' And the Lord said: 'So be it.' Now how shall such a one come to be?" But the soothsayers said: "Sire, the works of destiny surpass (human) thought; such a one must have been produced in some place or other; thus it appears (from the signs)."

Then the king called the vetāla and told him the whole matter, and said: "Spirit, you must roam about the whole earth, and find out in what land and in what city such a one has been born, and then stop and instantly come back to me." Then the vetāla accepted some betel, saying "It is a great favor," and went and inspected all the continents beginning with the Kuṣa continent. And when he came back again to the Jambu continent [India] he entered the city of Pratiṣṭhāna, and there in a potter's house he saw a little boy and girl playing together, and askt them: "Tell me, what relation are you to each other?" Then the girl said: "This is my son." The vetāla askt: "Who is your father?" And she indicated a certain brahman. Then he askt the brahman; and he said: "This is my little girl, and the boy is her son." Hearing this the vetāla in amazement askt the brahman again: "Brahman, how can this be?" He replied: "The acts of the gods are incomprehensible. The serpent-prince Ćeṣa was charmed with her unusual beauty and loveliness and had intercourse with her, and by him she bore this son, Ćālivāhana." Hearing this the vetāla swiftly returned to Ujjayinī and told King Vikramāditya the whole matter. And the king rewarded him, and then took his sword and went to the city of Pratiṣṭhāna. And as he started to slay Ćālivāhana with his sword, Ćālivāhana smote him with a staff; and he fled from the city of Pratiṣṭhāna to Ujjayinī, where, being unable to endure the pain of his wound, he died.

Now all the king's wives made preparations to enter the fire. Then the ministers took counsel: "This king has no son; what is to be done?" And Bhaṭṭi said: "Let us find out whether any one of these his wives may be with child." Then, when they investigated, it was found that one had a seven-months child in her womb. Then all the ministers assembled and performed the coronation-ceremony for this child; and the ministers themselves undertook the government of the kingdom. That Indra-given throne stood there vacant as it was left. Then once in the assembly an ethereal voice said: "Ministers, there is no king such that he would be worthy to sit upon this throne; so let the throne be buried in a goodly field." Hearing this all the ministers buried that throne in a very pure field.

METRICAL RECENSION OF IV

Then after a long time there was born, in the noble city of Pratiṣṭhāna, Čalivāhana, the destroyer of Vikramāditya. There appeared repeatedly at Ujjayini, on the earth and in the air, evil omens which foretold great disaster. Then Vikramāditya called his minister Bhaṭṭi and said: "Tell me, what may be the meaning of these evil omens?" Thus addrest Bhaṭṭi said: "What can be said in such a case? It has a dangerous look to me; fate alone must decide." But hearing this Sahaṣaṅka [Vikrama] again said to his minister: "Why do you say dangerous? I am never exposed to any danger; and hear the reason for it, O Bhaṭṭi. I will tell you the whole story from the beginning. Long ago the Great Lord [Čiva] was pleased with my ascetic practice, and appeared before me, the Black-neck, Three-eyed God. Beholding the Great God, and being filled with joy and bowing reverently, for a moment I knew not at all what to do. Then I was addrest by the god: 'Choose what you will.' Desiring immortality I said to the god of gods: 'If a son shall be born to a girl a year and a day old, let my death be at the hands of that man, and no other.' The Lord, saying 'So be it,' granted the wish and went away to Mount Kailāsa. From that time I live ever free from fear." [21]

Hearing this the wise minister then said to the king: "All this is quite consistent. The ways of the Creator and Savior are devious; since olden time, O king, the two Čivas [Čiva and his consort] have more than one head [that is, manifold intellects or devices]. A boy was born to cause the death even of Hiranyakaśipu [who could not be killed by god, man, or beast; Viṣṇu took a form half-man, half-lion, and killed him] — a boy that was neither man nor animal, in accordance with the wish granted him. Do you thru your spies search out the one from whom the danger to your majesty arises." Vikramāditya said "Very well," and sent forth the vetāla, who instantly appeared in response to his summons, telling him to hunt for such a boy. And he, acknowledging the noble king's command with a nod of his head, went forth thru the air, in swiftness surpassing the wind. [31]

After searching thru the seven continents, the seven mountains, and the seven seas, he made the discovery, and came back and reported: "I have seen all that I was sent to see. In the city called Pratiṣṭhāna, in the house of a certain potter, O king, I saw a lad, like unto the youthful sun, standing near a girl a year and a day old. Finding there an aged brahman I courteously askt him their connexion, and he told me the whole story: 'This is my charming daughter; a serpent-prince has enjoyed her, and by him she has borne this son; there is divine activity concerned here.' " [41]

Hearing this from the vetāla, Vikrama, filled with amazement, ordered his army against Pratiṣṭhāna-city. At this time Bhaṭṭi, the source of happy inspirations, said: "It is not seasonable to go yourself against the enemy, my lord, but rather to wait here for the course of destiny." In accordance with the minister's words, the king left off his preparations; but later, at another time, for some reason or other — by the will of fate — he went forth with his army against Pratiṣṭhāna, full of ardor. Learning that Vikramāditya was bent upon slaying his son, Ananta [Čeṣa] fashioned an army to crush his enemy's army. Then a battle took place between the two hosts, and the army of Čalivāhana conquered the opposing troops. But Vikramārka, observing the overthrow of his own host, rusht forward sword in hand to kill Čalivāhana. The boy Čalivāhana, seeing him rushing to the attack, smote him with his wooden staff, as does the Destroyer of Creatures [Death] with his staff. Vikramārka, beaten

back by his furious blow, fled quickly to Ujjayini; the lord of the universe fled like a beggar! [62]

When Vikramāditya's chief queen saw him, her own husband, falling lifeless to the ground, then she said to the minister: "There is a seven-months child in my womb. I give him to your worship; protect him according to the best rules of protection; if this youth is protected by you, he will in turn protect (and rule) the whole earth." Speaking thus the queen cut open her body and gave him her son, and then entered the fire and rejoiced in paradise together with her husband. The boy was brought up by the minister, with the aid of nurses; and the minister, standing by the throne, ordered the affairs of his kingdom. [71]

Once upon a time there was heard a divine voice in the air, proceeding from no person: "Let the ministers of Vikramāditya hearken to what I say. Who is able to mount upon this divine throne? Therefore let your worships bury it right here under the earth." Hearing this the ministers assembled and took counsel, and then buried in purified ground the throne of the Releaser of the Kine [Indra].

Here ends the fourth section, called the Hiding of the Throne

BRIEF RECENSION OF IV

Then the king went against Pṛthasthāna to conquer Čalivāhana.

1. And when King Vikramārka went against Pṛthasthāna, terrible with his unparalleled array of troops, elephants, horses, and chariots, then Čalivāhana too in rage went forth to battle against him, making a great noise with his warriors. For this is in general the practice of kṣatriyas, and customary with their caste.
2. Between the hosts of the two kings there took place a violent battle, obscuring the light of the stars with the quantity of blood that flowed from the sword-wounds, raising a sea of dust from the earth as it was struck by the hoofs of spirited horses rushing forth in fury, and displaying troops (glorious) as the sun when it destroys the darkness with the morning light.
3. Hearing the usual sounds of battle, deep and terrible with the noise made by drums, trumpets, and tabors, the apsarasas [heavenly nymphs like the valkyrs, who become the brides of slain warriors] in heaven and the she-jacksals on earth swiftly collected and danced about in passionate longing to enjoy the men [pāuruṣa, abstract or collective] that fell in the fight.

In this most fearful battle King Vikrama fell. When he had spent his life's breath, because of his fair renown, he went to the Sun's abode. Then there was no one worthy of that throne. An ethereal voice said: "Let this throne not be left here." So the company of ministers took counsel, and searched for a pure spot, and buried it in a certain place.

JAINISTIC RECENSION OF IV

[This, in mss. of JR, is X

At another time the king went against the city of Pratiṣṭhāna, attended by his entire army of four components. And the king of that place, Čalivāhana, appeared against him. Then in a great battle between them Vikramāditya fell, and the throne of Avantī was left vacant. Then the Fortune of the Kingdom there, taking the form of a cow, cried aloud thus: "Who will protect me from henceforth?" Then the chief queen opened her body and gave to the nobles a seven-months male child which

she was bearing, and she herself, because of the loss of her husband, entered the fire (as a sati). And the rite of coronation was performed for the boy, Vikramasena. But no one mounted upon that throne. Then there came a voice in the heaven, saying: "No one is worthy of this throne, therefore let the throne be buried somewhere in purified ground." So the ministers buried that throne in the earth. Thus after the lapse of a long time this very same throne has been acquired by yourself, O fortunate (king Bhoja)!

V. Frame-story: Fifth Section

Finding of the throne by Bhoja

SOUTHERN RECENSION OF V

After the burying of the throne many years went past, and King Bhoja obtained the kingdom. During his reign once upon a time a certain brahman cultivated the field where that throne was buried, and sowed sugar-cane [yāvanāla, a sort of *Andropogon*] there, and sowed chick-peas and other grains. The field proved very fruitful. Then the brahman, noticing that there was an elevation at the spot where the throne was buried, built upon it a platform for the purpose of keeping the birds away; and he took his stand thereupon and drove off the birds. Now once upon a time, when King Bhoja came near that field on a hunting expedition, accompanied by all the princes, the brahman who was standing on the platform said: "O king, this field is in fruit; come in with your followers and eat as much as you choose, and let chick-peas be given to your horses. Today my life has become fruitful, since your majesty has become my guest. For when will such an opportunity come (again)?" Hearing this the king and his followers entered into the field. But the brahman just then came down from the platform to drive away birds which had entered one corner of the field. And seeing the king standing in the middle of the field, he said: "O king, why do you do this wicked thing? You are destroying this field, which belongs to a brahman. Now if others commit wickedness, it is reported to you; but you yourself have begun to commit wickedness! so now who is there to prevent it? And it is said:

1. What creature is there that can restrain a rum-dosed elephant, a libertine king, or educated men who commit wickedness?

And again: your majesty knows all the books of the law, how is it that you destroy the property of a brahman? The property of brahman is real poison. For:

2. Poison is no poison, they say, compared with the property of brahmans; that is declared to be real poison. For poison kills a single individual, but the property of brahmans kills children and children's children."

Hearing his words the king and his retinue were going out from the field, when the brahman again mounted the platform, having driven out the birds, and said: "O king, why are you going? This field is in excellent fruit; eat of the stalks of sugar-cane. And there are gourd-fruits; partake of them." Again hearing the brahman's words the king and his retinue entered the field; but then he came down from the platform to drive away birds, and again spoke as before. Then the king reflected in his heart: "Truly this is a strange thing. When this brahman mounts the platform, a desire to be generous arises in his mind; when he comes down, he becomes mean-minded. Therefore I will go up on the platform and see." So thinking, when he mounted the platform, there arose in King Bhoja's mind a disposition of this sort: "I would free everyone from affliction, remove the poverty of all people, punish the wicked, protect the righteous, and rule my subjects virtuously; in short, if anyone at this time asks even my life of me, I would give even that." Then filled with joy he reflected again: "What a marvelous power this field has, that it can produce such feelings of itself! Now it is said:

3. Oil on water, a secret entrusted to a knave, even a very small gift to a worthy person, and knowledge imparted to an intelligent man, spread themselves out by natural power.

But how can the marvelous power of this field be discovered?" Thus meditating he summoned the brahman and said: "Brahman, how much is this field worth to you?" The brahman replied: "O king, knower of all arts, there is nothing which you do not know; let the king do what is fitting. Moreover, the king is a veritable incarnation of Viṣṇu; upon whomsoever his eyes fall, that man's poverty and misery disappear. The king verily is like the Tree of Wishes in visible form. Since you have come within the range of my sight, today my wretchedness and poverty have been brought to an end. What matters the field?" Then the king gave satisfaction to the brahman with money and grain and the like, and took the field, and gave orders to commence digging under the platform. And when a hole had been made as deep as a man's height, there came to light a single very beautiful stone. And beneath this stone there appeared a most lovely throne, fashioned of moonstones and other gems, studded

with all manner of jewels, and adorned with thirty-two statuettes. When King Bhoja saw that throne his heart overflowed with waves of the nectar of supreme joy. But when he tried to move the throne to take it to the city, it proved too heavy and would not move. Then the king said to his minister: "Minister, why does this throne not move?" The minister replied: "O king, this is a marvelous divine throne; without the offering of oblations and sacrifices and honors to it, it will not move, nor will it be amenable to you." Hearing his words the king summoned the brahmans and caused them to perform a whole ritual service. Then that throne became light and came forth of its own accord. Seeing this the king said to the minister: "Minister, at first this throne was not amenable to me; but now thru your excellent wit it has become compliant. Therefore intercourse with the wise is both pleasant and profitable." Then the minister said: "O king, listen. Whosoever is wise himself, but does not listen to the wisdom of others, he comes to destruction without fail. You are not so; tho you are wise, you give heed to sound advice. Therefore in all your undertakings you meet with no obstruction." The king said: "He is a minister indeed who wards off untoward events, and guides to the desired result a matter still pending. And thus it is said:

4. Verily, the supreme minister is he who takes thought for the successful completion of a matter that has halted in the performance, for the seizing of some future advantage, and for the prevention of an untoward issue."

The minister said: "O king, a minister should devote himself to the welfare of his master. And thus it is said:

5. They are the real ministers of kings whose counsel subserves their purposes, and whose purposes subserve the advantage of their masters; not those who swell out their cheeks (with empty words).

And again: all the following things, let it be realized, are vain and fruitless: a kingdom without ministers, a fortress without a store of grain and other provisions, good fortune without youth (to enjoy it), ascetic renunciation without knowledge, (religious) peace of mind in knaves, wisdom in heretics, love in harlots, friendship in scoundrels, independence in a serf, anger in a poor man, rage in a servant, affection in a lord, the house of a beggar, conjugal devotion in a wanton ✓ woman, honor among thieves, and successful progress of fools. Furthermore: a king should honor the great, listen to the counsel of the wise, cherish the gods and the brahmans, and walk in the way of

good conduct. Moreover: all the good qualities which are recorded as the marks of kingship are found in you, O king. You are the supreme king of all kings.

It is also desirable that a minister should be distinguished by such virtues as these: he should be sprung from a family that has followed the same profession, and should know all the textbooks of conduct [nītiçāstra], including Kāmandaki's ('Nītisāra') and Cāṇakya's ('Arthaçāstra') and the Pañcatantra; and his virtues should be zeal in the performance of his lord's business, dread of wickedness, care for the subjects, good control of the courtiers, conformity to the moods of the king's mind, knowledge of what is fitting on various occasions, and protection of the king from losses. A minister endowed with such virtues is worthy of the minister's office, as King Nanda was prevented by his minister Bahuçruta from committing brahman-murder."

King Bhoja said: "And how was that?"

The minister replied: "Hear the tale, O king!"

METRICAL RECENSION OF V

Now a certain brahman sowed sugar-cane in this field; and the tops of the stalks bowed down with the rich harvest of the fruit. Where the throne was buried there was an elevation; the brahman built a platform right upon this, and protected his crop. Now once upon a time King Bhoja, attended by a great company, was passing along the road which bordered on that sugar-cane field. The brahman, sitting upon that platform, saw the retinue, and spoke with a generosity born of the miraculous power of the spot: "Warriors, let your worships every one come in here. All about you there is much corn, of excellent quality, and chick-peas also, and ripe wheat-kernels, for your enjoyment. You will also find sweet river-water in abundance. Be entertained here, and rest to your hearts' content. All this belongs to your worships; do not hesitate at all." Hearing this, with great joy the warriors, eager for the corn, all entered into that brahman's field as if it were their own, without fear. But he came down from the platform to drive away some birds, which were trying to devour the chick-peas in a remoter part of the field. And seeing the men in the field attempting to eat the corn, altho in accordance with his own permission, he threw up his hands and cried out to them in dismay: "I'll tell the king how these violent robbers have come today from somewhere or other, and have forcibly eaten half-way thru a poor brahman's field, and would not go away!" Hearing this the warriors hastily went out of the brahman's field. Then when they had gone forth and the brahman had driven out the birds, he mounted the platform, and straightway his nature became as before. Seeing them abasht, he again said to them courteously: "Come, enter in here; why do you leave? There's no reason why you should. This field belongs to your worships; I am your servant. He whose abundance serves the pleasure of others is a truly good man." Thus address they came in again and began to eat the corn of the field. Then he came down and went to drive away birds (and said): "You ruffians, get away from this field and this property, or it will go ill with you for

robbing the property of a brahman." So he drove out the warriors along with the birds. In short, when the brahman mounted the platform, he became very generous; when he came down, he was turned into a niggard. This they told to King Bhoja.

And when King Bhoja heard of it, his curiosity was aroused, and he came to the brahman's field and mounted the platform. And in just the same way the heart of the king, glorious as the World-protectors, became inspired with a disposition to remove misery from all, to work for the happiness of the whole world, to destroy all poverty, to root out evil at its source, to protect the virtuous and to smite the wicked, and to give away even his kingdom if any one should ask for it. The king was bathed in a flood of joy. And when at last he could control his senses, he reflected: "This must be ground of excellent quality. The virtue of a thing cannot be hid in any way. This is what is meant by that saying of some very wise man: 'Oil on water, a secret entrusted to a knave, even a very small gift to a worthy person, and knowledge imparted to an intelligent man, spread themselves out by natural power.' But what means can be found for learning what this (remarkable quality) is?" [52]

Thus meditating the king called the brahman and said: "How great a crop of grain will come from your reverence's field? Tell me fully, noble brahman." Thus asked he replied: "Your majesty knows all; how can I say, 'tis thus or so? Your majesty is an incarnation of Viṣṇu, and your mere glance yields riches. Whatever poor wretch your merciful eye rests upon, gracious Lord, he sloughs off his poverty and all other evils and becomes a favorite of fortune." The king was pleased with this speech of the brahman, and gave him two-fold more than the value of the field, and also ten villages and a lac of gold too. [62]

Then underneath that platform the king caused an opening to be dug, to the extent of twice a man's stature; and he beheld a great throne. Its edges were inlaid with various jewels; it was fashioned of moonstones. On this same throne stood thirty-two statuettes, and in vessels in their hands were thirty-two jeweled lamps, like auspicious temple-lamps to be used in the rite of waving before the god at night [nīrājana]. The throne was thirty-two hastas ['hands'] broad and a dhanus ['bow-length'] high. The king desired to take so fair a throne to the city, and at his command porters strove to lift it out; but that divine throne proved as immovable as the Himālaya. A certain hereditary minister said to the king: "Great king, we do not know whose this great throne was. Unless an offering be made here to the spirits [bhūta], according to the ritual, it cannot be lifted up thus by the use of force alone. Therefore let a regular sacrificial rite be performed to propitiate the spirits." Then the noble king propitiated all the spirits round about there, and gave comforting and courteous entertainment with food and drink to the people, and pleased the noble brahmins with gifts of cattle, land, grain, gold, ghee, clothing, ornaments, and carriages. Then he undertook to bring out the throne, and with very little effort it came forth of itself. Seeing this the king paid honor to the minister, and said: "I have obtained the throne just thru your honor's good sense. A man bereft of wisdom, O wise counsellor, sits like an elephant stuck in the mud." Recognizing the soundness of these truthful words, the minister replied: "O noblest of kings, hear my words; for I am worthy of respect. Whatever man, whether great or small, tho he be eminent in wisdom himself, does not treat his foes ill and his friends well, he is destroyed and destroys his dependents too. Therefore a man must be wise. To this effect is this saying of old: 'One clear eye is a man's inborn intelligence, and the second is intercourse with the

wise; he who has not these two upon earth is in very truth blind; say, what wonder is it if his feet stray from the path ? ' 'Trees on riverbanks, a woman without a protector, and kings who have no ministers, never enjoy long life.' 'Like (religious) peace of mind in knaves, wisdom in heretics, love in harlots, and friendship in scoundrels, even so a kingdom bereft of counsellors, a fortress without a store, ascetic renunciation without knowledge, and good fortune after youth has fled, these four things, let it be realized, are wholly fruitless.' Honors and gifts should always be given (by a king) to the great and good; the words of the aged should be heeded, the noble brahmans should be gratified; he should walk in the way of good conduct, and not neglect the gods; he should look upon money which remains in his own possession as uselessly wasted, for in some way or other, tho it be numbered by thousands, when the time comes it will be destroyed. Being kind to the weak, the young, the aged, the crippled, and the poor; putting down enemies, thieves, rascals, and deceivers; zealous for the welfare of cattle and of brahmans, and protecting those who come to him as suppliants; true to his word, grateful for favors, dreading wickedness — so a king should be. He should use any and every means to get an enemy into his power. He must always consider all affairs of state with a minister. And the minister must be a man who inherits the position from his family, who is beloved in the world, who knows the fitting occasions for everything, who is pliant to the king's moods, who knows the secrets of wise conduct, who is devoted to his lord's business, who is able to protect the subjects, and who is agreeable to the courtiers. Once in olden time Bahucrta, the minister of King Nanda, just by his good sense averted the murder of a brahman."

Here ends [in the manuscripts] the fifth section

Then, being urged by the king to tell about this, that minister related the strange adventures of King Nanda.

BRIEF RECENSION OF V

Then many days past by. Yugandharf-grain [probably a kind of millet, cf. Weber, ISt. 15.219, note 4] was sown there by a certain brahman, and it ripened. Then building a platform upon the spot where the throne was, the brahman went up to it. Now at that time King Bhoja, amusing himself with the pleasures of the chase, came forth upon that road. Seeing the king's retinue the brahman said: "Ho, come hither, there are delightful cucumbers here, and delightful gourd-fruits; take as many as you will." Hearing his words, the followers entered into the field, and began to take as much as they chose. Then the brahman came down from the platform, and when he lookt he saw the field trampled by the king's retinue. Seeing this the brahman made a loud outcry: "Scoundrels, why are you robbing me ? Go off, go off, or I will tell the king." Then the retinue were frightened and left the field as if in terror. But the brahman mounted the platform again, and called to the retinue to return: "Ho, why are you going ? Come back, come back." Thus when he mounted the platform he desired to be generous, and when he came down he became a niggard. King Bhoja heard of this circumstance; and thereupon the king also mounted the platform. Straightway he felt an inclination to be generous; but when he came down, he became niggardly [!]. Then the king reflected: "This is no common ground. And it is said:

1. Oil on water, a secret entrusted to a knave, even a very small gift to a worthy person, and knowledge imparted to an intelligent man, spread themselves out by natural power."

Thus speaking he dug down there. Then a throne made of moonstone gems came to light. Then he undertook to take it to Dhārā. But a minister said: "O king, who knows whose this throne is? Therefore you must perform a ritual offering here." Then the king made offerings to the witches [yoginī], whereupon the throne was brought out. Then the king said to the minister: "By your good sense it was brought out. Therefore the life of a king is not worth a penny, if he have not the advice of a minister. And it is said:

2. Trees on river-banks, a woman without a protector, and a king who has no minister, never enjoy long life.

3. Good fortune without youth, a fortress without a store, ascetic renunciation without knowledge, O king, these things have no splendor.

4. Like lordly power in a heretic, alliance with a knave, the love of wanton women, the friendship of scoundrels; the affection of half-brothers, the anger of servants, the word of a gambler, the compassion of a niggard; the devotion of an adulterous woman, the oath of a thief, the mind of a fool; so shall a kingdom without a minister be fruitless."

The minister said:

5. "If he [a king] heeds the words of those to whom deference is due, strives to win the respect of the judicious, and walks in accordance with the precepts of right conduct, he shall not fail of his reward."

JAINISTIC RECENSION OF V

[This, in mss. of JR, is II

In the Mālava land, whose people attained unto all the four objects of human desire [see page 253, line 7 ff.], there was a city named Dhārā. It was as the blade [dhārā, a pun] of a knife for cutting the creepers of bad policy, and it was like a stream [dhārā] of water for the growth of the grove of proper royal policy, and it held [or, contained; dhārā] many gems of men and women. Here ruled the noble Bhoja, who was the majestic home of the royal swan of Glory, the greatest since the origin of the universe.

And here, near the site of the glorious Avantī, in a certain village charming by its (abundance of) grain and money, there dwelt a certain brahman. He was wholly absorbed in the acquisition of wealth, but was a great miser. Once upon a time he took up the work of husbandry, and in one of his fields there came forth an unusually rich yield of grain. Then upon an elevation in that field he built a platform. And when the brahman mounted upon this platform he became very generous, but when he came down from the platform he became niggardly again. Then this circumstance was told by the brahman, in his amazement, to King Bhoja, who had come forth from Dhārā-city on an outing. So the king came and lookt over the place, but saw nothing there until he himself mounted upon the platform. Thereupon the king also conceived the greatest generosity, thinking: "I will fulfil the wishes of all people, and put an end to poverty." Then the king reflected: "Now there is surely virtue either in the ground here, or in some object in it. And it is said:

1. Oil on water, a secret entrusted to a knave, even a small gift to a worthy person, and knowledge imparted to an intelligent man, spread themselves out by natural power."

Then the king gave satisfaction to the brahman with a great gift and took the field for his own. When he caused to be dug under the platform, there appeared a throne made of moonstone gems, and adorned with thirty-two statuettes. The throne was thirty-two hands [kara, hand, = 18 inches] long and eight hands [hasta, = kara] high. But it would not move from the place. Then a certain minister said: "Sire, this is a throne of great powers, and we do not know whose it is; therefore first let some propitiatory and auspicious offerings and gifts and the like be made; then it can be moved." Hearing this the king joyfully caused it to be done just as he was advised; and then the throne moved with very little effort.

VARARUCI RECENSION OF V

[This, in the mss. of Var R, is II

Near the city of Dhārā there was a grain-field named Joy-giver. And there lived a field-owner, a cultivator of grain, named Yajñadatta. He came to own a plantation surrounded by an embankment and a ditch and adorned with many (trees and plants) such as mango, cocoanut, breadfruit, kṣudrākṣā [? "small-eye"], sesame, pulse, barley, corn, turmeric, citron-trees, betel, orange-trees, ginger, and mātulaṅga [a kind of citron]. And from a neighboring wood there came all manner of beasts — elephants, boars, deer, buffaloes, and the like — and ate the grain. To prevent this Yajñadatta built a platform. And whenever he mounted upon it to protect his crop, he always began to act the ruler, like a mahārāja, and issued commands accompanied by favors. But when he came down again, he was again as a husbandman. Hearing this his neighbors were amazed and said: "What nonsense is this that he talks!" And this was brought indirectly to the ears of King Bhoja, who dwelt in Dhārā city. And he, filled with curiosity, went thither with his court, and to prove the matter, caused a certain trusted minister to mount upon the platform. And he spoke in the same way. When the king heard this, he was amazed at heart, and pondered on the matter thus:

1. "This is not the power of a wooden wall, nor is it the power of a farmer; this power certainly belongs to things that are under the surface of the earth.
2. Oil on water, a secret entrusted to a knave, even a small gift to a worthy person, and knowledge imparted to an intelligent man, spread themselves out by natural power.
3. In one place the earth contains a precious object, in another a (worthless) lot of charcoal. In superior earth there always remains a superiority in the objects (contained therein)."

Thus reflecting he made an attempt to get it out. And then, after all manner of digging of the earth and the like, there came to light a throne, gleaming with splendor, eight hands [hastas] high, made of moonstone gems, and adorned with thirty-two statuettes made of gold and precious stones. With its glamor the eyes of all the court were dazzled. Then the king was delighted and wished to take the throne to his own palace, and gave orders to the slaves. But it would not move, even after great effort. Thereupon a heavenly voice was heard: "O king, if propitiatory and auspicious ceremonial offerings are performed to it, then only will it move." Hearing this the king joyfully caused it to be done just as he was told; then the throne moved with very little effort.

VI. Frame-story: Sixth Section

The jealous king and the ungrateful prince, Part 1

SOUTHERN RECENSION OF VI

In the city of Viṣālā there was a very heroic king named Nanda. By his powerful arm he had brought to his own majestic feet all rival princes, and ruled with undisputed sovereignty. He had a minister Bahuṣruta, and a son Jayapāla, who knew the use of all the thirty-six kinds of offensive weapons. This king had a wife named Bhānumatī, who was very dear to him; enraptured by her he continually gave himself over to the pleasures of love. Whenever he mounted his throne he had Bhānumatī sit beside him. He could not endure separation from her even for a minute. One time the minister reflected: "This king is immodest, in that he seats a woman upon his throne in the public assembly, and all the people see her. This is most unseemly. A man who is in love does not know what is seemly and what is unseemly. For:

1. Have not then the heavenly nymphs eyes like blue water-lilies, that the King of the Gods [Indra] courted the hermit-woman Ahalyā? When the heart is burning in the fire of love like a straw hut, who knows the fitting from the unfitting, however wise he may be?

And moreover: only so long as a man is not pierced by the dart-like glances of women does he keep his poise and firmness. And they say:

2. Only until a man finds [kal-] his heart smitten with glances, gleaming like the waves on the shore of the milky sea, from the long quivering eyes of capricious women — only so long does he maintain his poise and still the trepidation of his soul; only so long do the accepted principles of knowledge [siddhāntasūtra], the one supreme light of the whole earth, shine in his heart.

Oh the greatness of love! It afflicts even one skilled in the arts. And it is said:

3. The dolphin-bannered god (of love) torments one skilled in the arts, laughs at a holy man, mocks a scholar, and lays low the most resolute, all in an instant. Furthermore:

4. The fool who enters into the flame of a mistress makes kindling wood of scriptural lore, righteousness, ascetic devotion, morality, knowledge, and exalted character.

5. His money vanishes, the end of his strength, disgrace to his family too, or even impending death—a man in love sees none of all this."

Thus he reflected; and one time, taking advantage of a good opportunity, he said to the king: "O king, I have something to say to you." The king said: "What is it? Speak on." The minister said: "It is most unseemly that Bhānumatī is thus allowed to sit right beside you in the midst of the assembly. The writers of the lawbooks say that a king's wife should be kept within doors. Moreover, all manner of people come together and behold her here." The king replied: "I know all that, but what can I do? I am deeply in love with her; I cannot be without her even for a minute." The minister said: "Then do this way." Said the king: "How? Tell me." He replied: "Call a painter, and have him depict the form of Bhānumatī upon a canvas, and fix it on the wall opposite you; then you may look upon her very image." This advice took root in the king's mind. So the king called a painter and said: "Painter, you are to depict the form of Bhānumatī in a picture." The painter said: "Sire, if I may see her form before my eyes, I will then portray it, limb for limb." Hearing this he had Bhānumatī deckt out in splendor and showed her to the painter. When he beheld her and perceived that she was a padminī ['lotus-woman,' perfect woman; see page 85, line 4], he painted her portrait with the characteristic marks of the padminī. Now the marks of the padminī are these:

6. She is delicate as a lotus-bud, with the perfume of a full-blown blue-lotus; in her body, rich in the delights of love, is a divine fragrance; her eyes are like the eyes of a frightened gazelle, and crimson at the edges; her faultless pair of breasts surpass the beauty of bilva fruits.

✓ 7. (She is a padminī,) whosoever has a nose like a sesame blossom [for this comparison, cf. Boehtlingk's *Indische Sprüche*, No. 2559]; who constantly and devotedly pays honor to the brahmans, her elders, and the gods; who has the loveliness of a water-lily petal and the brilliancy of a cāmpeya flower; whose form, like the sheath of a full-blown lotus, is as a parasol to save from the heat of desire.

8. She is a padminī, who moves gently and gracefully, like a slender royal swan; whose waist is charming with the three folds (above the navel — a mark of beauty); whose voice is like a swan's; who is beautifully arrayed; who eats daintily, gracefully, and cleanly; who is jealous, and very bashful; a charmer clad in garments like brilliant flowers.

When he had portrayed her form adorned with these marks, he gave it into the king's hands. And when the king saw his beloved thus painted on canvas he was delighted, and rewarded the painter fittingly. After this the king's guru [tutor, chaplain, or religious preceptor] Āradānandana saw the portrait of Bhānumatī as painted on the canvas, and said to the painter: "Painter, you have portrayed the whole likeness of Bhānumatī, but you have forgotten one thing." Said he: "Reverend sir, tell me what has been forgotten." And Āradānandana said: "On her left hip there is a mole like a sesame-seed. That you have failed to portray." The king also heard the words of Āradānandana, and wishing to inquire into their truth he looked at her left hip when he was with her in secret, and there saw a mole like a sesame-seed. When he saw this the king reflected in his heart: "How is it that he has seen this mole of hers, which is in a secret place? Evidently he must have had intercourse with her; otherwise how could he have known this? Moreover, with women this is never to be doubted. Since:

9. They chat with one, they glance coquettishly at another, they think on a third in their hearts; for women's pleasure one man [suffices] not.

10. Fire never gets enough of wood-fagots, neither the sea of rivers, nor Death of all creatures, nor fair-eyed women of men.

11. If there be no privacy, no opportune time, and no man as suitor — only thus, Nārada, is the chastity of women conditioned.

12. The fool who fondly imagines 'This my loved one is devoted to me,' he shall be her minion and dance for her like a pet bird.

13. Whoever actively brings to realization the words of women, whether they be trivial or even if they be right serious, he is sure to be despised in the world.

14. A man who is in love [rakta; also means 'red'] is squeezed out by the women like red lac, and then violently thrown to the ground."

Thus reflecting he called his minister and told him the whole story. But the minister for the time being spoke in a manner conforming to the king's state of mind, and said: "O king, who knows the character of anyone's mind? it is quite possible that this may all be so." The king said: "Minister, if you are my friend, then put that Āradānandana to death." The minister replied: "So be it." Then he took Āradānandana and bound him in the presence of the people. At

this time Çaradānandana said: "Ah, very true is the popular saying that the king is a friend to no man. For:

15. Who is not puffed up when he has attained wealth? What sensualist's disasters ever come to an end? Whose heart upon earth has not been tricked by women? Who, pray, is a friend to kings? Who is not subject to the power of time [or Death]? What beggar has ever attained eminence? What man has escaped without injury after falling into the snares of a rascal? And so:
16. Who has ever seen or heard of cleanliness in a crow, honor in a gambler, heroism in a eunuch, regard for truth in a drunkard, kindness in a serpent, cessation of lust in women, or friendship in kings?

Moreover, whoever is the victim of the king's anger, tho he be innocent, he is (regarded as) guilty. And thus it is said:

17. By the anger of the king an innocent man becomes guilty, a resourceful man helpless, a hero a coward, a long-lived man short-lived, and a man of noble birth an outcast."

Then as he was led by the minister to the place of execution he recited a certain verse:

18. "In the forest or in battle; in the midst of enemies or water or fire; on the vast deep or on the mountain-tops; asleep, or intoxicated, or in grave danger — men are ever protected by the good deeds they have performed before."

But the minister reflected in his mind: "Come now, whether this be true or false, why slay a brahman? This is a great wrong." So, unbeknown to the others, he took Çaradānandana to his own house, and put him in the cellar [? perhaps rather, in a cave]; and when he came back to the king he said: "O king, your command is fulfilled." And the king said: "Well done."

METRICAL RECENSION OF VI

Hear, O king. There was a city named Viçālā, where King Nanda ruled the land. Roseate with the flaming torch of his majesty, the heaven seemed to announce the dawn to mankind unseasonably. And by reason of his manifold riches gathered from various places far and near in his house, one was reminded of the wealth of Kubera, the god of wealth. So he protected the earth and walked in the way of propriety. This king had a beloved consort named Bhānumatī. Devoted to the nectar-like elixir of her store of beauty, King Nanda scorned the Lotus-born, Lotus-seated [Brahmā]. Thinking "the gods to be sure gave you face and breast, half your body; this was not endowed with the powers of life," [text uncertain, sense obscure to me] the king gave her everything. Filled with a restful feeling by her talk, which was accompanied by amorous glances, he was unable to spend even a minute by himself, without Bhānumatī.

Whenever at any time the king, in spite of the restraining advice of his minister, entered with her into the judgment-hall, then, at such actions of the king, Bahuçruta was wont to say: "O lord, give careful heed to this advice, O wise one! You are a judge over men, well acquainted with religion and good policy, and there is no action found in you that is opposed to religion or good policy. Nevertheless this extremely improper thing is very much on my mind, namely that the queen sits with you even in the judgment-hall." "I wholly agree with what you say, wise sir; however, my great love for her makes such a fool of me. I cannot pass even a single moment without her. What plan can be devised, or how can I be made content?" When Bahuçruta heard these words of the king, spoken with such deep-seated affection, he spoke to his lord in words both pleasing and advantageous: "Sire, put the queen's beauteous form upon a canvas and feast your eyes upon it." Hearing the minister's words the king said to a painter: "Portray in a picture and show to me the excellent form of a padmini ['lotus-woman,' perfect woman; see page 85, line 4]." And the painter did as he was commanded by the king. [32]

Then when he saw the picture he said to the painter: "Go and ask my preceptor, who is skilled in the knowledge of marks and characteristics, whether this is the counterfeit of Bhānumati's form or not." He told the king's command to the noble preceptor; and he, when he had viewed the picture, said to the painter: "This is the very form of Bhānumati, there is no doubt; the marks and the members of a beautiful padmini-woman are all there just as they should be, but I see one omission. On her left hip there should be put a mark shaped like a sesame-seed; and that is not portrayed. All the rest is quite correct." So in accordance with the words of the teacher he thus portrayed the sesame-mark [tīlaka], and showed it to the king, and reported what the preceptor had said. And when he had heard what the teacher said, from the lips of the painter, at a convenient season the king looked and saw just what the guru had said. Then King Nanda, by reason of his suspicion of sin in his virtuous wife, believed also that blame attacht to the blameless Çāradānanda. His eyes were blinded with anger sprung from the heat of his grief, and without stopping to think he commanded Bahuçruta to commit brahman-murder. The far-famed minister replied courteously to the king: "Great men have the power of knowing everything, here, there, and everywhere; do not decide without consideration whether to believe this or something else. A man ought to use his judgment; judgment works for the better." But thus address the king said, his lips trembling (with passion): "If you wish to do me a kindness, have the villain killed." [57]

In accordance with the king's command Bahuçruta took the brahman Çāradānanda right out of his house, and bound him before the people. Then, full of misgivings, he reflected: "Where is this man's sinful action? If the preceptor is slain without cause, then the king's glory would melt away. At any rate, who can tell in any way as to the actions of this brahman, whether they are righteous or unrighteous? So why this groundless excitement on the part of the king? Therefore I will let the present moment pass and make examination; the truth may come out gradually, as to whether he is wicked or blameless." Thus reflecting in his mind he hid that brahman in a cave in the earth, and kept him there concealed. But to the king he reported: "As I was instructed, O prince, I have brought it straightway to fulfilment, carrying out your majesty's commands." Hearing this King Nanda was silent. And he continued to rule the earth, overthrowing his enemies.

THE BRIEF RECENSION omits the story of the Jealous King, etc.

JAINISTIC RECENSION OF VI [This, in mss. of JR, is XI, embosht in Story 1

There was a city named Viçāla. In it lived a king named Nanda. He had a son named Vijayapāla, skilled in all the seventy-two arts; a minister named Bahuçruta, and a consort Bhānumatī. And this king was so enamored of the beauty of Bhānumatī that he gave no heed to his kingdom. When he went into the assembly-hall, Bhānumatī sat beside him. One time the minister said: "Sire,

1. If a king's physician, spiritual preceptor [guru], and minister always say pleasant things to him, he is speedily bereft of health, morals, and wealth.

Therefore I speak, tho what I have to say be not pleasant. O king, the queen's coming into the assembly is unseemly." Then the king said: "Minister, you say truly, but what am I to do? I cannot spend a single moment without her." The minister said: "Then cause Bhānumatī's likeness to be portrayed in a picture, and it shall be placed near you in the assembly." Then the king showed the queen's form to a painter, and he with the king's permission painted her form on a canvas, and gave it to the king. And the king gave it to his spiritual preceptor Çāradānandana, who was standing near him, for inspection. He, looking at the portrait, said: "The portrait is her portrait, but on her left thigh there is a mark-like-a-sesame-seed [tilaka], and this has not been depicted." Hearing this, a suspicion arose in the king's mind, to this effect: "How can he know? There must be a reason!" Then filled with anger the king said to the minister: "If you have my interests at heart, then put Çāradānandana quickly to death." But hearing this the minister reflected:

2. "What use were it to look for a serpent, black-colored from its mass of pigment, when it has dived beneath the waves of the Kālindī [the river Yamunā, Jumna], whose waters are dark with fragments of broken sapphires, were it not for the silvery jewels on the orb of the serpent's hood, that shine so bright? The very qualities by which the noble attain distinction also bring them to destruction."

Then the minister brought Çāradānandana to his own house, and reflected: "Who knows whether this is true or false? But it would mean the slaying of this eminent man, and would be a sin on the part of the king." Thus meditating he took counsel as follows:

3. "A wise man in performing any action, whether it be a virtuous or a wicked one, should carefully reflect on the results of it. The consequences of too hastily committed deeds torment the heart like a sharp-pointed weapon, even until death."

So he placed him in the cellar of his own house.

VII. Frame-story: Seventh Section

The jealous king and the ungrateful prince, Part 2

SOUTHERN RECENSION OF VII

After this on one occasion the king's son went forth to the forest to hunt. Just as he was departing a bad omen occurred. Namely:

1. An unseasonable rain, an earthquake also; a hurricane, and likewise a falling meteor; evil omens such as these took place then, and in addition the voice of a friend, to restrain him.

At that time the minister's son, Buddhisāgara, said: "Jayapāla, do not go to hunt today; a serious evil omen has occurred." Then Jayapāla said: "Well, today we shall find the basis of this evil omen." Said he: "King's son, a wise man should not test the validity of an omen of misfortune. And it is said:

2. A wise man should not eat poison, nor play with serpents, nor revile the companies of ascetics, nor antagonize brahmans."

Thus he would have restrained him. But the king's son did not heed his words and went forth. And again as he went forth the other said: "Jayapāla, the time of your destruction is at hand, for such a perverse disposition would not otherwise have appeared in you. And thus it is said:

3. Never created, nor seen nor heard of by anyone, was a golden doe; nevertheless (Rāma) the son of Raghu was eager to catch one [for Sītā]. When the fated hour of destruction arrives, the mind goes counter to reason.

However, how can destruction come until one has tasted the fruits of deeds already performed? And thus it is said:

4. There is no righteousness in harlots, no permanence in riches, no intelligence in fools, no destruction of (the effect of) deeds."

Then the king's son went into the forest. And after he had killed many animals, seeing a spotted antelope he followed it and entered the great jungle. And when he looked back, the whole company of his retinue was going along the road to the home city. And at that very time the spotted antelope disappeared. As he found himself alone, still mounted on his horse, he saw in front of him a beautiful lake. There he dismounted from his horse and tied the horse to a branch of a tree; and when he had drunk of the water he sat down in the shade of the tree. Then a very fierce tiger came up; and seeing the tiger the horse took to flight and came to the road to the city. But the king's son, his body all trembling with fear, seized hold of a branch and climbed into the tree. There he saw a bear which had climbed up first, and he was again terribly frightened. Then the bear said to him: "King's son, do not fear. Today you have come to me for refuge; therefore I will do you no harm. Trust in me, and do not be afraid of the tiger either." The king's son said: "O prince of bears, I was in great fear of danger and came to you for refuge; there-

fore there is great merit for you, in that you have protected a suppliant. And it is said:

5. All the ritual offerings, with complete princely fees (to the officiating priests), are not more than equal to the saving of the life of one living creature in fear of danger."

Thus the bear comforted the king's son. But the tiger came up under the tree. Then the sun set. At night when the king's son, being very weary, was going to sleep, the bear said: "King's son, sleep is coming upon you; you will fall out of the tree. So come up higher; sleep in my bosom." Thus addrest he went to sleep in the bear's bosom. Then the tiger said: "Bear, this village-dweller has again come to slay even us in the hunt. Seeing that he is an enemy, why do you harbor him in your bosom? For he is a man. And it is said:

6. What is for the interest of beasts is not for the interest of men; I speak not for the interest of tigers, apes, and serpents.

Tho he has been treated well by you, he will do you nothing but ill. Therefore throw him down; I will eat him and go away content, and do you also go to your own abode." Then the bear said: "Let him be whatsoever he will, but he has come to me for protection; I will not throw him down. To slay a suppliant is a great sin. And thus it is said:

7. Those who betray a trust and those who slay suppliants dwell in a terrible hell until the dissolution of the universe."

After this the king's son awoke. The bear said: "King's son, I will sleep a minute, do you keep guard carefully." "So be it," said he. Then the bear went to sleep beside the king's son. The tiger said: "King's son, do not trust this bear, for he is armed with claws. And thus it is said:

8. No trust may be put in rivers, in animals with claws or horns, in men carrying swords, in women, or in princes.

Moreover, you see he is inconstant of mind; therefore even his kindness is a thing to be feared.

9. One moment gracious, the next angry, and ungracious, moment by moment; even the kindness of those whose minds are capricious is a dangerous thing.

He is saving you from me because he wants to eat you himself. So do you rather throw down the bear; I will eat him and go away, and you too go to your own city." Hearing this the prince threw him down. But the bear as he fell from the tree caught on another, intervening branch. The king's son when he saw him was again greatly afraid.

Then the bear said: "O most base wretch, why are you afraid? You must yet taste the fruit of the store of deeds that you have laid up. Now then, you shall become mad [lit. 'a goblin'], and shall remain wandering about here, repeating the syllables sa, se, mi, rā."

Then the dawn came, and the tiger left that place; but the bear, having curst the king's son, went to his own abode. And the king's son wandered about in the forest repeating sa, se, mi, rā, being out of his mind. The king's son's horse came thence to the city without the king's son. And when the people saw the horse without his rider, they told the king that the horse had come back alone. Then the king called his minister and said: "O minister, when my son went forth to the forest to hunt there occurred a great omen of evil. Nevertheless he disregarded it and went forth. Its reliability has now been established; for the horse which he mounted has come back from the forest alone. Therefore we will go to the forest to look for him." Said he: "Sire, let us do so." So the king with his ministers and his court went out to the forest by the same road which he had taken. And he found his son in the middle of the forest, wandering about and saying sa, se, mi, rā, being out of his mind. And the king was plunged in a great ocean of grief. Then he took him and returned to his city, and summoned physicians skilled in amulets, charms, and drugs; but the youth was not restored by their treatment. At this time the king said to the minister: "O minister, if Āradānandana were here at this time he would cure this boy in an instant. But him I have killed without cause. Furthermore, whatever action a man performs, he should consider it carefully first. If he do not so, it is the greatest cause of misfortunes. And it is said:

10. In haste one should not perform any act; ill-considered judgment is the greatest cause of misfortunes. For Fortune itself, desiring good qualities, chooses of its own accord him who acts with deliberation.

And so:

11. One should not act without consideration, but should do only what has been well considered; otherwise remorse follows action, as in the case of the brahman-woman and the ichneumon [a well-known Pāñcatantra fable showing the danger of rashness].

However, at that time there was no one to stay me." The minister said: "What happened then is as it is; as a man's destiny is, just so his intellect develops. And it is said:

12. Just in accordance with destiny, even so, let it be known, are developed the intellect, the purpose, the concepts, and the companions of a man.

13. For that which is not to be, will not be; and that which is to be, will be, even without any effort. And that which is not destined to belong to a man is lost to him, tho he hold it in the palm of his hand."

The king said: "This has happened as a result of past deeds. Now I must make a great effort on behalf of this (my son)." The minister said: "How?" The king replied: "Have a proclamation made in the town, that half of the kingdom is granted to any man who shall cure the king's son." The minister, when he had caused this to be done, went to his own house and told the whole story to Āradānandana. When he heard all this Āradānandana said: "Minister, do you say to the king as follows: 'I have a certain young girl, who will find some means or other, if you will let her see him.'" Hearing this the minister spoke to the king as he was bidden. Then the king with his whole court came to the minister's house and sat down, and the king's son also sat down, saying sa, se, mi, rā. Hearing this Āradānandana, who was stationed behind a curtain, spoke a verse [which in the Sanskrit begins with the syllable sa]:

14. "What cleverness is there in deceiving those who are relying on one's goodness? What sort of heroism, pray, pertains to one who slays those that sleep in his bosom?"

Hearing this verse the king's son left off one of the four syllables [namely, sa, with which this verse begins]. Again he spoke a verse, the second [which begins with se]:

15. "By going to the bridge over the ocean, where the Ganges flows into the sea, (the sin of) the murder of a brahman may be removed, but a traitor to a friend may not be freed (from sin)."

Hearing this verse he said mi, rā, and left off two syllables [sa and se]. Then he recited the third verse [which begins with mi]:

16. "A traitor to a friend, an ungrateful man, and one who betrays a trust, these three go to hell for as long as the sun and the moon shall last."

Then he spoke only one syllable [namely, rā]. Straightway he recited the fourth verse [which begins with rā]:

17. "O king, if you desire your son's welfare, give gifts to the brahmans; the brahmans are the highest of the castes."

When Āradānandana had spoken thus the king's son became whole and in his right mind. Then he told his father the story of the bear. Hearing this the king said to Āradānandana:

18. "You dwell in the town, fair maiden, and surely do not go

into the forest; how is it that you know the conversation of bear, tiger, and man ? ”

Then from behind the curtain Āradānandana said:

19. “ By the grace of the Priest of the Gods [Bṛhaspati], Āradā [= Sarasvatī, goddess of wisdom] dwells in my tongue; therefore I understand, even as (I knew) the mark of Bhānumatī ! ”

When the king heard these words, in amazement he drew back the curtain and saw Āradānandana face to face. And the king and all the others made obeisance to him. Then the minister told the whole story of what he had done. Thereupon the king said to Bahuṣṛta the minister: “ Minister, by association with you I have escaped from both disgrace and misfortune. Therefore a man should cultivate acquaintance with the noble; he will obtain thereby both these advantages. For:

20. Intercourse with the noble averts both present distress and that which threatens in the future, even as the water of the Ganges which one drinks destroys (present) thirst and (averts impending) misfortune.

Moreover, thru you also my son has been saved from great trouble. A king should collect about him such excellent and highborn men as you, sir. And it is said:

21. A king who gets a hold upon a not-ignoble [nākulīna = na a-kulīna] (minister), as (does a snake-charmer) upon a snake hidden in an ant-hill [nāku-līna: a pun], — that king is praised, like an expert snake-charmer.”

Thus the king praised his minister with many and various eulogies, and, presenting him with garments and so on, continued his reign.

METRICAL RECENSION OF VII

Once this king's son Vijayapālaka, who was a gambler, a libertine, and an evil youth, went forth to hunt. Then a black crow, sitting on a dry branch, cried out harshly; a man anointed with oil met him face to face; there was seen before him a washerman carrying dirty clothes, and a cow who was deprived of her calf, bellowing loudly; a black snake ran before him, and a naked young girl, and without any (apparent) cause there were flying branches broken off from a tree that fell round about, and a disc thrown down by the hand of the Disc-bearer [Viṣṇu]. These evil omens and many others occurred. Then some of those who were present tried gently to prevent the hunt. But the king's son said to them: “ We shall see what result will come from the evil omens. You have failed in your purpose of keeping me from the pleasures of the hunt.” Then those well-wishers of the king's son spoke again in fitting words: “ A wise man should not eat poison, nor play with serpents, nor disregard omens, nor antagonize brahmins.” But tho they would thus prudently have restrained him, in his madness he went forth to hunt, and roamed far and wide over the forests with his company of hunters. Making the regions resound with the trumpet-

ings of elephants and the roar of lions, he plied with arrows all the deer and the other animals. In places the countryside was blockt with ropes, in others the water was defiled, in others fires were kindled, in others the earth was dug up (in making pit-falls); in others the host of runners advanst thru the woods with drawn bows (driving the beasts to slaughter). Thus he courst about bringing destruction to the animals by various devices. [25]

At this same time there came forth out of the mud a very swift boar, large as a mighty boulder, confusing the hunters by his impetuous rush; and when he entered into a mountain thicket, the prince, mounting on his horse, quickly followed after to kill him. In one part of the wood, which was soured [spoiled, disagreeable? amle] from the noonday heat, was the retinue, lost from the road; and in another part wandered the king's son, led astray by the boar. Then, heated by the scorching fury of the summer sun, overcome with thirst and weary, he came in sight of a lake. There, dismounting from his horse, he drank of the water (till it filled him) up to the neck, and tying his horse there he rested by himself under a tree. [35]

At that very moment a tiger of fearful aspect became visible just as he slowly emerged from the midst of the thicket. The horse waved his tail and stampd the ground with his hoofs in fright, and tore off the rope of his bridle, and so fled. But the youth, eager to save his life, climbed up in the great tree. The tiger however quickly ran up, smelling the human odor. In the top branch of that tree sat a bear, while at its base was the great tiger; and at the top of the trunk sat the youth, not daring to go either up or down, nor yet to stay where he was; sunk in an ocean of misfortune, because he was a man lost to virtue. Then the bear spoke to him with a human voice: "King's son, fear not, for I will be your protector; know that, tho an animal, I am one that adheres to the path of righteousness." Hearing this the king's son put away his fear. And the bear made room for him to climb up the trunk of the tree, and said "Come hither," and gave the king's son a seat by himself. Then the tiger remained at the base of the tree, eagerly hoping for his flesh. And after the sun set behind the crest of the sunset-mountain, darkness came on. Then in the middle of the night the bear said to the youth, who was overcome with sleep: "Drowsiness oppresses you; you will surely fall asleep, king's son. The tiger is standing below there, so you may sleep in my bosom." In accordance with these his words, so kind and friendly, straightway the prince laid his head on the bear's bosom, and gave himself up to slumber. Thereupon the tiger said to the bear, making friendship with him: "You and I are friends, for we are both ever roamers of the forest. Know that I am friendly disposed to you; and thrown down this man. He will furnish food for both of us, in great abundance. There is no trusting a man, especially a son of a king." Hearing these words of the tiger, the bear replied to him: "Let him be what he may, I have no concern in that. Since in his distress, frightened by you, he has betaken himself to me, and since I told him 'King's son, do not be afraid,' therefore I have no mind to destroy one who has come to me for refuge." [68]

Then when the king's son awoke from sleep, the bear said to him: "I will sleep a moment, and meantime do you keep watch, O youth." So speaking the bear went to sleep by his side. Then the tiger, with a show of friendliness, said: "O king's son, be prudent and do not put trust in this beast who is armed with sharp claws, especially since he is a flesh-eater. Remember that it has been said of old: 'One should not trust a wicked person, nor a creature armed with horns, claws, or tusks;' and by

all means act for your own interest. It is only thru fear of me that he is embracing virtue, and as soon as I have gone away, then he will kill you. The mind of every living creature is unstable by its very nature; not even a god can control (his mind); how then such a one (as the bear)? Now think over all this; throw down the bear; he will be food for me, and you shall go away in peace." Thus Vijayapāla was made uneasy by the tiger's words. And thinking the bear asleep, the foolish youth threw him down. But he, just as he fell, caught hold of a branch of the tree. For one whose character is righteous is never destroyed by any means. [86]

Seeing him, the king's son was greatly confounded and afraid; but the bear spoke to him as before, and again reassured him. "Whatever acts anyone performs in this world, whether they be good or evil, of them he reaps the fruit; therefore you shall surely receive your deserts. But I shall not do any harm to you in return (for this injury)." As the bear spoke these words the dawn was just breaking. The tiger went away into a mountain thicket, having failed of his purpose; the bear and the king's son together came down from the tree. Then the roamer of the forest curst the wretched evil-doer, saying: "Roam about like a goblin [that is, insane], muttering sa, se, mi, rā. And when some one shall thus [in verses beginning with these syllables] tell your experiences, then only, evil youth, shall you be free of the curse." Thus cursing him the animal thereupon went to his mountain cave; and the prince roamed about like a goblin, crying sa, se, mi, rā. [100]

Now when the citizens saw the horse of the king's son returning home with empty saddle, they suspected evil (and said): "Yesterday, when the king's son wanted to go hunting, evil omens occurred. Now that has certainly shown its results; the horse has come back alone, without the lad. We will go to the forest and search thoroly for the young man." Thus reflecting, the mighty King Nanda, accompanied by his host (of followers), quickly went forth to search for his son. They penetrated the jungle, and found the lad roaming about mad; and the warriors brought him to the city. To free his son from his madness the king undertook the performance of divine services, and the employment of amulets, charms, and drugs; but do what he might, the madness of his son remained as before. Knowing no further expedient for the case, the king said in despair: "Who pray except Āradānandana would be able to know and apply the remedy in such cases? And without any cause, in my folly, I have done harm to such a man. There was not a single person at that time to avert my anger." Then Bahuṛuta the minister said to the king: "Lord, such was destiny at that time, by the power of fate. By some means or other, sire, even if by giving everything to some one, we shall accomplish the desired result." So speaking he caused it to be publiht thruout the whole land, and had put up a sign on high in the palace: "Hear this true proclamation! Whoever will make the king's son whole, to him I will give half the kingdom." [126]

Bahuṛuta told all this to Āradānandana also, and the noble brahman made reply to him: "Tell this King Nanda that there is a seven-year-old daughter of Āradānandana, and she will accomplish what he desires." Thus address he told all that to the king, who came quickly to see the girl, accompanied by Bahuṛuta. Now in the same cave in the earth where Āradānandana was, there was arranged a contrivance to keep him from the sight of the eyes. And when the king was seated there, the mad prince also sat down in Āradānandana's presence, muttering sa, se, mi, rā. Then Āradānandana, concealed behind the curtain, spoke four verses, to free him from his

madness: "What cleverness is there in deceiving those who are relying on one's goodness? What heroism, pray, is there in the slaying of those that sleep in one's bosom?" [On this and the three following aphorisms, compare the SR versions, above.] [140]

When he heard these words, the lad dropt one syllable, and sat constantly repeating the three syllables *se, mi, rā*. And in delight at this the king's followers said: "It is a miracle!" And again that best of brahmans recited the second verse: "After beholding the bridge over the ocean, at the turning of the tip of the (rain-)bow, a brahman-murderer is releast from his sins; but a traitor to a friend is not releast."

Hearing the second verse, Vijayapālaka dropt the second syllable, and sat muttering *mi, rā, mi, rā*. And the king's attendants cried: "A great marvel is this!" Again he recited a verse, full of excellent meaning: "A traitor to a friend, an ungrateful ✓man, a thief, and one who violates the bed of his *gūru*, these four go to hell for as long as the sun and the moon shall last." [152]

And the youth kept saying only the single syllable *rā, rā, rā*. Then again the brahman clearly pronounst a stanza: "O king, if you desire the welfare of this your son, give gifts to the brahmans; for this is the way to avert evil."

And when Vijayapālaka heard these (four) stanzas he became whole, and told his father all the things that had happened in the forest. Then the king shook his head and lookt again and again at the front of that curtain; and in amazement quickly he went up to it, and said, with his eyes opened wide in astonishment: "How do you, fair maiden, being a dweller in the town, know what past between the bear, the tiger, and the man in the forest?" And again there came a voice from behind the curtain: "Give ear attentively, O king. Nothing anywhere is unknown to me. By the favor of the Lord of the Gods, the goddess of Speech [= *Sarasvatī*] is subject to my will; therefore everything is known to me, like the mole of *Bhānumatī*." As soon as he heard this, in great excitement King Nanda quickly threw aside the curtain and beheld *Çaradānanda*; and he was greatly rejoist. Then the king said to his minister in the presence of the people: "*Bahuçruta*, I have not a single benefactor like your honor. Solely by your excellent wit the murder of a brahman has been averted from me, and my son, skilled in the business of governing the kingdom, has been made whole. No recompense is to be found equal to this gift of (my son's) life. From now on I shall be able to conquer the three worlds with your aid." And honoring both his teacher *Çaradānanda* and his minister *Bahuçruta*, King Nanda ruled the world under their guidance.

THE BRIEF RECENSION omits the story of the Jealous King, etc.

JAINISTIC RECENSION OF VII [This, in mss. of JR, is XII, emboxt in Story 1

On another occasion the king's son Vijayapāla went to the forest to hunt, altho evil omens forbade it. Then pursuing a boar he strayed into some part of the jungle. Then, being tormented with thirst, and coming upon a certain pool, he drank of the water, and sat down, weary, under a tree that stood on the bank of the pool. At that time a tiger came that way, and the boy climbed up into the tree. Then an ape which was sitting up in the tree, and in which the divinity that dwelt in the tree resided, spoke to him with a human voice: "King's son, be not afraid, come up higher." Then the youth went up higher. And the evening came on. And at night,

perceiving that the lad was sleepy, the ape said: "The tiger is below; sleep in my bosom." Then when the lad was sleeping trustfully the tiger said: "Ho, ape! put no trust in a man; let go of him, and he will furnish food for you and for me." Then the ape said: "I will not violate a trust." So the tiger said no more. After a time the ape slept in the lad's bosom. Again the tiger said: "King's son, what trust can be put in an ape? For:

1. No trust may be put in rivers, in animals with claws or horns, in men carrying swords, in women, or in princes.
2. One moment angry, the next gracious — angry and pleased again moment by moment — even the kindness of those whose minds are capricious is a dangerous thing.

Therefore let go of him; he will be food for me, and you will be relieved of danger." Then in his confusion of mind the boy let the ape fall. But he caught on a branch midway in his fall. Seeing this the boy was ashamed. Then the ape said: "Youth, do not fear me; you yourself see what a deed you have done."

Meantime the dawn broke and the tiger went away. Then, to make the matter known to mankind, the ape in which that divinity had its seat caused the boy to repeat the sounds *vi, se, mi, rā*, and said: "Come down and go your own way." Then the youth, becoming mad as soon as the sounds *vi, se, mi, rā* were spoken, wandered about in the forest repeating those same sounds.

Now the young man's horse, terrified with fear of the tiger, ran from that place to the city. When he saw it the king, seeking the cause for his son's failure to return, went with his retinue into the forest to look for him. There he found the youth out of his mind, muttering the sounds *vi, se, mi, rā*, and took him to his city. Then when he found that his son was not restored by the use of all manner of amulets, charms, herbs, and other remedies, the king said: "If *Çaradānandana* were here now, what would I need to trouble about my son? But I myself have killed him." Thereupon the minister said: "O king, why grieve over what has once taken place? But let a proclamation by drum be made in the city, that whosoever makes the king's son whole, to him the king will give the half of his kingdom." Then the king caused the proclamation to be made in the city. This circumstance the minister told to *Çaradānandana*, who was staying in his cellar. But he said: "Go you and tell the king as follows: 'I have a certain seven-year-old girl, and if she is given a sight of the youth, she will find a means somehow or other.'" Then the minister told this to the king. And the king straightway took his son and went to his house. Then the king with his son and his attendants too sat down near a curtain which had been previously hung there. Then *Çaradānandana*, who had gone in behind the curtain, recited a verse [which in this version begins with *vi*, not *sa*; cf. SR and MR above]:

3. "What cleverness is there in deceiving those who put their trust in one? What sort of heroism, pray, pertains to one who slays those that sleep in his bosom?"

Then when he heard that verse the lad dropt the first syllable and kept saying *se, mi, rā*. Then next he recited the second verse:

4. "By going to the bridge over the ocean, where the Ganges flows into the sea, a brahman-murderer is releast from his sins, but a traitor to a friend is not releast."

When he heard this the prince kept repeating the two syllables *mi, rā*. Again he recited the third verse:

5. "A traitor to a friend, an ungrateful man, a thief, and one who betrays a trust, these four go to hell for as long as the sun and the moon shall last."

Again after hearing this the boy continued to say the one syllable *rā*. Once more (Çaradānandana) recited the fourth verse:

6. "O king, if you desire the welfare of the prince, give gifts to worthy persons. A householder is purified by gifts."

Then when the boy had heard the four stanzas he became whole, and told the story of the forest, the tiger, and the ape. And all were amazed at it. Then the king said:

7. "Maiden, you dwell in the town; how is it, pray, that you know the forest-adventures of ape, tiger, and man, O damsel?"

Then, still screened by the curtain, he said:

8. "By the grace of the Preceptor of the Gods [Bṛhaspati], Sarasvatī [goddess of wisdom] dwells on the tip of my tongue; therefore I know, O king, even as (I knew) the mole of Bhānumatī!"

By this verse a sufficient intimation was given to the king. Then he drew back the curtain and did reverence to Çaradānandana, and in great joy commended the minister, saying: "Blessings on you, who have saved me from brahman-murder, and saved the life of my son."

VIII. Frame-story: Eighth Section

Bhoja's first attempt to mount the throne

SOUTHERN RECENSION OF VIII

When the minister had told this tale to King Bhoja he said again: "O king, whatsoever king hearkens to the voice of his minister enjoys long life and prosperity." Then King Bhoja commended his minister, and presented him with garments and ornaments and other gifts. And taking that throne within the city, he caused to be erected there a hall with a thousand columns. And he had the throne set up in that hall, in an auspicious hour and at an auspicious moment. After this he was consecrated by the priests, who first recited a charm, using water from sacred pilgrimage-places together with divine herbs. His wives performed the lustration-ceremony [nīrājana] before him; many brahmans paid homage to him; bards sang his praises. Then he awarded gifts and honors to all the four castes, and gave all manner of largess to the poor, the blind, the deaf, the lame, the deformed, and so on. But when, distinguishd by the parasol and the chowrie (as emblems of royalty), the king put his glorious foot upon the head of one of the statues, the statue spoke to him with a human voice, and said: "O king, if you possess heroism, magnanimity, bravery, nobility,

and other virtues in like manner as *he*, then mount upon this throne." The king said: "O statue, in me too are found all the magnanimity and other virtues of which you speak; what one is lacking? I too grant to all suppliants what is suitable to each occasion." The statue said: "O king, this very thing is unseemly in you, that with your own lips you boast of what you yourself have given. He who makes much of his own virtues or other men's faults is nothing but a base man; but an upright man speaks not thus. And it is said:

1. It is a base man in this world who can proclaim the faults of others as if they were virtues in himself. Of his own virtues or others' faults truly a good man cannot speak. And again:

2. Nine things must never be revealed: age, wealth, a hole in the house-wall, a charm, a medicament, and sexual intercourse; also a gift, an honor, and a disgrace.

Therefore one must not himself praise his own virtues, nor revile others." When he heard the words of the statue, King Bhoja in amazement said to her: "You have spoken truly. One who praises his own virtues is nothing but a fool. It was certainly unseemly for me to boast of my own virtues. Do you tell of the magnanimity of him whose this throne was."

METRICAL RECENSION OF VIII

"Therefore whatever king possesses an excellent minister, if he heeds the minister's words, his kingdom shall thrive." Hearing this entertaining tale from the lips of his minister, King Bhoja was pleased; and he went to the city of Dhārā, taking the throne with him.

Here ends [in the manuscripts] the sixth section, called the Story of Nanda

Then in a palace surrounded by a thousand columns King Bhoja set up that wondrous throne, in a bejeweled hall. And the king quickly brought thither all the auspicious things which are declared to be fitting for the consecration of kings: yellow orpiment, and turmeric, and white mustard, and sandalwood; dūrvā flowers and shoots, and other auspicious objects. He caused the earth with all its seven continents to be portrayed on a tiger's skin, and in front of it placed a parasol, white-gleaming as the moon. Two fair jeweled staves he set up, and two shining chowries; and various swords and other sorts of weapons at the sides. The brahmans skilled in the four Vedas assembled from all around, and the bards and panegyrists, versed in genealogy, to the great festival; and auspicious lamps to perform the lustration-rite [nīrājana] for Bhoja were placed in golden vessels held in the hands of his son-blest wives. Various instruments of music were sounded countless times; the citizens all decked themselves out then for Bhoja's great festival; and soothsayers, knowing the three books [of the Jyotiḥśāstra, an astrological authority], came to fix the proper moment. And King Bhoja straightway had himself anointed and bathed, put on pure and

shining garments, took a beautiful sword in his hand, and paid reverence to his household gods. And at the moment prescribed by the soothsayers, touching auspicious objects, the earth-lord came forward to mount the throne. Then first putting down his foot upon the head of (one of) the statues that were fixt on all sides of the throne, which faced in all directions, he would have mounted it. But just as Bhoja, noblest of kings, thus attempted to mount upon it, at the moment when he set his foot down, the statue spoke unto him: "King Bhoja, if *such* great magnanimity is found in you, then you are worthy to mount upon this throne; not otherwise." Then said he to her: "What is the sign of magnanimity? I, when something merely pleases me, am wont to give away as much as a lac and a quarter [= 125,000]." Again the statue said to the king, smiling: "This in the first place is a fault in you, that you boast of your own gifts. Hard to find in the world is the man whose heart is truly magnanimous, whose lips are unable to praise the gifts and the prowess he has himself accomplished. But the man who brags is counted the lowest of all. Thus have the ancients spoken, extracting the entire essence of all the textbooks of conduct for the benefit of mankind: 'Nine things the prudent should not reveal: age, wealth, a hole in the house-wall, a secret, a charm, a charm, a medicament, a gift, an honor, and a disgrace.' Therefore a wise man must never speak of these things; by the mere mention of them a man is cheapened. Other people will declare it, whosoever has virtues, or faults; thus one shall know the fruits of each man, whether he be virtuous or the opposite." Again the king asked the statue thus: "Tell me who he was, to whom this throne belonged, and what was the nature of his magnanimity?"

BRIEF RECENSION OF VIII [This, in the mss., immediately follows BR V

When he had heard these words of the minister, the king was much gratified. And he took the throne and entered the city. Then he fitted up a marvelous hall of a thousand columns, and set the throne up in it. Then, determining an auspicious moment for mounting the throne, he caused to be collected all the materials for the royal consecration. He had dūrvā-grass and sandalwood and yellow orpiment and other auspicious objects brought together, and various kinds of fruits; he had the earth with its seven continents depicted on a tiger's skin, and set up beside it a sword, a parasol, and chowries. Brahmans skilled in the Veda and bards versed in genealogy were summoned, and mirth-making instruments of music were made ready. His virtuous wives, devoted to their spouse and fertile in sons, drew near holding flaming auspicious lamps (for the nīrājana, lustration-ceremony) in their hands. Then a soothsayer said: "O king, the moment is slipping away; make haste!" When the king heard this he moved forward to ascend the throne. As he was mounting the throne, there came a voice from one of the statues: "O king, you must not mount upon this throne. He who has magnanimity like Vikramārka's may mount upon it." The king said:

1. "When something merely pleases me I give away a lac of money, and not a bit less. I am generous; what man is more generous than I?

When I am pleased, I give away a lac and not a bit less. Tell me; who else is more magnanimous than I?" Then the statue said:

2. "Ignoble is this magnanimity of yours, since your majesty speaks of it yourself; who is there found so supremely blameworthy as you?

O king, he who, with his own lips, tells of his own gifts, is blameworthy. Therefore

if you boast that you are generous, and keep talking of your gifts, then you are certainly not worthy of praise." Then the king said: "Tell me, of what sort was Vikramārka's magnanimity?"

JAINISTIC RECENSION OF VIII

[This, in mss. of JR, is III

When he had brought (the throne) to the city of Dhārā, it was placed in a royal hall, which was furnished with the beauty of a thousand columns. Then in an auspicious moment he caused to be prepared all the paraphernalia of the royal consecration: water from various places of pilgrimage, the hundred and eight herbs, and many auspicious substances such as coagulated milk, dūrvā-grass, sandalwood, yellow orpiment, mustard, and turmeric; the fruits of many perennial trees bearing milky juices; the parasol, chowrie, sword, and other emblems of royalty; and auspicious lamps [for the nīrājana] held in the hands of his chaste wives, fertile in sons. And he caused the earth with its seven continents to be depicted on a tiger's skin. Then surrounded by his retinue of ministers, grand viziers, vassals, generals, and hosts of bards, and so on, the noble Bhoja himself, at an auspicious moment, was mounting the throne, when the first of the statues found on the throne spoke to him by divine dispensation with a human voice, and said: "O king, he who has magnanimity worthy of this throne, let him mount upon it, but no other, common, person." The minute they heard this the king's retinue were (as if) turned into painted statues [°citraputrikāyita°] adorned with pictures [°sacitra°]. But the noble Bhoja said:

1. "When something merely pleases me, O statue, I give away a lac and not a bit less; is there any one, is there any one else I say, generous in comparison with me?"

Again the statue said:

2. "Ignoble is this magnanimity of yours, since your majesty speaks of it yourself; who else is found so blameworthy as you?"

3. As a rule even a base man may become virtuous thru praising the virtues of others; but even Indra is debased by the praise of his own superiorities."

Hearing this the noble Bhoja was filled with shame, amazement, and fear, and said: "Fair one, whose was this throne, and what was his magnanimity?" Then the statue said: "O king, listen. Now first the origin of the throne. Namely:

[This is followed in JR by Section IV, which is II of the other recensions, given at page 12, above.]

[Here ends the Frame-story.]

[For the titles and places of the Sections added by the Jain Recension, see above, pages xi and xii.]

[The Stories of the Thirty-two Statuettes now follow.]

1. Story of the First Statuette

Vikrama's rule for giving in alms

SOUTHERN RECENSION OF 1

The statue said: "O king, this is Vikramārka's throne. And he, when his favor was won, was wont to give a crore [10,000,000] of pieces of gold to beggars.

1. At a look (from the king, a beggar) received a thousand pieces of money; at a word spoken, ten thousand; at a smile, a hundred thousand; and if his favor was won, the king gave a crore. If such magnanimity is found in you, then mount upon this throne."

Here ends the first story in Vikramārka's Adventures, or the Story of the Throne

METRICAL RECENSION OF 1

Then she told to King Bhoja the whole story: "This was formerly Vikramārka's throne. Your majesty gives a lac and a quarter to a suppliant only when your favor is won. Now hear then the natural magnanimity (needing no stimulation) of Vikramāditya. 'Merely at sight (of a beggar) I give a thousand pieces of gold; upon speaking (to one), ten thousand; if I smile, a lac [100,000]; and if my favor is won, a crore. Fulfil these instructions!' Having been once commanded thus, the governor of the treasury thereafter carried out all this plan, observing the prescription for each occasion.

I have described to you the magnanimity of the emperor Vikramārka. If you are capable of such actions, then mount upon this throne."

Filled with amazement upon hearing these words of the statue, and observing that the auspicious moment was past, the king stopt still.

Here ends the first story in the Thirty-two Tales of the Throne

BRIEF RECENSION OF 1

The statue said:

1. "To any beggar who is seen by him, the king will give a thousand niskas [a gold coin]; if he speaks with one, ten thousand; furthermore, to one at whose words he smiles, a lac [100,000]; but to one who wins his favor he will give a crore.' Thus King Vikrama once gave permanent instructions for all time to his treasurer.

O king, if there is such magnanimity in you, then you may ascend (the throne)."

Here ends the first story in the Thirty-two Tales of the Throne

JAINISTIC RECENSION OF 1

Now then, O king, hear first something of the natural magnanimity of this king.

In olden time the noble Vikrama was emperor in Avanti-city. Once upon a time a certain man of wretched appearance came into his assembly-hall and stood before

him, and said nothing at all. And seeing him standing thus, the king reflected as follows:

1. "A halting gait, timid voice, sweat all over his body, and excessive fright; all the signs that denote (approaching) death are visible in a beggar."

Then the king had a thousand *dināras* [= *niṣka*, a gold coin] given to him. And since even then he did not go, the king urged him to speak: "Sir, why do you not speak?" And he said: "O king,

2. Shame blocks me; my misfortune says 'beg, wretch! beg!'; but the door of my pride shuts on me, and the word 'give' comes not forth."

When he said this the king had ten thousand *dināras* given to him. Then again he asked him: "Tell me something marvelous." And he said: "Sire,

3. The poets say that the Fame of others is not genuine [or, punningly, as of a woman, 'not virtuous'], altho She does not leave the inside of their houses; but your Fame, altho She roams about at will in the three worlds, they nevertheless declare is genuine [virtuous]."

Then the king, delighted, had a lac [100,000] of *dināras* given to him. Then again the beggar said:

4. "The kings who rule their kingdoms collecting to their sides noble men, shall not come to disaster first, last, or meantime.

O king, in this connexion listen to the story of the minister *Bahuṛuta*. Namely:

[Here JR inserts the story of the Jealous King and the Ungrateful Prince, Sections XI and XII, transferred by us to p. 38 and p. 46. Then Story 1 continues:]

When he had heard this story, the noble *Vikrama* again had a crore of *dināras* given to him. And in his great delight he straightway gave this command to his treasurer, so that no question might need to be asked thereafter in such a case:

5. "To any beggar who is seen by me, Sir, give a thousand *niṣkas* [= *dināras*]; if I speak with one, ten thousand; to one at whose words I smile, at once a lac; but to one who wins my favor, a crore, depending on my command, on all occasions, O treasurer!" Thus King *Vikrama* established a fixed rule of generosity.

I have now told you of the native magnanimity of the noble King *Vikrama*. If such magnanimity is found in you, then mount upon this throne.

Here ends the first story in the Thirty-two Tales of the Throne

2. Story of the Second Statuette

The brahman's unsuccessful sacrifice

SOUTHERN RECENSION OF 2

When King *Bhoja* again approacht to mount the throne, another statue said: "O king, if the magnanimity of *Vikrama* is found in you, then mount upon this throne." King *Bhoja* said: "O statue, tell me a tale of this *Vikrama*'s magnanimity." She said: "Hear, O king.

Once when *Vikramāditya* was king he called his spies and said: "Messengers, do you, good sirs, travel about the earth, and wherever

in the world you observe any strange thing or any unusually distinguished place of pilgrimage, report it to me, and I will go thither." Now after the lapse of some time, once a certain messenger came back from his wanderings in foreign parts and said to the king: "O king, in a penance-grove near Mount Citrakūṭa there is a beautiful shrine. From the top of the mountain in that place flows a pure stream of water. If one bathes there, then he is freed from all his crimes, however great. But if ever a great criminal bathes there, the water flows off from his body exceeding black. Whoever bathes there becomes a righteous man. Moreover a certain brahman has been making offerings there in a great sacrificial fireplace, for no one knows how many years. Every day ashes are taken out of the fireplace (and heaped up) mountain-high. And this brahman does not speak with any one. This very remarkable place I have seen."

Hearing this the king, with the messenger as his sole companion, went to that place, and was overjoyed, and said: "Ah, this is a very pure spot; the World-mother dwells here in person. Upon seeing this place, my mind becomes perfectly pure." So saying, he performed a bath in air (instead of) water, and made obeisance to the deity. Then going to where the brahman was sacrificing, he said to the brahman: "How many years have past by, O brahman, since you began to make sacrifices?" The brahman said: "When the circle of the Seven Seers [the Great Bear] was in the first section of the lunar mansion Revatī, then I began to sacrifice. Now it is in the lunar mansion Aśvinī; it is a hundred years that I have been sacrificing. And yet the goddess has not become appeased." Hearing this the king worshipped the goddess, and himself cast an offering into the fireplace; but even then the goddess was not propitiated. Thereupon the king thought "I will make an offering with my own noble head," and put his sword to his throat. But at that moment the goddess checked his sword midway and said: "O king, I am appeased, choose a wish." The king said: "This brahman has been offering sacrifice for a long time; why are you not propitiated towards him, and why are you so quickly propitiated towards me?" The goddess said: "O king, he makes sacrifice indeed, but there is no soundness in his heart; therefore I am not propitiated. And it is said:

1. Prayer which is offered with the finger-tips, with the fingers crossed, or with thoughts wandering, these three kinds shall be without effect.

And so:

2. Not in a stick of wood is God to be found, nor in a stone, nor

in a piece of earthenware. For God is found in the heart; therefore the heart is the main thing.

Moreover:

3. With regard to a charm, a place of pilgrimage, a brahman, a god, a soothsayer, a remedy, and a preceptor, the success (derived from them) shall be according to one's faith (in them)."

The king said: "O goddess, if you are propitiated towards me, then fulfil the desire of this brahman." The goddess said: "O king, your majesty is a benefactor of others, like a mighty tree; you endure hardships with your own person, but avert toil from others. And it is said:

4. Great trees make shade for others, but stand themselves in the heat of the sun; they bear fruit also for others, not for their own profit.

And so:

5. For the benefit of others flow the rivers; for the benefit of others cows give milk; for the benefit of others trees bear fruit; for the benefit of others noble men use their powers."

Thus praising the king she gave the brahman his wish. Thereupon the king went to his own city.

Having told this tale the statue said to King Bhoja: "O king, if such magnanimity is found in you, then mount upon this throne."

Here ends the second story

METRICAL RECENSION OF 2

When the full time had arrived, as King Bhoja again approacht to mount the throne, the second statue said to him: "If you have heroism and magnanimity like Vikramāditya's, then, O king, you may mount this throne." "Of what sort were the heroism and magnanimity of King Vikramāditya? Tell me." Thus askt she related (this tale) to the king in the presence of his court. [6]

Protecting all his subjects, King Vikramāditya alone held sway over the united earth, girt about by the jewel-mine Ocean. Desirous of hearing tales of things encountered in travel, he made it his habit to learn everything from his spies, sparing himself no toil. Once a certain spy came back and reported to the king all about his wanderings and what he had seen in them. "Sire, at Mount Citrakūṭa there is a great shrine, and a penance-grove with many far-famed trees. And there is a great temple, fashioned of very precious stones of Mount Meru; raised on high it shines like Bhavāni. Upon the top of that mountain there is a stream of water from the Heavenly River, by which the virtues and sins of those who bathe in it may be known. A drop (of this water) flows white as milk on the body of one who is free from sin; but if an evil man bathes in it, then the water on him is like lamp-black. There a certain brahman is even today constantly making offerings; and I know not for how long a time past, nor the reason for it. From his sacrificial fireplace there has been cast forth an enormous pile of ashes, which stands there like a monstrous mountain with lofty peak.

Because of his (vow of) silence he will not speak with any one. Such a pilgrimage-place have I seen, Sire, at that mountain." [26]

Then the king said to him: "I am anxious to see it. Do you go before, and we two will go to where that noble brahman is." So with only that spy as companion the king came quickly to that mountain, which was great in asceticism thru perfection of ascetic virtue. And he saw there the shrine, adorned with a great temple, and provided with an encircling wall with four entrances. Thereupon the state of his soul became pure there. This place of pilgrimage would purify the heart even of a wicked man, how much more such a man (as Vikramā)! And when he had bathed in the virtuous water of the river, which the spy showed him, and had paid honors to the great deity, he went to see the brahman. And finding him in a sacrificial house, offering bilva-fruits together with honey in the fire, Vikramāditya asked him: "Reverend sir, how many years have past since your worship has been sacrificing here? Tell me all." Thus spoke the king to the brahman. (He replied:) "Hear, noble sir. A hundred years have past since I have been persisting in staying here, making these sacrifices constantly and laboriously. My resolution not to give up offering until I behold the full fruit of my endeavor, has been in vain; the goddess is not propitiated." [44]

Hearing this the king, having concentrated himself, offered a bilva-fruit himself, together with honey, in the kindled fire of sacrifice. Then, perceiving that the goddess was still not propitiated, the king resolved that he must cut off his head and offer it. But when he put his sword to his throat and started to cut off his head, the goddess checked him by the hand and said: "Choose an excellent boon for yourself; do yourself no harm, my son. I am a granter of wishes; I have come to give you your desire, no matter how hard to attain." Thus commanded by her, the king courteously said: "O goddess, why are you not gracious towards this brahman, who has been painfully sacrificing for so long a time to propitiate you, and why (are you gracious) towards me at once, as soon as you catch sight of me? Tell me the reason." Thus asked by the king, the goddess explained to him truthfully: "O possessor of the heroic energy of virtue, hear the reason. There is no single devotion to me in his heart, even tho' he is sacrificing. Therefore he achieves no successful fruition. This is said in regard to prayers: 'Prayer which is offered with the finger-tips, with the fingers crost, and with the thoughts on something else, all that shall be without effect.' There is a lack of heart [or, genuineness] in the mind of this brahman, you see. 'Not in a stick of wood is God to be found, not in a stone nor in gold; but He is found in a pure heart. Therefore the heart is the main thing.'" [65]

Hearing these words of the goddess the king said: "O goddess, let these people know the fruit that attends upon your favor. Surely you have already said 'King, choose a wish'; and certainly the gods never need repeat what they have once said. 'Kings speak but once; gods speak but once; once is a daughter given in marriage; these three things happen only once.' Now then, O goddess, give me this wish, which I choose; fulfil the desire of yonder brahman, who has been troubled so long." The goddess said: "So be it," and duly gave the brahman what he desired. And straightway she disappeared, while the brahman, delighted, went to his own abode, and King Vikramāditya went back to his city.

"If such heroism and magnanimity are found in you too, King Bhoja, then mount upon this throne," said the statue.

Here ends the second story

BRIEF RECENSION OF 2

Then on another occasion, when the king was mounting the throne, the second statue said: "O king, let him mount upon this throne who has courage and magnanimity like Vikramārka's." Then the king said: "Tell me a story." The statue said: "Hear, King Bhoja!

Whoever told him a marvelous tale, full of strange and wondrous things, to him King Vikramārka was wont to give a thousand nīskas. Now at this time there came a man from abroad, and said: "O king, I have come from abroad. There is a mountain Citrakūṭa. And there a beautiful penance-grove is located. In it there is a goddess who fulfils wishes. There a certain brahman has been making sacrifices, for no one knows how long a time, all by himself in the forest; and even when spoken to he does not speak. Water flows forth there from the middle of the mountain. If anyone bathes in that stream, it shows a distinction between the good and the wicked." So hearing his story the king went to that place. With sword in hand and uncovered feet the king arrived at the shrine. When he had duly bathed in the sacred water and visited the divinity, he went to the house of sacrifice, where the brahman was making offerings. Then he saw piles of ashes which he had cast out, almost mountain-high. And the king said: "Brahman, for how long a time has your reverence been sacrificing?" The brahman said: "O king, it is hundred years; and still the goddess is not propitiated." Then the king with his own hand made an offering in the fire; but even then the goddess was not propitiated. Thereupon the king was about to offer his own head by cutting it off with his sword; but now the goddess became propitiated, and said: "O king, choose a wish." The king said: "Why are you not propitiated towards this brahman, who has suffered for so long a time?" The goddess said: "Because this brahman's thoughts are not concentrated. And it is said:

1. Prayer which is offered with the finger-tips, with the fingers crost, or with thoughts wandering, all that shall be without effect.
2. God is not to be found in a stick of wood, nor in a stone, nor in a piece of earthenware. God is found in the heart; therefore the heart is the main thing."

The king said: "If you are propitiated, O goddess, then fulfil the desire of this brahman." Then the goddess fulfilled the brahman's wish. The king returned to his own city, and the people greeted him with shouts of "Hail, hail!"

Such was the story which the statue told. "O king, if you have such magnanimity, then you may mount upon this throne."

Here ends the second story

JAINISTIC RECENSION OF 2

Then at another time, when King Bhoja had caused complete provision to be made for a royal coronation and was about to ascend the throne, the second statue spoke thru divine power with a human voice, and said: "O king, if you have magnanimity like Vikramāditya's, then take your seat upon this throne." When the king asked: "Of what sort was that magnanimity?" the statue said: "In the words of the verse:

1. With a brahman who for a hundred years had been offering prayer and sacrifice before the goddess, in spite of it she was not satisfied; so the king, having pity on him, went there and would have offered his own head; but she,

becoming appeased, restrained him with the words "I am satisfied!" And then that noble Vikrama caused her to give *him* the boon.

In Avantī-city, the noble King Vikrama. Once upon a time he sent forth his men to seek out wonders upon the face of the earth. One among them returned, and said to the king: "Sire, on Mount Citrakūṭa there is a certain temple, and round about it a penance grove. And before it there flows a certain river. If any righteous and spotless man bathes therein, upon his body the water appears white as milk. But if any wicked and vile man bathes in it, then upon his body the water appears like lamp-black. And there a certain magician is performing prayers and sacrifices and the like; but the goddess is not satisfied with him." Hearing this King Vikrama out of curiosity went to that place. And when he had bathed in the river and made proof of his spotless character, he did homage to the deity, and then went to see the magician. Then the king asked him: "Sir, how long a time is it that you have been performing your rites?" Said he: "For a hundred years I have been doing so, but the goddess is not satisfied." Hearing this the king reflected:

2. "If the noble can perform any service for others with their life-breath, which in any case must perish at death, then is death for them immortality."

Then the king fixed his mind upon the goddess, and putting his sword to his throat was about to cut off his head, when the goddess appeared before him and stayed him by the hand, and said: "I am propitiated; choose a wish." Then the king said: "Tell me first why you so quickly became gracious towards me, but are not gracious towards him even after such a long time." She said: "He has not the right quality [or, heart]. For:

3. Prayer which is offered with the finger-tips, with the fingers crost, or with thoughts wandering, all that shall be without effect.

4. With regard to a charm, a place of pilgrimage, a preceptor, a god, a sooth-sayer, a dream, and a remedy, the success (derived from them) shall be according to one's faith (in them)."

Hearing these words of the goddess, the king thought:

5. "Not in a stick of wood is God to be found, nor in a stone or a piece of earthenware. God is found in the heart; therefore the heart is the main thing."

Then the king, his heart filled with piety and his mind with the essence of benevolence, replied to the goddess: "Madam, if you are satisfied with me, then grant the desire of this brahman, who has been troubled for such a long time." And the goddess agreed. Having given the goddess's boon thus obtained to that brahman, the king went to his own kingdom. And his entrance to the city was celebrated with a festival.

Therefore, King Bhoja; if you have such magnanimity, then mount upon this throne in peace.

Here ends the second story in the Thirty-two Tales of the Throne

3. Story of the Third Statuette

The sea-god's gift of four magic jewels

SOUTHERN RECENSION OF 3

And when the king was again mounting the throne, another statue said: "O king, this throne may be mounted (only) by him who has the magnanimity of Vikrama." Bhoja said: "O statue, tell me a tale of his magnanimity." She said: "Hear, O king.

There was no king in the round world like Vikramārka. In his heart never arose the question "is this man a stranger, or does he belong to my side?" On the contrary, he protected the whole universe. And it is said:

1. It is a mark of small minds to balance the question "is this man one of mine own, or a stranger?" But to men of noble character nothing less than the whole earth is their family.

Moreover, in boldness, heroic exertion, and vigor he had not his like. Therefore Indra and all the other gods gave him aid. And it is said:

2. Courageous activity, boldness, vigor, insight, strength, and valor — whoever possesses these six, even a god is afraid of him.

Furthermore, O king, whoever fulfils the desires of his suppliants, God will accomplish his wishes. And thus it is said:

3. If men make a firm resolve, God grants their desires; even as Viṣṇu with his disc and his garuḍa-bird (helped) in the weaver's fight.

4. If a man be resolute, prompt in action, knowing his business, not addicted to vices, bold, grateful for favors, and steadfast of purpose, Fortune herself seeks him out to dwell with him.

Thus King Vikramārka was the dwelling-place of all virtues, and was crowned with all blessings. One time he reflected in his heart: "Ah, unprofitable is this round of existence; no one knows what will happen to any one, nor when. Therefore the wealth that a man has acquired is fruitless unless he uses it and gives it away. In fact the only value of wealth consists in giving it away to worthy persons. Otherwise it is simply wasted. And it is said:

5. Almsgiving, enjoyment, and waste are the three ways of applying money. For one who does not give alms nor spend it in enjoyment, only the third way is left. And so:

6. If one has wealth he should enjoy it and give it away, not hoard it; behold here how the wealth stored up by the bees is taken away by others.

7. Enjoy and give away your wealth; pay respect to those that deserve it, and do favors to the virtuous. Fortune is as unsteady as the flame of a lamp flickering in a very strong breeze.

8. Liberal giving is the real way to save the wealth one has acquired; it is like an outlet-valve for water stored up within a (dammed-up) pool."

Thus reflecting he determined to make a sacrifice and give away all his property in fees. After the artisans had built a beautiful hall at his command, he collected all the materials for the sacrifice, and invoked the divine seers, the gandharvas, the yakṣas, the siddhas, and so on. And the brahmans assembled, and all the princes and kinsmen were summoned. At this time a certain brahman was sent out to the seashore to invoke the sea. And when he came to the shore of the sea he performed the sixteen-fold worship with perfumes and flowers and so forth, and said: "O sea, King Vikramārka is performing a sacrifice, and I have come, sent by him, to invite you." So saying, he cast a handful of flowers into the water and stood still a moment; but no one made answer to him. Then he turned back; and as he was returning to the city, some one in the form of a brahman, with a resplendent body, came up to him and said: "Brahman, you were sent by Vikrama to summon me. Now then the honor he has paid me has reached me. This is the very mark of a friend, the giving of gifts and marks of respect at suitable times. And it is said:

9. Giving and receiving, telling secrets and asking about them, entertaining and being entertained; these are the six marks of friendship.

Moreover, it is not true that friendship dies between those who are far away and thrives only among those who are near. Affection alone determines it. And it is said:

10. Even one who is afar off is near, if he dwells in the heart; and one who is far off by the heart's measurement is far off, even if he be at hand.

And so:

11. The peacock is on the mountain, the cloud in the sky; the sun is a hundred thousand leagues away, the lotus in the pool; the moon is at a distance of two hundred thousand leagues, the night-lotuses on the earth; if friendship exist, there is never any such thing as distance.

Therefore by all means would I come. Now I too have an errand for you. I will give this king four priceless jewels, whose powers are as follows. One jewel gives whatever object of wealth is desired. With the second

food and victuals like nectar are produced. From the third can be derived a complete army with its four subdivisions of elephants, horse, chariots, and infantry. From the fourth are produced most beautiful clothing and ornaments. So take these jewels and give them into the king's hands as a gift from the Ocean, with his deep affection." Thereupon the brahman took those jewels and came to Ujjayinī. Now a long time had thus past, and in the meantime the sacrifice had all been completed, and the king had performed the purificatory bath and had satisfied the desires of all the people. When the brahman beheld the king he gave him the jewels and told him their several powers. Then the king said: "Brahman, the time of the giving of sacrificial fees was past when your worship arrived; I have already given satisfaction with fees to all the assembly of the brahmans. So do you take one jewel from among these four, whichever pleases you." The brahman said: "O king, I will go home and ask my wife, my son, and my daughter-in-law, and will take the one which pleases all." The king said: "Do so." So the brahman came to his own house and told them all that had happened. Hearing this the son said: "We will take the gem which gives a complete army; it will then be easy to win a kingdom." The father said: "A wise man should not seek for a kingdom. For:

12. Let a man think of the exile of Rāma, the humiliation of Bali, the forest(-wandering) of the sons of Pāṇḍu, the destruction of the Vṛṣṇi-clan, Nala's disaster, Bhīṣma's (slow death while) lying on (a bed of) arrows, the incarnation of Viṣṇu as a dwarf, then the slaying of Arjuna; and let him consider how the Prince of Ceylon [Rāvaṇa] came to grief because of kingship; so let him not desire that!

So we will take the one from which wealth is obtained. Thru wealth everything is acquired. And it is said:

13. In this world there is nothing that may not be attained thru wealth; therefore the wise man who perceives this should strive only for money."

His wife said: "Let the jewel be chosen from which food seasoned with all the six flavors may be obtained. Food alone is the support of the life of all living beings. And it is said:

14. Food is ordained by the Creator to sustain the life of mortals. A wise man should not disregard that ordinance and seek for anything (else)."

The daughter-in-law said: "Let the jewel be chosen which produces garments and ornaments and so on.

15. One should adorn the body with ornaments according to the full extent of one's resources, in order to perfect one's beauty and loveliness, that one's life and fortunes may prosper.

16. Gems and the like constantly increase one's attractiveness among friends, and are an ornament on occasions of festivity; even the gods take pleasure in the wearing of ornaments."

Thus a quarrel among the four ensued. Then the brahman went back to the king and told him what had occurred among them. And hearing this the king gave that brahman all four jewels.

Having told this story the statue said to the king: "O king, magnanimity is an inborn virtue, not an adventitious one [literally, one that is due to conditions]. For:

17. Magnanimity is an inborn quality, just as fragrance in campaka-flowers, beauty in pearls, and sweetness in sugar-cane. If such magnanimity is found in you, then mount upon this throne."

Here ends the third story

METRICAL RECENSION OF 3

Again seeking out a (favorable) moment to mount the throne, King Bhoja drew near to the third statue, when she said to him: "O king, if there is in you such magnanimity as there was in Vikramāditya, then mount upon this throne." Thus address the king then askt with a kindly voice: "Fair one, recite for me a charmingly-worded eulogy with your own lips." Thus urged by him the statue further said: [7]

When King Vikramāditya was ruling the earth he showed great and single zeal for righteousness; he was bold, and constantly devoted to the interests of others; and he never stopt to consider whether it was possible or impossible to accomplish an undertaking. 'Courageous activity, boldness, vigor, strength, insight, and valor — whoever possesses these six, even a god is afraid of him.' 'If men make a firm resolve, the gods come to their aid, as Viṣṇu with his disc and his garuḍa-bird in Kāulika's fight.'

"How was that? Tell me." Thus address (by Bhoja) she told a marvelous tale, delighting the hearts of the audience in the hall.

Embozt story: Kāulika (The Weaver) as Viṣṇu

On the Vindhya mountain there was a city named Pratāpaviṣāma. There dwelt a king Brhatsena, whose daughter was Sulocanā. A rogue named Kāulika was enamored of her. And he considered: "How can I be united with her, since she is in the palace?" There was a certain skillful artisan, and he quickly made a car-of-Viṣṇu out of wood, and a disc (like Viṣṇu's), with a cord to guide it; and so, with this accoutrement, that Kāulika rode thru the air, and visited Sulocanā, the love-smiling maiden, even in the palace. "Know that I am Viṣṇu, fair one, come hither for your

sake." Thus tricking the girl, he came every day thru the air, and for a long time lived with her in joy, with the consent of Brhatsena. The king, being deceived and thinking that the rogue his son-in-law was Viṣṇu, stirred up many quarrels with powerful kings. And they, simply thru fear of Viṣṇu, long endured his insolence; but one time they all banded together and took counsel with one another: "This villain Brhatsena has Viṣṇu for a son-in-law; therefore we gave tribute gladly. But since the scoundrel is now unwilling (to accept that), and goes so far as to threaten our lives, therefore death in battle is preferable." Thus deciding they straightway besieged his city with their armies. But Brhatsena in his insolence went forth fearlessly from his stronghold and fought single-handed against the many kings with their mighty forces. And when his warriors were beaten by the heroes, Brhatsena himself, wounded, barely managed to get back to the city, and told his daughter of his own discomfiture. And she in grief went to her husband with an entreaty: "You, even Viṣṇu, are my husband; ward off this disaster from my father." Thus the poor foolish girl entreated the rogue, falling down before him. And he, not being able to devise any further expedient, and expecting nothing but his own death, mounted on his mechanical garuḍa-bird and took his wooden disc in his hand, and graspt the guiding cord of the mechanism, and went thru the air upon it, shouting "Fly, fly, I am Viṣṇu!" Now as the opposing hosts were straightway girding themselves for battle, Viṣṇu, the Lord of the World, whose couch is the serpent Ćeṣa, reflected: "If this man, who has assumed my form and declared himself to be Viṣṇu, is killed by his enemies, then the fame of Viṣṇu will be brought to naught." Thus meditating the Bearer of the Disc came with his garuḍa-bird, and scattered the opposing forces, and returned again to his own seat. The rogue, seeing the unexpected rout of the enemy, came back and announst the victory to his father-in-law. Therefore if any man whatsoever resolutely undertakes to accomplish his ends, God himself comes to his aid; how much more in the case of a righteous man?

End of emboszt story: Kāulika (The Weaver) as Viṣṇu

King Vikramāditya was always vigilant and walkt in the path of righteousness; and his kingdom prospered. Once he reflected: "Truly wealth is perishable, but if divided up with the knife of benevolence it abides a long time. If a man is full of benevolence there is never any destruction of his wealth, or if ever there be any, it always results in greater prosperity. 'Wealth is like a cloud, in that one cannot at all observe its course — either where it comes from in collecting, or whither it departs in dispersing.'" [65]

As he was thus reflecting in his heart, the king undertook by a horse-sacrifice to propitiate the gods, at the same time winning the favor of the lords of the earth [the princes]. He prepared all the necessary provisions, and built many halls (of sacrifice); and the gods and other divine creatures came together to behold him in his devotions. Complete provisions were collected, and the earth-lords [princes] were called together, and the gods, gandharvas, yakṣas, and their like gathered from all sides. But the Lord of Rivers [the Ocean], tho summoned by an excellent brahman in accordance with the king's instructions, remained silent and would not come. Then much disgusted the brahman reproacht himself: "Who else, even if insane or possest of a demon, was ever appointed to such an errand as this? Whom have I come here to invite, and who is there that will answer me? Or how has the water

ever before made reply when anything was said to it? A place where there is no such thing as respectful salutation, where there is no melodious conversation, no tales about virtues and faults, that place, and were it heaven, is not to be visited. A man is a fool to come to such a place. By command of the king I have come, and now I have done my duty." Saying this in a loud tone the brahman turned back disappointed.

Then the sea, assuming a handsome form, appeared to him, and addressing the noble brahman spoke affectionately and pleasantly: "This invitation has been sent me by my friend the king. This now is appropriate among friends, and it is such persons who *are* friends. The purpose which this king and I cherish, *that* no other person knows wholly, even if we tell it. Tho we are far from each other, yet we are always near; therefore our hearts are always disposed towards mutual affection. 'Even one who is afar off is near, if he dwell ever in the heart; and one who is near is afar off, if he dwell not in the heart.' 'The peacock is on the mountain, the cloud in the sky; the sun is a hundred thousand leagues away, the lotus in the pool; the moon is at a distance of two hundred thousand leagues, the night-lotus in the lake; if one has friendship for another, for him there is no such thing as distance.' Therefore it is that we have come to you now, wise sir. Take these four jewels and go to the king. One of them produces a quantity of gold night and day; the second, a complete fourfold army bringing victory over all enemies; another, an abundance of cooked food, varied and well-seasoned; and the last gives precious garments and ornaments, as much as one desires." [103]

So speaking the incomparable Ocean gave the brahman the four jewels and sent him away. He went back to Vikramāditya, who had already finished his sacrificial festival. And when he had informed the king of the honors paid to the sea, he gave him the four jewels and told him their powers. Pleased with this, the king said respectfully to the brahman: "Do you take one of the four jewels." Hearing this the priest was delighted, and said to his patron: "I will consult with my wife, my son, and my daughter-in-law before choosing." As the king consented, saying "Very well," he went to his own house, and told them all about the jewels. His son then said: "This is the most desirable jewel; from it an army can be conjured up. In that case we should enjoy royal splendor with great ease." Said his father: "You have a high opinion of kingship! It is based wholly on wealth; therefore let us have the jewel that gives money." Thereupon his wife said to him: "What use is there in kingship, or the other either? Food is the life of mortals, therefore the jewel that gives cooked food is the best." The daughter-in-law said: "Let it be the one that gives clothing and precious jeweled ornaments, as much as one desires; the others are useless." So they fell to quarreling with one another, and a strife arose. By this the heart of the brahman was saddened, and he went back to the presence of the king, the patron of the horse-sacrifice, and gave the four jewels into his hand, and in answer to his question told about the quarrel within his home. Hearing this the king gave him all four jewels, saying: "If I do this, let the strife in your house cease at once."

O king, if any one at any time shall possess such immutable magnanimity, he will be worthy to mount this throne; no one else!

Thus telling a tale to Bhoja, the Indra of the earth, the statue cleverly caused the favorable moment to pass by.

Here ends the third story

BRIEF RECENSION OF 3

Now the king again sought out a favorable moment; and when he approacht to mount the throne, the third statue said: "O king, you must not mount upon this throne. Let him who has magnanimity like Vikramārka's mount upon it." Said the king: "Tell me a tale of him." The statue said: "O king, listen.

In the kingdom of this Vikrama nothing was wanting. The king reflected: "This great rulership of mine is not concerned with the future life. Therefore I will worship Parameṣvara [Śiva]; for thru Him success in both worlds is obtained. My accumulated wealth will give me long life if I give it away to the gods, reverend persons, and brahmans. Otherwise no one knows what course money may take. And it is said:

1. Wealth is like a cloud, in that one cannot at all observe its course — either where it comes from in collecting, or whither it departs in dispersing."

Meditating thus the king undertook a sacrifice. He made complete sacrificial preparations, and collected all the things for the offerings, and summoned the companies of the divine seers, and the gandharvas, and the brahmans and priests skilled in the four Vedas. Then he sent out a certain brahman to invoke the sea. And the brahman came to the shore of the sea, and cast perfumes and unhuskt corn into the water, and said: "Come with your household to King Vikramārka's sacrifice." After that the Ocean came up to the brahman and said: "Brahman, the king has invited me, and I am gratified by the honor. However, I am unable to go. Deliver these four jewels to the king. Know that the powers of the jewels are as follows: one affords as much wealth as you can think of, the second gives whatever food is desired, the third produces a complete fourfold army and destroys enemies, the fourth affords jewels." So speaking he gave them to him. Taking them the brahman returned to the king's house, and gave the jewels into the king's hands, telling him their powers. Said the king: "Brahman, take whichever jewel you wish from among these four." He replied: "Sire, I will make up my mind at home." So speaking the brahman went home; and there a quarrel arose between him and his wife, his son, and his daughter-in-law, saying "take this one, take this one!" The brahman was distressed by this; so he gave the jewels back into the king's hand again, and told him the circumstances: "A quarrel has arisen among all four of us; so let your majesty rather take the four jewels." The king, having taken thought, gave all four jewels to the brahman. And the priest went home filled with joy.

When she had told this story, the statue said: "King Bhoja, if there is such magnanimity in you, then you may mount upon this throne."

Here ends the third story

JAINISTIC RECENSION OF 3

Again on another occasion, when King Bhoja had made all the preparations for the coronation and was mounting the throne, the third statue said with a human voice: "O king, he mounts on this throne who has magnanimity like Vikramāditya's." And when the king asked "Of what sort was that magnanimity?" the statue said: "O king, in the words of the verse:

1. The king thru the mouth of a brahman summoned the sea to a religious festival. The sea was gratified, and presented him with four jewels, giving the

power of producing gold, food, gems, and an army. The king said (to the brahman): "Take one of those, whichever you wish." But when a quarrel arose in the brahman's household, he gave him all the others also.

In Avantī-city, the noble King Vikrama. And he was endowed with exceptional courage and magnanimity. For:

2. Courageous activity, boldness, vigor, strength, insight, and valor — whoever possesses these six, even a god is afraid of him.

3. If men make a firm resolve, the gods come to their aid, as Viṣṇu with his disc and his garuḍa-bird in the weaver's fight.

One time the king reflected: "At present the fortune of my kingship is great, but no one understands the coming and going of fortune. For:

4. Wealth is like a cloud, in that one cannot at all observe its course — either where it comes from in collecting, or whither it departs in dispersing.

And this is the way to make fortune stable:

5. By generosity a saintly and earnest man can wipe out the mark of poverty originally written by Fate on the brows of beggars, and can make it appear as if the noble men of ancient and bygone times were again visible before the eyes; he changes an evil age into an age of culture, and makes fortune, naturally fickle, as stable as the moon."

Thus reflecting the king instituted a charitable and religious festival. He honored all people who showed themselves worthy by their knowledge, their religious performances, their asceticism, or their artistic skill. He gave gifts to the helpless, the poor, and the feeble, as much as they asked. He recast all of his eighteen classes of subjects from paying tribute. He invoked the deities of heaven, of hell, of sea and land, of the towns, and the cities; the divinities that protect the fields; the rulers of the four quarters and the lokapālas ['world-protectors,' four chief gods], and all the other divinities; he desired the attendance of them all, and he made his disposition of the various offerings and honors, and all the rest (of the sacrificial preparations). He sent out his servants in all directions to summon all the gods, and pray for their attendance. Among them a certain brahman was sent to the ocean to desire the attendance of the Sea-god. And when he came to the shore of the sea, he threw into it perfumes and unhusked barley-corns, and praised the sea:

6. "How can we tell the glory of the Sea? For he is himself the native home of Glory (Çrī, wife of Viṣṇu; she sprang out of the ocean). How can his greatness be described? For sacred lore declares that the Earth [mahī, literally 'great one'] is his island [or, continent]. What charity is this of his? The world is supported by the clouds — which receive alms from him! What account can be given of his might? When he is shaken, the end of an aeon [kalpa, age of the world] is at hand."

As he stood there, having offered this praise and these presents, the Sea-god appeared before him and said: "Sir, I am gratified by the invitation of the noble Vikrama. Tho he is far from me, he is dear. For:

7. Separation depends upon the severing of the bonds of love, and it never in the world occurs between noble persons who are full of virtues. Does the moon, tho it is far away and cut off by a veil of clouds, lose its affection for the clusters of night-lotuses?

Take these four jewels and give them to my friend Vikrama. And their powers are as follows. By means of one (may be obtained) any desired wealth, by the second any desired food, by the third a complete four-fold army, by the fourth any desired ornaments." So taking these jewels the brahman returned. By that time the great festival was completed. He gave the jewels to the king, and told him their powers. Then the king, thinking that he had received no fee, said: "Take one jewel for yourself." He replied: "I will take the one which meets with the approval of my family — my wife, my son, and my son's wife." So speaking he went home and asked his family. Then his son said they should take the jewel that gave a complete four-fold army, the brahman himself the wealth-giving one, his wife the food-giving one, and his son's wife the one that furnished ornaments. Thus a quarrel arose among them. Dejected on this account, the brahman took all the jewels back to the king, and told him of their different desires. Thereupon the king, being graciously disposed, gave them all the four jewels, in order to fulfil the desires of all four. The brahman went to his house delighted.

Therefore, King Bhoja, if there is such magnanimity in you, then mount upon this throne to your heart's content.

Here ends the third story in the Thirty-two Tales of the Throne

4. Story of the Fourth Statuette

Vikrama's gratitude tested by Devadatta

SOUTHERN RECENSION OF 4

When the king again started to mount the throne, another statue said: "Only he who has the magnanimity of Vikrama may mount upon this throne." The king said: "Tell me a tale of his magnanimity." The statue said: "Hear, O king.

While Vikramāditya was king there dwelt in that city a certain brahman, who was learned in all branches of knowledge and adorned with all virtues, but had no offspring. One time his wife said to him: "My dear lord, the learned in tradition say that a householder cannot get along [or, 'cannot go to heaven'] without a son. And so:

1. There is no help [or, 'no going to heaven'] for a man who has no son; paradise is never, never for him. Therefore only after seeing his son's face should a man become an ascetic.

2. The moon is the light of night; the sun is the light by day; religion is the light of the three worlds; a good son is the light of the family. And so:

3. The glory of an elephant is his passion; of water, lotuses; of night, the full moon; of a woman, her good character; of a horse, his swiftness; of a house, constant festivals; of speech,

good grammar; of rivers, pairs of mating swans; of a council chamber, wise men; of a family, a good son; of the earth, a king; of the three worlds, the sun."

The brahman replied: "My dear, you have spoken truly; but the wealth may be obtained by great effort, and knowledge also by obeying a teacher, glory and offspring cannot be obtained without propitiating the Supreme Lord [Çiva]. And it is said:

4. If a longing for endless happiness makes itself felt in the heart, let one only make a firm resolve and worship constantly the Lord of Bhavāni [Çiva]."

His wife answered: "My lord, there is no one more learned than you; you know all things. So undertake some service or the like to win the favor of the Supreme Lord." He replied: "My dear, what you say is quite reasonable, and I assent to your suggestion. Since:

5. Wise counsel should be heeded even if it comes from a child, while a man of judgment should never accept bad advice, even tho it comes from an old man."

So speaking the brahman undertook the Rudra-rite, in order to win the favor of the Supreme Lord. One night after that the Supreme Lord appeared to the brahman in a dream, wearing his (characteristic) hair-braid and crest, in his bull-drawn chariot, with his consort sitting on his left thigh, and said: "Brahman, perform a pradoṣavrata ['evening rite,' a Çivaitic ceremony]; by performing this rite you shall obtain a son." In the morning the brahman told of his dream before the elders. They said: "Brahman, this dream will come true. And it is said in the Book of Dreams:

6. A man shall make his decision in accordance with whatever is said in dreams by a god, a brahman, a guru, cows, ancestors, or bearers of liṅgas [signs of Çiva].

Upon performing this rite you shall beget a son." When the brahman heard their words he instituted a pradoṣavrata, on the thirteenth day of the bright half of the month Mārgaṣṛṣa, on a Saturday, observing the rules prescribed in the ritual books. The Supreme Lord became propitiated thru the performance of that rite, and gave him a son. Straightway the brahman performed the birth-ceremony for this son; and on the twelfth day he gave him the name of Deva-datta, and afterwards he performed for him all the important rites from the rice-feeding to the investiture. After his son was invested (as a student), he taught him the Vedas and the law-books and so on, and all the arts. Then in his son's sixteenth year, when he had per-

formed the shaving ceremonial (prescribed for use at the end of studentship), and had got him married, he settled a livelihood upon him; and as he himself was desirous of making a pilgrimage, he gave his son the following advice. "My son, give ear; I will now give you instruction tending to make you happy both in this world and in the next." Said he: "Speak on." "My son, do not forget your religious principles, however evil may be the plight in which you are involved. Do not engage in strife with others. Have compassion on all creatures. Practise devotion to the Supreme Lord. Look not upon other men's wives. Do not quarrel with those in power. Attend respectfully to those who have deep insight. Let your speech be suited to the occasion. Let your expenses be suited to your means. Honor the virtuous and shun the wicked. Tell no secrets to women." Having repeatedly imprest upon his son this advice as to conduct, he himself went to Benares. But Devadatta remained in that same city, respecting his father's counsel.

One day he went into the jungle to gather firewood for a sacrifice. And while he was cutting the wood, King Vikramāditya came into the forest to hunt, and in chasing a boar entered the jungle. Not knowing the way to the city, and seeing Devadatta, he asked him the way to town. In response to his question Devadatta himself went before and guided the king to the city. Then the king richly rewarded Devadatta and appointed him to a certain office. After this a long time past. And one day the king said: "How can I pay back the favor which Devadatta did for me, in that he guided me from the midst of the great jungle back to town?" At that some one said: "Ah, this is a virtuous man; he does not forget a kindness done him. And thus it is said:

7. As cocoanut trees are mindful of the little water they drank in their early youth, when they carried a heavy burden on their heads, and so all their life long give to men a nectar-like fluid, so the good never forget a kindness done."

When the brahman heard these the king's words, he reflected in his heart: "Well, the king says thus and so; but is it true or false? Let us put it to the test." So saying he took the king's son, without any one's knowledge, and concealed him in his own house. And putting one of the prince's ornaments in the hands of a servant, he sent him into the midst of the city to sell it. Meanwhile a great uproar arose in the king's house: "Some robber has slain the prince!" And the king sent forth his officers in all directions to search for his son. When they

lookt in the middle of the market-place, there they saw Devadatta's servant with the ornament in his hands. Recognizing the ornament as belonging to the king's son, they bound the man and took him into the king's presence, and demanded: "Villain, how did this ornament come into your hands?" Said he: "The brahman Devadatta gave it to me; I am his servant; he sent me forth telling me to sell this ornament in the market-place and bring him the money." Then the king summoned Devadatta too and said to him: "Devadatta, who gave you this ornament?" Devadatta replied: "No one gave it to me; in my covetousness I myself killed your son and took his ornaments, and gave this one from among them into this man's hands to sell. Now do what seems best to you; thru the power of my past deeds my character has become what it is." Thus he spoke and bowed his head. When the king heard his words he was silent. Then some in the council-hall said: "How is it that this man, tho he is verst in all the sacred law-books and so knows what good conduct is, conceived the purpose to commit such a wicked deed?" Another said: "What is there remarkable therein? Because he was impelled by his own past deeds, therefore he conceived such a design. And it is said:

8. What can even a wise man do, when he is driven by the force of his past deeds? For the minds of men are regularly formed in accordance with their past deeds."

Then the councillors said: "O king, this man is a child-murderer and a thief as well; so let him be impaled upon a khadira-stake." Other ministers said: "Let him be cut up into a hundred pieces and his flesh fed to vultures." Hearing their words the king said: "Councillors, this man is at my mercy, and he is also my benefactor, because he once showed me the way to the city. Now a noble man ought not to take account of the good or bad qualities of those who are dependent on his mercy. And thus it is said:

9. The moon is consumptive [or, punningly, 'subject to waning'], its body is by nature deformed [or, 'curved'], it has spots ['is defiled'], has a mass of faults ['makes the night'], and rejoices when its friend is in distress ['comes out, or shines, when the sun is invisible']; yet Hara [Śiva] always wears it on his crest. Truly the great take no account of the good or bad qualities of their dependants who are at their mercy. And again:

10. What virtue is there in the goodness of one who is good only to his benefactors? Only one who returns good for evil is called virtuous by the righteous."

So speaking he said to Devadatta: "Devadatta, have no fear whatsoever in your heart. My son was struck down by the overmastering natural power of karma [deed]. What wrong have you done? For no one can overcome the natural power of karma. Since:

11. The god of love had Lakṣmī for a mother and Viṣṇu for a father, and himself was armed with an uneven number [five] of arrows [punningly, 'with terrible weapons']; and yet he was burnt up by Śiva. Who can overcome nature?

Moreover, since you led me to the city when I had strayed into the jungle, you did me a great favor, and even by a thousand return-favors I shall not have repaid you." Thus he comforted Devadatta, and gave him garments and ornaments and other gifts, and let him go. But Devadatta brought back the prince and gave him to the king. Then in amazement the king said: "Devadatta, why have you done this?" He replied: "O king, listen. You said repeatedly in the assembly: 'Look now, how can I repay my debt of gratitude to Devadatta?' So then to make trial of your heart I have done this. The proof has been shown in you." The king said: "Whoever forgets a kindness done is the lowest of men." Devadatta replied: "O king, your majesty is kind to all the world, even without cause. Therefore the (most) righteous man in the world can be none but you. And thus it is said:

12. Those who live to do good to others, even without a cause, ah, they it is who are truly good, happy, clever, and virtuous, at all times."

Having told this story the statue said to the king: "If such benevolence, magnanimity, and heroism are found in you, then mount upon this throne." And King Bhoja was silent.

Here ends the fourth story

METRICAL RECENSION OF 4

Again the leader of the righteous selected a favorable moment to mount the throne, and approacht the next statue. She again said to the king: "Mount upon this throne if you are as eminent in gratitude as Vikramāditya was. Hear, O king!

In the city of Ujjayini, when it was ruled by Vikramāditya, there was a certain eminent wise man. His virtuous wife, sorrowful because she had not obtained a son, said to her husband the brahman, making a courteous obeisance: "My lord, you perceive everything with the eye of your knowledge; tell me the reason why I have not obtained a son." Hearing his wife's words the brahman said in reply: "Listen, my dear, and I will tell you, if there is faith in your heart. By great exertion an intelligent man may obtain wealth; but there are two things on this earth, glory and

offspring, which it is impossible to obtain except by the propitiation of Çankara (Çiva). 'If there is continually a desire for a son in your heart, renounce the passions that spring from existence, and worship the Lord of Bhavāni.' The fame which gives a man the reputation of being noble is the fruit of the good deeds he has already performed; know that it arises in no other way. And this is the proof of it. 'Both Kuntī and her daughter-in-law [Drāupadī] loved five men, but they call only the latter virtuous; fame is obtained by virtues.'" [21]

To these her husband's words the pious wife replied: "If any boon one desires is obtained by the worship of the Great Lord, then we will worship that mighty god with due ceremony; his favor may be the cause of giving me a noble son." So in accordance with his wife's suggestion he began to worship Çiva. The brahman knew the value of her advice, and did not neglect it just because it was a woman's. And he had heard the ancient saying: "Do not take poison from a sage, nor bad advice from an old man; but nectar may be accepted even from a cowherd, and good counsel even from a child." So the brahman together with his wife paid honor to Çiva, along with Pārvatī and Skanda [their son]. Then in a dream the Great God appeared to him and said: "If you perform a service to me on Saturday the thirteenth day, you will obtain a son." Thus instructed by the god the brahman performed the service in due form, and by the power thereof obtained a son, and rejoiced greatly. With complete ritual he conducted the ceremony of naming him, calling him Devadatta. And in due time the wise father taught him all the Vedas and çāstras, and all the sciences. Seeing that his son was learned in all the çāstras, gentle, and devoted to religion, the wise brahman, desiring to go to Benares, enjoined his son with good advice: "Hear, my wise son, this my sound advice. Even in great disaster be true to your own (best) nature. Speak not slanderously of others; look not on other men's wives. Be never puffed up with proud conceit, without having corresponding ability. Have regard to your own true self in dealing with both friendships and enmities. Let your behavior be always fitting, having regard for place and time. Cling patiently to a lord who is sprung from a noble house." The brahman, leaving his son thus well instructed, went with his wife to Kāçī [Benares], which puts an end to the round of existence. [48]

Now one day his son, the brahman called Devadatta, happened to be in a mountain jungle, cutting firewood for a sacrifice. And at that very time King Vikramāditya, having a desire for the pleasures of the chase, went with a retinue into the forest. There coming upon a mighty wild boar, he swiftly pursued after him to kill him, with uplifted bow, all alone on his horse. Following the mighty boar from one wood to another, he killed him; but in his wandering he lost the way to the city, and became separated from his followers. Then seeing the brahman named Devadatta carrying a load of firewood, he asked him: "Brahman, tell me the way to the city." And he regained his own city by the way which the brahman showed him, and graciously gave a certain office to Devadatta. Afterwards, on a certain occasion in the assembly, he said further: "How can I return the favor which Devadatta did for me?" When Devadatta heard these words, he took active steps to make trial of the king's heart, whether this was true or not. After he had arrived at this decision in his mind, one day later he stole the king's son and took him to his own house. Then he sent forth openly to the market-place a brahman who was his servant, to sell a jeweled ring which the youth had as an ornament. In the meantime a great uproar arose in the king's

house: "Where has the king's son gone, or has he been stolen by some one?" Thus all the people of the royal apartments were greatly perturbed, and the king, overwhelmed with grief, could not eat. Then a servant of the king took Devadatta's man as he was trying to sell the ornament in the open market. "Where have you taken the king's son now? Where did you get that ornament?" Thus questioned the brahman named his master Devadatta. So the king quickly summoned Devadatta, and questioned him as to the whole matter, while he stood with bowed head as if in fear. And while the people generally took it for granted that he was a villain, still he stood there in the assembly and for a moment made no reply. But then he said in a low voice: "I became covetous of money; so I stole your son and killed him. Therefore punish me." And when the councillors who were present heard this, they said: "Let the villain be cut into nine pieces and ground in an oil-mill, or wind him round with straw-ropes and burn him on the highway, since he deserves death by any manner of torture." But the king, hearing this, mindful of the ancient favor, did not approve the words of his council, but said himself to Devadatta: "If you, sir, had not saved my life by carefully showing me the way when I was alone in the jungle, where now would be my kingship, where my family? Even tho this [my pardon] will be some recompense to you, I remain indebted for the rest; fear not that it will be otherwise." Thus speaking the forbearing king paid honors to Devadatta. But he then brought back the lad and gave him to the king. Seeing his son, the king in amazement asked the excellent brahman: "Why have you done this?" In reply he said: "You formerly said, 'This Devadatta did me a favor, and I must by all means repay it'; and in order to find out whether your words were true or false, I made a pretense of kidnapping your son, O king. So grant me forgiveness."

If such heroic qualities are found also in your majesty here, then once more let it be agreed for you to mount this throne.

Here ends the fourth story

BRIEF RECENSION OF 4

When the king, having again sought out a proper moment, was mounting the throne, the fourth statue said: "Hear, O king.

One time King Vikramārka, filled with a desire for the pleasures of the hunt, went into the forest. There a certain boar came forth, and the king pursued it. The boar went off somewhere out of the wood, and the king lost his way, and wandered about thus astray. At this time a certain brahman had gone forth to this same place to gather firewood, and the king returned to the city in his company. He gave the brahman much riches, and said: "Brahman, I am in no wise discharged of my debt to you for the service you have done me." Thereupon the brahman, thinking "Is his heart true or false?" devised a trick, and one day stole the king's son and took him home. Then the king grieved for his son a long time, and caused search to be made for him everywhere, but the boy was nowhere to be found. Now the brahman took one of the prince's ornaments and went into the bazar to sell it. Here he was seen by a police-officer, who arrested the brahman and took him before the king. Then the king said: "Reverend sir, what is this that you have done?" The brahman replied: "O king, this fatal disposition has developed in me; do what the occasion demands." Then the great king said: "Let the customary punishment be meted

out to this child-murderer." When he had spoken these words his people started to slay the brahman; but the king reflected "What is the use of killing him?" and let him go, saying: "You showed me the way; from that debt one of my feet has now been freed, but I remain indebted for my other limbs." So speaking he sent the brahman away. Then the brahman brought back his son, and said: "O king, to prove your truth I have played a trick upon you." The king answered: "Whosoever forgets a service done cannot be regarded as a superior man."

Having told this story the statue said: "O king, let him who has such heroism mount upon this throne."

Here ends the fourth story

JAINISTIC RECENSION OF 4

When King Bhoja on another occasion had made all preparations for the coronation ceremony and was mounting the throne, the fourth statue said: "King Bhoja, he mounts on this throne who has gratitude like Vikramāditya's." And when the king asked "Of what sort was that gratitude?" the statue said: "O king, in the words of the verse:

1. While wandering in the jungle, having lost his way, the king was quickly brought to the road to the city by a certain brahman. "How can I repay you?" (said he); and to make trial of this the brahman stole the king's son, and was arrested by his officers as he was selling (the prince's) ornament. But King Vikrama let him go, marvelous to say, remembering what he had done for him in the forest.

In Avantī-city, the noble King Vikrama. There dwelt a certain brahman, learned in all the fourteen branches of knowledge, who had no son. One time his wife said to him: "Undertake some ceremony of propitiation or the like, that a son may be born to me." Said he: "My dear, sometimes by enterprise one may obtain wealth, and by obedience to a teacher knowledge, but glory and offspring are obtained (only) thru virtue. For:

2. Kuntī was loved by five (men), her daughter-in-law [Drāupadī] also by five; this world calls (one, namely, Drāupadī) a virtuous woman (but not the other). Glory is obtained by virtues."

Nevertheless, because his wife insisted, he undertook to worship his family deity. Then thru his pious devotions a son was born to him, whom he named Devadatta. In due course he performed all the regular ceremonies for him; the birth-ritual, name-giving ritual, presentation to the sun, rice-feeding, tonsure, taking of the vow (of student-ship), release from the (same) vow, and marriage. And when he had taught him skill in all the arts, the father, desiring to visit places of pilgrimage, left the country. And this Devadatta in the performance of his household duties one day went into the forest in person to gather firewood for a sacrifice. Thither also came the noble Vikrama, whose horse had run away with him, and who had lost his way. And he then gave entertainment to the king with fruits, water, and other refreshment, and showed him the road. And when the king had returned to his city, he paid Devadatta high honors. One day the king in the assembly described and praised the service Devadatta had done him. And hearing this Devadatta thought: "Well, is this true or false?" And to make proof of it one time he stole and hid the king's son. Tho they made search everywhere they could not find him, and all the people of the court were full

of grief. Then Devadatta put one of the prince's ornaments into the hands of his own servant, and sent him into the bazar to sell it. When the king's officers saw it, since it was marked with (the prince's) name, they arrested the man. And he said: "Devadatta gave it into my hands." So the king's officers brought Devadatta into the royal presence. And the king asked him: "Devadatta, what is this that you have done?" He replied: "Sire, I conceived a hatred against your son; therefore I have killed him. Now do to me straightway what you think best." Then the king looked in the faces of his councillors, and they urged punishment in various ways. Thereupon the king said: "Sirs, I have not yet repaid the service this man did for me," and gave him hospitable entertainment. Then the councillors were amazed, and said:

3. "Let the earth support two men; or rather, the earth is supported by two men, to wit, the man whose mind is bent on doing service, and the man who does not forget a service done."

Thereupon Devadatta brought back the lad and gave him to the king, and told him all he had done. Hearing this the king was amazed.

Therefore, O king, if such gratitude is found in you, then mount upon this throne to your heart's content.

Here ends the fourth story in the Thirty-two Tales of the Throne

5. Story of the Fifth Statuette

The jewel-carrier's dilemma

SOUTHERN RECENSION OF 5

When the king was again mounting upon the throne, another statue said: "Only he may mount upon this throne in whom is found the magnanimity of Vikrama." Bhoja said: "O statue, tell me a tale of this Vikrama's magnanimity." The statue replied: "O king, listen.

While Vikramārka was king there came once a certain jeweler who gave into the king's hands a priceless jewel. When the king saw the brilliant gem he called judges and said: "Judges, determine for me what sort of a jewel this is, whether genuine or false, and put a price upon it." They inspected the jewel and said: "O king, this jewel is priceless. If we, not knowing its value, should buy it, then we might suffer a great loss." Hearing their words the king gave the merchant a large sum of money, and said: "Merchant, have you any other gem like this?" He replied: "Sire, I have not brought any such gems here with me, but in my home town I have ten just such jewels. If you have use for them, pay me the price and take them." Then the king with the help of his judges of gems fixed the price at six crores of gold for each jewel, and gave so much money to the merchant, and sent out with him a certain trusted servant, saying: "Carrier of the

gems, if within eight days you return here with the jewels, I will give you a fitting reward." Said he: "Sire, within eight days exactly I shall behold your feet; if not, let me be punished." So speaking the carrier of the gems went with the merchant to his city, and received from him the ten jewels. As he was returning with them along the road, there came a heavy rain. And a certain river swept along there, overflowing both its banks because of the rain. So, being unable to cross to the farther bank, he said to a boatman who was standing there on the shore: "Oarsman, take me across this river." He replied: "Traveler, today this river is overflowing its banks; how can it be crossed? Moreover, a wise man should avoid crossing a swollen river. And thus it is said:

1. It is well to avoid carefully the crossing of a great river, enmity with a great man, and a strife with a great crowd of men. Also:

2. One should under no circumstances put confidence in the actions of women, in a swollen river-crossing, in a king's favor, in the friendship of a serpent, or in the love of merchant."

The carrier of the gems said: "Oarsman, tho what you say is true, my business is important, and an exception prevails over the rule. And thus it is said:

3. An exception shall of course prevail as against the general rule; or the first may be said regularly to annul the second.

Thus my crossing the river is a matter of general rule, but the king's business is more important." The oarsman said: "What is this so important business of the king?" The carrier of the gems replied: "If I do not come into the king's presence this very day bringing ten jewels, the king's command will be broken, and he will punish me." The boatman said: "Then if you will give me five of those jewels, I will take you across the river." So the carrier of the gems gave the boatman five of the jewels, and crossing the river came into the king's presence, and gave five jewels into his hand. The king said: "Carrier of the gems, why have you brought only five jewels? What have you done with the other five?" The gem-carrier said: "O king, listen, and I will tell you. I left this city with that merchant, and came to his city, and he gave me the ten jewels. And when I had taken them and left that town, as I was returning home, upon the way there came a very violent rainstorm. And by reason thereof a certain river had overflowed both its banks and was rushing along in a fresh torrent. Now I reflected that I was bound to look upon your majesty's feet within eight days; and so I gave a boatman five jewels to take me

across the river, and brought the other five with me. If I had not returned within the eight days, your majesty would have been offended because of the breaking of your command. And it is said:

4. To break the commands of kings, to neglect to pay the honors due to brahmans, and to let women sleep alone, is declared to be the same as killing without a weapon.

So reflecting I gave them to him." When the king heard his words he was greatly pleased, and gave the carrier of the gems the other five jewels.

Having told this story the statue said to King Bhoja: "O king, Vikramāditya was supreme in the virtue of magnanimity. If such magnanimity is found in you, then mount upon this throne." And hearing this the king was silent.

Here ends the fifth story

METRICAL RECENSION OF 5

Once more the King of the Bhojas, purposing to mount the throne, approacht the fifth statue also; and she then spoke to King Bhoja, enlightening him: "A man of such generosity and magnanimity is (alone) worthy of this throne. Listen!

Once a certain great merchant, bringing jewels, came and lookt upon Vikramāditya, the king of kings. And when the king had bought these jewels for a fair price, he showed him yet another one. Then that council-hall became rosy with the film of brilliancy which was thrown upon it by the jewel which he treasured, (and the people were) transfixed with unprecedented wonder. The king honored and gratified the merchant with unusual gifts, and askt him: "Have you any other like it with you?" "In my home town, O king, I have ten gems finer than this; if you wish them, send some one." Hearing this the king was delighted, and so with the help of craftsmen he determined on ten crores as the price of the ten jewels. "You are to return on the eighth day from now, and come into my presence without fail, bringing the jewels." These instructions, difficult in the limits imposed, the king of the earth laid upon his servant, who acknowledged them with a bow of the head and quickly went forth. And when the eighth day arrived he came back again to the city, having obtained the jewels, and handed to the king five jewels. Taking them, the king said to his servant: "But tell me where the other five are." Thus questioned he made an obeisance and said courteously: [24]

"Sire, in accordance with your command I quickly obtained the ten gems; but midway upon the homeward journey a rain came upon me. Now a furious river hindered me, blocking my way, with its water muddied from the flood of the cloudburst, tearing away its banks. Now I was filled with distress, thinking: 'This stream is quite impassable, and no ferryman is here; how can I get there today?' At that moment, owing to the power of (my previous deeds of) virtue, a man came up; and I said to him: 'Friend, take me across this river.' Hearing my words he lookt on the river, filled to the brim, and said, trying to encourage me: 'Friend, that very thing is what I wish to do; but wait two or three days; what haste is there?

Ten things can never be made sure of: dice, a harlot, water, fire, a rogue, a goldsmith, a prince, an ape, a boy, and a cat. Woe shall always be to him who puts trust in the actions of women, in a river-ford, in a king's favor, in the friendship of a serpent, or in the love of a merchant.' Tho he thus would have prevented me with sage counsel [niti], I replied to him in turn: 'All this is of no consequence in the face of such an important matter as mine. This very day I must look upon the king's two majestic feet. What man may transgress the command of the king?' When I said this the man lookt at me and answered in turn: 'I will take you to the other bank of the river if you will give me five jewels.' Hearing this a great perplexity arose in my mind: 'Ought I or ought I not to give him such a ferry-fee as this? If I give up the king's property, it will be a poor exhibition of business judgment; but if I do not give it up, I shall be in great danger thru breaking the king's command. What can I do to be safe, and what expedient is there for me in such a case?' Thus while my mind was hesitating, a great inspiration came to me, to wit: 'Soft, bright, and beautiful garments; abundant riches; and ornaments of jewels entrancing in brilliant splendor; lovely women of more than human charm, and adorned with virtues; all these things are common to (all) men of exceptional fortune, and their fruits are the enjoyments derived from the objects of sense. But the peculiar property of kings is that their authority prevails upon the earth.' As I meditated in this way, there occurred to me furthermore two stanzas of ancient tradition, spoken long ago: 'The only aim of royalty is authority, the only aim of asceticism is a life of chastity, the only aim of learning is complete knowledge, the only aim of money consists in giving and enjoying it.' 'To break the commands of kings, to neglect to pay the honors due to wise men, and to let women sleep alone, is declared to be the same as killing without a weapon.' Thus deciding, and afraid to violate your command, I gave up the five jewels, crost over, and have arrived at your feet."

Hearing these his servant's words, King Vikramāditya was pleased, and gave him the (other) five jewels as a reward.

If such magnanimity and such (knowledge of) propriety are found in your majesty, then, great king, mount upon this great throne.

Here ends the fifth story

BRIEF RECENSION OF 5

[This, in mss. of BR, is 7

Again a statue said: O king, give ear.

One time a judge of gems came into Vikramārka's presence with some gems, which the king bought. Thereupon he offered the king another jewel, a marvelous one. The king said: "Have you any others like it?" Said he: "I have ten in my town, and the price of them is a crore and a quarter each." So the king gave him twelve and a half crores, and sent a man with him, saying: "Fetch the jewels quickly; go along with him." The servant went forth, saying: "On the fourth day I shall return again and touch your majesty's feet." Now on the fourth day, as he was returning to the king with the jewels, on the way a river near the city was rushing along in flood, and there was no one who should take him across. Then a man came up; (and the messenger said:) "Ho there, take me across." He answered: "Why such haste?" Thereupon the messenger told him the whole story. The boatman said: "If you will give me five jewels, then I will take you across." So he gave him the five jewels,

and crost the river with the other five, and gave them to the king, telling him what had happened. "O king, I do not transgress your command. And it is said:

1. What use is there in relying on kings who do not possess the six qualities of authority, glory, defense of brahmans, generosity, enjoyment (of means), and protection of friends ?

2. To break the commands of kings, to neglect to pay the honors due to brahmans, and to let women sleep alone, is declared to be the same as killing without a weapon."

Then the king was pleased, and said: "You have kept my command; so to you I give these five jewels."

The statue said: O king, let him who has such magnanimity mount upon this throne.

Here ends the seventh story

JAINISTIC RECENSION OF 5

When King Bhoja on another occasion had again made all the preparations for the coronation-rite and was mounting the throne, the fifth statue said to him: "O king, only he mounts on this throne who has generosity like Vikramāditya's." And when the king askt "Of what sort was that generosity ?" the statue said: "O king, in the words of the verse:

1. After the king had bought various ordinary jewels, a jewel-merchant offered him a certain rare gem. When the king straightway askt "Have you any other such ?" he said: "Lord, I have ten." So by way of price the king gave him ten crores of nīśkas, and sent therewith a man whom he commanded to return on the fourth day.

2. He speedily acquired the jewels and returned, and kept the king's command by using half of the ten (jewels) to effect a quick passage of a river. The rest he gave to the king, giving him an account of what he had done. But the magnanimous king said: "Take these also, yourself, because you kept my command."

In Avantī-city, the noble King Vikrama. One time a certain merchant sold some jewels to the king. After that he again offered him one very precious gem, thru whose splendor light shone in the darkness. This also he took, for the price of a crore. Then he askt him further: "Have you any other such gems as this ?" He replied: "At home I have ten such." So the king had the price fixt and gave him ten crores in money, and sent along with the merchant a servant of his own, with the understanding that he should be back within four days. This man went with the merchant to his village, and received the gems which the merchant gave him; and as he was coming back he perceived that a river near Avantī was in flood; and he halted on its bank. At this point there came up a certain man, to whom he said: "Take me across." The man replied: "Why such impatience? Wait for a time; put no trust in the water! For:

3. It is well to avoid carefully the crossing of a great river, enmity with a great man, and a strife with a great crowd of men."

He replied: "This is true, but one truth may overrule another, since:

4. An exception shall of course prevail as against the general rule; or the first may be said regularly to annul the second."

The other said: "Then tell me what your business is." So the king's man told him the matter of the jewels and the command to return in four days. Thereupon he said:

"If you will give me five gems, then I will take you across." So he gave him five gems, and crossed the river, and came into the king's presence, and gave him (the remaining) five jewels. The king said: "Where are the other five?" Said he: "O king, that the king's command might not be broken I gave five jewels to be ferried across the river. For:

5. The only aim of royalty is authority; the only aim of asceticism is a life of chastity; the only aim of learning is complete knowledge; the only aim of money consists in giving and enjoying it.

6. To break the commands of kings, to neglect to pay the honors due to great men, and to tell the secrets of people, is declared to be the same as killing without a weapon.

O king, fortune is found repeatedly in many, but authority is hard to attain." Hearing this the king was pleased, and gave him the other five jewels.

Therefore, O king, if such generosity is found in you, then mount upon this throne to your heart's content.

Here ends the fifth story in the Thirty-two Tales of the Throne

6. Story of the Sixth Statuette

Vikrama gratifies a lying ascetic

SOUTHERN RECENSION OF 6

When the king was again mounting the throne, another statue said: "O king, he who has the magnanimity of Vikrama is alone worthy to mount upon this throne." Bhoja said: "Tell me a tale of his magnanimity." She replied: "Hear, O king.

Once when Vikramāditya was king, at the spring festival in the month Cāitra he went into the Grove of Love with all the women of his harem, to enjoy himself. In that grove:

1. "Since the mango-trees are putting forth feathered shafts upon shafts with dense cascades of juices, and (with their rustling) are conversing in reply to the buzzing of the swaying swarms of the female bees, and (so) are providing an embellishment for the cries of the cuckoos in their self-centered sport; therefore the great festival of (the spring-month) Cāitra is spread far and wide." So they proclaimed on all sides. And likewise:

2. Carried by a gentle breeze from sandalwood trees, the pollen made dense (the air of) the highest heaven, and the charming young mango shrub spread gladness around, its easy-yielding twigs swaying with the touch of bees' wings.

In this Grove of Love, adorned with such various sorts of trees and flowers, in a playhouse fragrant with different kinds of incense and

containing a court built of moonstones, and charming with sapphire-inlaid walls, the king for some time indulged in play along with beautiful women of all the four classes, lotus-women [padmini] and the rest [see page 85, line 3], who were adorned with fair garments, betel, flowers, and ornaments. In the neighborhood of that grove there was a shrine of Caṇḍikā, and there a certain celibate stood. When he saw the king come to that place, he reflected in his heart: "All to no purpose do I spend my life thus in the practice of asceticism. I have tasted no happiness, not even in dreams. What manner of argument is it that after spending one's time in misery all one's life, one shall enjoy the fruits of ascetic practice when dead? Some say that sensual pleasure is mixt with pain, and so should be avoided by a wise man; but this is a fool's idea. And it is said:

3. It is a fool's idea that the joys that come to men from association with objects of sense must be avoided because pain is connected with them. Who, pray, that has his own interests at heart, would throw away rice, rich in fine white kernels, because it is mixt with some particles of their husks?

Therefore even at the expense of great trouble one should certainly enjoy the pleasures of (the love of) women, a happiness which is the cream of this round of existence. And it is said:

4. In this unprofitable round of existence the best thing of all is a gazelle-eyed woman. For her sake men seek after wealth, and without her what is the use of wealth?
5. 'In this unprofitable round of existence the best thing of all is a fair-hipt woman;' it was with this thought in mind, I ween, that Çambhu [Çiva] took his beloved upon his lap.

Now King Vikramārka has come hither. So I will beg of him a donation of land, marry some girl, and engage in worldly pleasures." Thus reflecting he went into the king's presence and recited this blessing:

6. "May the sidelong glance of Durgā protect you! the glance that is accompanied by a mass of rays from the vibrating nails on the back of her hand, while her fingers are artistically poised [literally, in the khaṭakāmukha-position (mss. kaṭa°)] as for drawing the bowstring; the glance that creates the delusive impression that bees are swarming eagerly upon her ear-garland of flowering twigs."

Then the king caused him to sit down and said to him: "Brahman, whence have you come?" Said he: "I remain in this very spot paying devotions to the World-mother. Fifty years have past by

while I have been unceasingly doing homage to her. I am a celibate. In the latter part of this past night the goddess came to me in a dream and said: 'Brahman, for this long time you have undergone hardships in paying homage to me; I am satisfied with you. So do you now take upon yourself the way of life of a householder, and beget a son; afterwards fix your mind on final salvation. Otherwise there can be no happy outcome [or, attainment of heaven] for you. It is said:

7. Having discharged the three debts let a man fix his mind on salvation. He who seeks salvation without having discharged them falls to hell. [A brahman's three 'debts' are: Vedic study (owed to the seers), sacrifice (owed to the gods), and a son (owed to his ancestors).]

And so: when one has been a celibate student he shall become a householder; when he has been a householder he shall become a forest ascetic; when he has been a forest ascetic he shall become a wandering mendicant. [These are the four āśramas or stages of life of a pious Aryan.] Moreover, I have spoken to King Vikrama in a dream, and he will fulfil your desires.' Thus the goddess spoke in the dream, and so I have come into your presence." Thus he told a lying tale before the king. Hearing this the king reflected in his heart: "The goddess has not spoken in a dream; this man is certainly lying. Be it so; nevertheless he is in need; I must by all means fulfil his desire. And it is said:

8. A king who gives a gift to one in need, who pays due honors to a neglected idol [liṅga], and who always protects his suppliants, shall obtain the reward that belongs to an aśvamedha [great Vedic 'horse-sacrifice']."

Thus reflecting he caused a city to be built there, and crowned the brahman king and established him in that city, and gave him a hundred charming houris, and fifty elephants, and fifty horses, and forty chariots, and five thousand attendants; and he named the city Caṇḍikāpura. So the brahman, his desires being wholly fulfilled, wished the king well with formal blessings. And the king went to his own city.

Having told this story the statue said to the king: "O king, if such magnanimity is found in you, then mount upon this throne." And the king was silent.

Here ends the sixth story

METRICAL RECENSION OF 6

Once when King Bhoja had again sought out a favorable day and was desirous of mounting the throne, a statue said to him: "O king, if your majesty has the great magnanimity of Vikramāditya, then you are worthy to ascend here." Hearing this he said: "Tell me, of what sort was his magnanimity?" And she then said:

One time the king, to enjoy himself, went into a great inner palace [or, harem], adorned with high golden arches and pillars, where there were halls that rivalled the home of Indra with their columns of ruby and pearl, moonstone balconies, and staircases of sapphire. Here there shone a glittering park, adorned with mango, campaka, and açoka trees, and full of cuckoos singing their quavering gentle notes. And its ponds shone with flights of steps (leading down to the water) made of cat's eye and such gems, while their water was sprinkled with yellow dust from stamens of opening lotuses. Play-houses were found there too, with gravel-covered roofs, their walls completely decorated with lāmajjaka and other creepers. Several days he spent here enjoying himself, in the company of pleasantly talking boys and charming women, while courtezans of all four sorts — young and artless, passionate and bold — adorned the place, glittering with their ornaments; some rich in saffron-colored garments, some in clothing white as milk, some varicolored as paintings, they seemed as if invoking love. Charming women attended the king, who was like Delight visibly embodied, like Passion incarnate, like Love in manifest form; while houris, resplendent in the beauty of limbs gracefully embraced by clinging garments, sprinkled him with saffron-water from sprays. Moving in their midst the king appeared like Manmatha [the god of love]; indeed, Manmatha himself was not (in comparison with him, so good) an exposition of the meaning of the word [which the Hindus derived from man(-as) and math-a, 'mind-disturber']. So beholding his own happiness, the source of riches of joy, he thought lightly (in comparison therewith) of the bliss that is rich in the enjoyments of the Heaven-of-Men [a particular paradise; janahsvarga, otherwise called janaloka]. [29]

While King Vikramāditya was thus subject to the darts of love, there came from the mango-grove a certain sage, who reflected thus in his mind, tortured by poverty: "A curse on this life of mine, that partakes only of misery. I am tormented with cold and heat, not seeing the doors of a house — not to mention the delight of kissing the ardent lips of a beloved mistress! So I will today see King Vikramāditya and petition him, that I may obtain fortune and be henceforth happier forever." Thus meditating he went and looked upon the king, and at his command sat down, repeating words of supreme blessing. And when the king kindly asked him for what purpose he had come, the shrewd brahman said to him, in lying words: "O king, my mind was tormented by the grief of extreme poverty, and to obtain wealth I entered a penance-grove to do penance. And I underwent extreme ascetic practices in the presence of Caṇḍī; a hundred years have gone by since I have been doing penance here. At midnight last night the goddess became propitiated, and spoke to me thus: 'Go to Vikramāditya: he will grant your desire.' So hearing the goddess's words I have come into your majesty's presence. Do at once what seems best to you, noble king." Hearing his words the king reflected: "Has the goddess said anything (to me)? Is this brahman perchance lying? Be that as it may; I will grant his desire." Making up his mind to this effect the king said to the brahman: "I will make good the words of the goddess, and will not offend your worship. Choose the boon you have

won by your austerities in the penance-grove." Then the brahman said: "O king, right here where I have performed my penance, let a city be built for me, named Capdikāyatana." In accordance with his words the king, the sole lord of the earth, built there a city, caused to be given to him three crores of gold from his treasury, and presented him with ten thousand horses, six hundred elephants, and an enormous throng of attendants. Thus from the king that brahman obtained fortune, and dwelt in the fair city called Capdikāyatana.

Such a magnanimous king was Vikramāditya upon earth. If you could do the like, then ascend this throne.

After the statue had spoken thus, the king turned back, because his desire of hearing about Vikrama's virtues had stopt him for so long a time (that the favorable moment had past by).

Here ends the sixth story

BRIEF RECENSION OF 6

Again a statue said: O king, listen.

On one occasion, when the king was going forth to conquer the regions, he stopt in a certain mango-grove, near a shrine of Caṇḍī. There a devotee of the goddess said: "O king, I have been worshipping the goddess in celibacy for a period of fifty years. The goddess has just become satisfied with me, and has said: 'Go to Vikramārka, and he will fulfil your desire. I have given him a command.' Therefore I have now come to you." The king reflected: "The goddess has given me no instructions; nevertheless this man is in distress." With this thought he built a city on the spot, and crowned him king, and gave to that lying brahman a complete fourfold army, with riches and gold, and a hundred sixteen-year-old maidens.

The statue said: O king, let him ascend here who has such magnanimity.

Here ends the sixth story

JAINISTIC RECENSION OF 6

Again on another occasion when King Bhoja had made full preparation for the coronation-rite and was mounting the throne, the sixth statue said: "O king, he ascends this throne who has magnanimity like Vikramāditya's." And when the king askt "Of what sort was this magnanimity?" the statue said: "O king, in the words of the verse:

1. An ascetic, giving up his devotions to the goddess, falsely said: "I have been sent to you by a vision, O rejoicer of the world." Vikrama, tho taking all this into consideration, to fulfil his desire built a city, and gave him a very prosperous kingdom, along with a hundred clever women, saying: "The goddess is satisfied with you."

In Avanti-city the noble King Vikrama stood in his council-hall. One time in the spring the keeper of his pleasure-park was announst by the usher, and said, placing his folded hands upon the surface of his forehead (as a gesture of respect): "Sire, in your pleasure-grove all the various trees are in the bloom of young shoots, flowers, and fruits; the mango-trees, cocanuts, citron-trees, bījapūras [another citron], orange-trees, purnnāgas, campakas, açokas, fan-palms, tamālas, banana-trees, kaṅkolis, clove-trees, lavalis, ketakis, jasmines, mucakundas, damanakas, and the rest. Therefore it

is now the time for the spring-festival." Hearing this the king went to the pleasure-grove, accompanied by his queens, concubines, dancing-girls, and other women. There, with these beautiful women, representing all the four classes [as enumerated by the erotic writers] of *padmini* ['lotus-women,' the ideal type], *hastini* ['elephant-women,' coarse and passionate], *ṣaṅkhiṇi* ['seashell-women,' imperious and excitable], and *citriṇi* ['variegated-women,' delicate and moderate in passion], who were skilled in all the bodily gestures and other arts of dancing and mirth, allurements and passion, coyness and coquetry, who were clever in witty, indirect, punning, and facetious conversation, and who were adorned with many beautiful ornaments; the king, like an elephant among his mates, like an incarnation of a drama played without men [only by women as actors], enjoyed to the full the highest delights of this earthly existence, engaging now in flower-gathering, now in play in the water, now in musical entertainments, now in swinging, now in *kadaligṛha* [? 'banana-house'] and other games.

Seeing the king thus occupied, a certain ascetic, whose body was emaciated from practising austerities for a long time in that forest, lost his contempt for the world, and reflected:

2. "A face that mocks the moon; eyes able to laugh at lotuses; complexion surpassing gold; a mass of hair that outdoes a swarm of bees (in density); two breasts that rob elephants of the glory of their frontal protuberances; large protruding hips; and captivating gentleness of speech; these are the natural adornments of maidens.

This worldly delight, which I had obtained, I was a fool to give up. What is the use of this asceticism, which brings distress in this world, and is further blemished by the doubt of obtaining rewards after death? For:

3. Let a man simply view his beloved; what need for other views [punningly: 'other philosophical opinions']? For thereby even a heart that is subject to passion obtains rest.

Therefore I will go to the king." So reflecting he went into the king's presence. When the king asked why he had come, he said: "Sire, this day the goddess has become satisfied with me, and has sent me to you, saying: 'Go, the king at my command will give you what you desire.'" Hearing this the king thought: "Ah, the development of this man's penance is broken. For:

4. Gazelle-eyed women steal away the heart when seen only in a picture; how much more their (actual) glances, quivering with amorously gay coquetry?

Moreover, in the *āgama* (Jainistic scriptures) it is said:

5. Let the celibate shun a woman, tho she be bereft of hands and feet, deformed in ears and nose, and even a hundred years old.

Ah, the tricks played by sensuous objects! For:

6. Be the objects of sense however unprofitable, and in the last analysis pleasureless also, and even tho one despise them, as being certainly the seat of every evil; nevertheless a certain overwhelming, indescribable power of them breaks forth, even in the hearts of those who have concentrated their minds upon the inner truth.

Now the goddess has given me no instructions, but this man speaks falsely, in his eagerness for enjoyment. Now I ought to fulfil his wish, as he is in distress. For:

7. The thirst-tortured *sāraṅga*-birds cry out loudly to the rain-clouds, and the clouds instantly pour down streams of water for them (to drink). What are the

clouds to the birds, or the birds to the clouds? Those who are in need should not fail to ask (for aid), and great men should not fail to give aid (to the needy).” Then the king had a new city built for him there, and crowned him king, and gave him a hundred courtezans. Thereupon the king went to his own city.

Therefore, O king, if such magnanimity is found in you, then do you mount upon this throne.

Here ends the sixth story in the Thirty-two Tales of the Throne

7. Story of the Seventh Statuette

Two headless bodies brought to life by Vikrama

SOUTHERN RECENSION OF 7

When the king again in an auspicious moment approacht to mount upon the throne, another statue said: “O king, he is worthy to mount upon this throne who has the magnanimity and heroism of Vikrama.” Bhoja said: “Tell me a tale of his magnanimity.” She said: “O king, listen.

While Vikramāditya was king all people were happy, and the thorns of evil men did not exist in the world. All people were devoted to good conduct. The brahmans were interested only in the study of the Vedas and the lawbooks and in the performance of their duties, and were steadfast in the six religious acts (of studying and teaching the Veda, sacrificing for themselves and for others, giving and accepting gifts). All the castes showed fear of evil, love of fair fame, inclination to benevolence, devotion to truth, hatred of covetousness, abhorrence of slander, eagerness to show mercy to (all) creatures, devoted worship of the Supreme Lord, purity of body, reflection on good things as to whether they were transient or eternal, prudence with respect to the next world, truthfulness in speech, steadfastness in keeping their word; and the virtue of magnanimity was in their hearts. Thus the whole world, filled with right desires and purified at heart, dwelt in happiness thru the grace of the king. In this city there was a certain merchant named Dhanada. There was no limit to his wealth; all objects of value that any one might seek were to be found right in his house. Tho he was thus endowed with all good fortune, there arose in his heart a consciousness of the transiency of all goods: “How now! unprofitable is this round of existence, and the whole mass of objects of wealth is transient.

1. Know that union with dear ones is like the mirage of a city in the sky; that youth and wealth both are even as a mass of clouds;

that dependants, sons, the body, and all such things are as unstable as lightning; and that all the objects of this round of existence endure but for a moment.

And so:

2. A refuge that is no real refuge — she is the root of man's bondage,—a wife, so quickly won, the door to troops of miseries. Consider ye! sons are foes! all that relinquish ye! cleave ye to righteousness unspotted, ye who desire a refuge.

Therefore righteousness is the only refuge of creatures that are subject to the round of existence. And thus it is said:

3. Righteousness preserves if preserved, but if destroyed [transgress] it most assuredly destroys people. Therefore it should never be transgress; for it is always the sole refuge of those bound up in the chain of existences. Righteousness permits a man to attain, in this world, even that station on which ascetics fix their minds. There is no other friend than righteousness, and moreover no one is truly happy or learned except the righteous man.

4. Righteousness can bring about a joy that is the cream of (the delights of) the serpent-princes' city (in the underworld); Righteousness is the cause of great joy to those who strive thereafter, when they have attained the world of men; it is in Righteousness that the flavor of the unceasing happiness of the heavenly city has its origin; does not Righteousness make the fitting opportunity for union with one's mistress, Salvation ?

Therefore a wise man must give away the store of wealth he has acquired to worthy persons, so as to lay up a store of righteousness. Given to them wealth becomes multiplied. And thus it is said:

5. When wealth is bestowed upon worthy persons, it derives increase value from its recipient; just as a drop of cloud-water in a sea-shell turns into a pearl.

And so:

6. As the tiny seed of the banyan tree, falling upon good and fruitful ground, spreads abroad mightily, just so a gift given to a worthy person."

Reflecting repeatedly on these truths, he summoned the scripture-learned brahmans and heard from them the account of all the gift-presentations described in the chapter on gifts composed by Hemādri, namely: the cow-present, land-present, girl-present, knowledge-present, food-present, water-present, and the rest. And when he had made all these presents to worthy persons, his heart being thereby purified, he again reflected: "All these rites of almsgiving and so forth which I have instituted will become fruitful only when I have gone to

Dvāravatī and seen Kṛṣṇa.” So reflecting he set out for Dvāravatī. Coming to the seashore he summoned a ship-master, paid him a great price, and took on board various people, including monks, ascetics, strangers, and poor people; and holding religious conversations with them in friendly intercourse, he set forth. In mid-ocean he saw a small hill, and upon that hill there was a great shrine. So going to the shrine he worshipt the goddess, the Queen of the Earth, with the sixteen-fold oblations of perfumes, flowers, and so on, and did homage to her. And when he cast his eyes to the left of her (statue) he beheld a pair, a man and a woman, whose heads were cut off. And on the wall before them he saw an inscription: “Whenever some benefactor of others, endowed with great heroism, shall worship the Queen of the Earth with blood from his own neck, then this pair, the man and the woman, shall come to life.” When the astonished Dhanada had read this inscription he embarkt again on his ship and came to Dvāravatī. And when he had lookt upon Kṛṣṇa he made obeisance and praised him, thus:

7. “One single obeisance made before Kṛṣṇa is equal in its effect to the purification-rites performed after ten aṣvamedhas [‘horse-sacrifices’; that is, ‘is equal to ten completed horse-sacrifices’]. The performer of ten aṣvamedhas is born again; but one who has made obeisance to Kṛṣṇa is not destined for rebirth.”

Thus praising the noble Kṛṣṇa he paid honors to him with the sixteen-fold rites, and gave Kṛṣṇa all the wondrous and precious gifts which he had brought with him. And having stayed there three days he went to his own city, and presented all his relations with the gift of the favor of Kṛṣṇa. And on the morrow he went to see the king, taking with him some precious gift; for it is said:

8. One should not come empty-handed to see a king, a deity, or a guru [spiritual preceptor], and least of all a soothsayer. With the fruit (offered) one should indicate the fruit (expected). And:
9. One should not come empty-handed to see a beloved wife, a dear friend, or a young son; neither a soothsayer, nor a king.

So he gave to the king the favor of Kṛṣṇa and then sat down. Then the king inquired if his journey had been pleasant, and askt him to tell if he had seen any strange thing. And he told him the story of the shrine of the Queen of the Earth, situated in mid-ocean. Hearing this the king was amazed, and set out with Dhanada for that place. And in the shrine he beheld the two (headless) trunks lying at the goddess’s left hand. Straightway calling upon the goddess in his mind he put

his sword to his throat; but then the two trunks became provided with heads and restored to life, while the goddess snatcht the sword from the king's hand and said: "O king, I am satisfied; choose a wish." The king replied: "O goddess, if you are graciously disposed, then give this pair a kingdom." Then the goddess gave a kingdom to that pair, and the king returned with Dhanada to his own city.

Having told this story the statue said: "O king, if such courage is found in you, then mount upon this throne." And hearing this the king was silent.

Here ends the seventh story

METRICAL RECENSION OF 7

When the king had again sought out a favorable day and was desirous of mounting the throne, the seventh statue, seeing him, halted him with charming words. The king said to her: "Why do you stop me?" And hearing the king's words the statue replied to him: "O king, hear the reason why you are stopt by me; it is — the great deeds of Vikramāditya! [6]

While he was governing the earth the people were happy. At that time there was no man in the world who was subject to misfortune. Not a single one of the seven vices showed its head ever. The castes did not fix their minds (with a view to marriage) on any except those of their own caste. The words and the actions of the brahmans were wholly concerned with the exercises of religious meditation and the study of the *śāstras*; such were their daily habits. The people showed attachment to benevolence, love of truth at all times, eagerness to obtain fair fame, and abhorrence of the error of fraud; hatred of slander, and inclination to speak well of their fellows; their hearts were carefully intent upon showing compassion to all creatures. They suffered great outbreaks of alarm as a result of even a small misdeed; because they were conscious of the transiency of the body, they were continually devoted to deeds of virtue. Everyone was truthful in words, excessively generous of hand, right-minded at heart, and gracious in look. [20]

In this king's city, which boasted such people and was full of families endowed with gentleness, there was a certain rich merchant. He was named Dhanada; and he had riches like Dhanada [epithet of the god of wealth]. He was munificent, virtuous, and intelligent, and especially beloved of the king. Now while he was dwelling in constant happiness in his house, once such a thought as this arose in his mind: "Thru my wealth I have obtained complete possession of this world's joys; but I have taken no steps to acquire those that pertain to the other world. Therefore I must associate with wise men, as I desire my own welfare." All this then he did, and his mind thereby became righteous. The qualities of passion [*rajas*] and darkness [*tamas*] became eliminated in him, and that of goodness [*sattva*] became perfected. Then he performed alms-giving, that his heart might become spotless. When his heart was thus completely purified, he attained to that freedom from passion by which Nārada and other (great seers) past thru the bewilderment of the cosmic illusion [*māyā*; this and the preceding sentence but one contain allusions to technical philosophy]. And after many days' time had gone by, he set out with a large company for Dvārakā [= Dvāra-

vati], where Kṛṣṇa the Lord of All protects the whole world. And whatever poor, weak, or aged persons came together to him, the soul-purified Dhanada carried them, every one, across the Lord of Streams [the ocean]. So this Dhanada with his company journeyed across over the sea; and arriving at a certain island, he engaged in commerce there. Once as he wandered about he accidentally happened in person upon a place where a shrine of Īiva shone forth; with a golden temple. There was a marvelous lake, charming with a group of trees, and adorned with a crystal stair that made a path to the water. When that excellent merchant came near to this place, he stopt there, bathed in its fair lake, offered regular oblations in the fire, and did homage to the lord Īiva with flowers and other offerings, prostrating himself upon the ground. And as soon as he stood up, he saw, with wide-opened eyes, a verse written upon a tablet in front of the god: "If anyone who comes here shall cut off his own head, this couple whose heads are cut off shall straightway come to life, and also whatever magic power is desired will be given (to the devotee), by command of Īiva." [52]

Then in great excitement he let his gaze wander all about, and saw a man and a woman with their heads cut off, beside the (statue of the) god. The merchant's body broke out in sweat, and his hair all stood on end from consternation, and he straightway began to tremble, while his eyes blinkt and his mind was rent asunder. Then, pulling himself together somehow, he prudently left the temple and went back to his lodging-place. And at dawn the merchant, together with his company, once more embarkt on the ship, and quickly came to Dvārakā. There he made a complete prostration before the god Viṣṇu Nārāyaṇa, under the name of Kṛṣṇa, and praised him with a song imbued with devotion: "Hail, Lord of all the World! Hail, friend of all people! Hail, thou on whom all ascetics [yogin] depend! Hail, self-conquering hero! — Homage to the Creator of the Universe! Homage to the Preserver of the Universe! Homage to the Destroyer of the Universe! Homage to Him of Whom the Universe is the Form!" And when he had offered this praise and presented to Viṣṇu the riches he had brought with him, he went forth from Dvārakā, and came back to Ujjayini-city. [68]

King Vikramāditya was pleased when he again beheld the merchant Dhanada, and said to him, in the midst of the assembly: "Welcome, dear friend. Are you wearied after your long journey? Tell me all (the tales) you have brought with you, of strange and marvelous things." Thus commanded by the king, the merchant told him all: "Great king, listen attentively to what I have seen. As I set out to go from here to Dvāravati, there was on the way an island in mid-ocean, upon which the Lord Īiva dwelt. In front of this god there were the torsos of a man and a woman, separated from their heads; and this verse was written clearly: 'If any one who comes here shall cut off his own head, this couple whose heads are cut off shall straightway come to life.' This great marvel I have seen, O king of marvelous valor. From the mere recollection of it my body begins to tremble again." When he heard of this wonder, longing was excited in the king's heart, and he went forth together with that merchant to that shrine of Īiva. When he had viewed the whole sight there, and had pondered the purport of the verse, the king drew his sword upon his own neck. Then straightway the couple became alive. And staying his hand the Lord Īiva condescended to the king, saying: "Great King, I am appeased; choose any wish you desire, that you may enjoy the fruit of your abundant courage and heroism." Thus urged to choose, the king exprest this wish: "Even to yonder couple let a glorious kingdom

be given." "So be it" said the god, and therewith disappeared. The king returned to his city along with the merchant.

Thus the statue told a tale to King Bhoja. "If you are possesst of such heroism, ascend this throne."

Here ends the seventh story

BRIEF RECENSION OF 7

[This, in mss. of BR, is 5

Then the fifth statue said: Hear, O king.

On one occasion before King Vikramārka a certain man who had come from foreign parts with a great company told of his adventures: "O king, in the middle of the ocean is an island, and upon it a great penance-grove. Here there is a temple to Caṇḍī, where is placed a beautiful couple, a man and a woman, who are however lifeless. On the wall there is this inscription: 'Whenever a man will present his head here to the goddess, then they shall be restored to life.' " Hearing this the king went to that place, and entered the shrine of the goddess. There he saw the lifeless pair. Seeing them, the king put his sword to his own throat. Thereupon the goddess appeared and stayed the king by the hand, saying: "O king, I am appeased and grant you a wish; choose what you will." The king said: "Let this pair be restored to life by your grace, O goddess." Thereupon they were restored to life. The king returned to his own city.

The statue said: O king, let him who possesses such courage ascend this throne.

Here ends the fifth story

JAINISTIC RECENSION OF 7

Again on another occasion, when King Bhoja had made complete preparations for the coronation-rite and was mounting the throne, the seventh statue said: "O king, he who has magnanimity like Vikramāditya's mounts upon this throne." And when the king askt "Of what sort was this magnanimity?" the statue said: "O king, in the words of the verse:

1. "By offering the king's own royal head, the beautiful lifeless man and woman lying beside the goddess may be brought to life;" such a report was brought to the king, and he went thither intending to do so. But his hand was stayed by the goddess; and when she said "Choose a wish," he replied: "Let this couple be brought to life, and let their desire be granted."

In Avanti-city, the noble King Vikrama. In his reign the people shunned the seven vices, did not transgress the rules of action which pertained to their own castes, meditated on the sacred word, and discust the (supreme) truth. They took delight in righteousness, and feared evil; they were eager for glory, devoted to benevolence, truthful in words, uncovetous in striving for wealth, not given to slander. They were mindful of the supreme soul, and despised the body; they had the generosity that is born of (a realization of) the transiency of wealth, and they had the right spirit in their hearts.

Here dwelt a merchant named Dhanada, who knew not the extent of his own riches. Whatever articles of wealth were found at all in the city, they all found their way to his house. One time he reflected: "I have acquired the goods of this world, but none at all of the future world. Without them, all this is fruitless, for:

2. What if one have obtained riches to satisfy all desires ? What if one have set his foot down upon the heads of his foes? What if the bodies of men should endure for a world-age ? — if the soul be not devoted to the constant practice of righteousness!"

So he performed virtuous acts of almsgiving in his house, in the manner prescribed in the Book of Gifts; and being desirous of visiting a place of pilgrimage, he went into a far country. And it came to pass that he embarkt somewhere upon a vessel, and came to an island in mid-ocean. There he saw a temple, and in front of it a lake enclosed by moonstone gems. And at the left of the temple he saw a couple, a man and a woman, of beautiful form, but with heads separated from their bodies. These the goddess had made to test noble men. And he was amazed at heart. Furthermore, on a stone there he saw this inscription: "Whenever some courageous man shall make an offering of his own head here, then life shall be given to these two." Then he reflected: "Ah, the strangeness of fate. For:

3. She brings what is unconnected into firm connexion, and causes to be broken apart in a moment what is well joined together; she makes this universe, composed of movable and immovable things. Mighty is Fate, I ween!"

Then this Dhanada went on with his pilgrimage. And when he had returned to the city he told all these things to the king. And the king was filled with amazement, and said: "Come, Dhanada, let us both go thither and view this marvel." So the king went with him by sea to that island, and saw there the couple, man and woman, and read the inscription. Then compassion sprang up within him, and he reflected:

4. "If a man has the power to help others and does not do so, his own soul is thereby lost as a result of his own perverseness, after he has once gained it."

So when the king had performed the rites of bathing and almsgiving and the like, he put his sword to his own throat, and was about to cut his head off. But the goddess stayed him by the hand, and said: "Noble sir, I am appeased, choose a wish." Thereupon the king said: "If you are appeased, grant life and a kingdom to this couple." Then the goddess said: "Noble sir, this device was conceived merely for purposes of trial. You alone are the ornament of the earth; there is no other righteous man in the world than you." Thus she praised him. And the king returned to his own city.

Therefore, O king, if such magnanimity is found in you, then do you ascend this throne.

Here ends the seventh story in the Thirty-two Tales of the Throne

8. Story of the Eighth Statuette

Vikrama causes a water-tank to be filled

SOUTHERN RECENSION OF 8

When the king was again mounting the throne, another statue said: "O king, if you have the magnanimity of Vikrama, then mount upon this throne." King Bhoja said: "Tell me a tale of his magnanimity." She replied: "Hear, O king.

When Vikrama was king, thru the mouth of his spies he learned of all manner of strange stories with which were connected various enter-

taining and astonishing incidents that happened everywhere in the round world. And it is said:

1. Cows see by their sense of smell, brahmins by the Veda, kings by their spies, and other people by their two eyes.

Hear, O king. Whoever is a king must know all about the condition of the people; he must know the thoughts of everyone. He must protect his subjects perfectly, punish the wicked, and defend the good; he must acquire wealth by proper means, and be equitable to his petitioners: for these are a king's five sacred duties. And thus it is said:

2. Punishment of the wicked, rewarding of the good, increasing his treasure by proper means, impartiality to petitioners, and care for the government; these are called the five sacred duties [literally 'sacrifices'] of a king.

And again:

3. What matters it that a king performs services to the gods, if he oppresses his subjects? His divine services, prayers, sacrifices, and offerings should consist in this, that no tears be shed in his kingdom.

While Vikrama was thus ruling, one time his spies returned to the king's presence after wandering about the earth's surface, and being questioned by the king said: "Sire, in the land of Kashmir there is a certain very wealthy merchant. This merchant caused to be dug a reservoir five kroṣas [about ten miles] in extent, and in it had built a shrine to Nārāyaṇa [Viṣṇu] 'Resting-on-the-Water'; but no water would stay therein. Again, in order to produce water there, this merchant caused the brahmins to perform an entire four-fold ritual service, including the coronation rite, in honor of Varuṇa; but still the water would not stay there. On this account that merchant was much distressed, and sat every day on the edge of the pond and sighed: 'Alas, the water will in no wise stay here; my labor has been in vain.' Now one day when he was sitting on the edge of the reservoir, there was heard a superhuman voice in heaven, saying: 'How now, son of a merchant! Why do you sigh? When the pond is sprinkled with blood from the neck of a man bearing the thirty-two superior marks, then pure water will stay in it, and not otherwise.' Hearing this the merchant fitted out a great dining-pavilion on the edge of the pond; and all the people who dwelt in his country came together to eat in this pavilion. And the superintendents who stood there made proclamation thus before the people of the country: 'A hundred bhāras ['loads'] of gold shall be given to whatever man will sprinkle this pond with

blood from his own neck.' They all heard this announcement, but no one agreed to undertake the heroic deed. This very strange thing have we seen."

When King Vikramārka heard their words, he went himself to that place. And when he saw the great shrine, beautiful and spacious, of Viṣṇu 'Resting-on-the-Water,' and the reservoir, he was astonished, and thought to himself: "If I sprinkle this pond with the blood of my neck, then it will become full of water, and it will be a benefaction to all people. This my body, even tho it should live a hundred years, must finally come to destruction; therefore a great man should not be selfish with his body. To benefit others even the body should be sacrificed. And it is said:

4. Tho one extend his life to cover a hundred autumns, he must in any case meet death, even lying in his bed. So the men who do not practise selfishness with their bodies, which are the chief disgrace of the whole world, being so easily subject to destruction, they are the light of the world. Moreover:

5. Ever and ever worn by disease, ever and ever the home of sorrow, ever nigh unto death is this body-cage of mortals.

6. Truly, those men of righteous deeds who, setting at naught their selfish advantage, have held the body valueless, are the ones who have gathered the fruit of this life."

So thinking he went into the temple before him, and having paid homage to Viṣṇu 'Resting-on-the-Water' and bowed down before him, he said: "Hail, deity of the waters! Since you desire blood from the throat of a man bearing the thirty-two superior marks, now be satisfied with this blood from my throat, and cause this pond to be full of water." Thus speaking he put his sword to his throat; but then the deity stayed his sword and said: "O hero, I am appeased by you, choose a wish." The king said: "If you are graciously disposed towards me, then make this pond to be filled with water." The deity said in reply: "O king, go quickly away from this place, and when you look back, it shall be full of water." Hearing this the king quickly went up on the bank of the pond; and the pond became filled with water. And King Vikrama went to his own city.

Having told this story the statue said to King Bhoja: "O king, if you possess such magnanimity, benevolence, courage, power, and other virtues, then mount upon this throne."

Here ends the eighth story

METRICAL RECENSION OF 8

When King Bhoja once more approacht to ascend the throne, the eighth statue said to him again: "O king, you may mount this throne when you have as great a store of heroism as Vikramāditya." When she had thus spoken, King Bhoja, his heart filled with curiosity, askt her as to his store of heroism, and she replied: [6]

"Let it be discovered what man in my city and kingdom is good and who is bad; who is righteous and who unrighteous, who is virtuous and who vicious;" to find this out the king once sent forth his spies on all sides. After a time two of them returned to the king from the land of Kashmir. And at his command these two spies spoke in the king's presence: "By your command this is what we have beheld with our own eyes. In the land of Kashmir, O sire, there is a certain rich merchant. He has caused a great pond to be dug, a yojana [not far from 8 miles; 4 kroças] in extent; but tho great effort has been made, no water is obtained there. Of what use is mere human power, when its possessor is deserted by fate? So that merchant went wearily every day to the pond, and sat sighing on its edge. To him thus plunged in an ocean of grief a voice proceeding from no person once spoke: 'Upon being sprinkled with blood from the throat of a man bearing the thirty-two superior marks, that pond will be filled with a flood of water.' Upon hearing these words he straightway took counsel with himself, and devised there a means for accomplishing his desire. He caused golden men to be fashioned of seven crores of gold [one from each crore], as the price of the blood to be taken from the throat of a man bearing the thirty-two superior marks. And he placed there upon the brink the golden images, and at the same spot upon a stone pillar caused a verse to be inscribed: 'If any man bearing the superior marks will sprinkle this shore with blood from his own neck, these golden images shall be his.' " [29]

Hearing this the king's curiosity was immediately aroused, and he went with the two spies to the place of the merchant's lake. Now in the middle of that pond there stood a temple of (Viṣṇu) "Resting-on-the-Water," in which appeared all of Viṣṇvakarma's [the divine architect's] skill in construction. Upon the eight sides of that temple were severally placed the eight forms of Bhāirava [Çiva], and upon its borders Lambodara [Gaṇeṣa] and the other gods. There was stationed the Lord of the Dance [Çiva], the beloved of Caṇḍikā, with his circling arms thrown up in the ardor of the Çivaitic dance. And in front thereof was seen fixt a beautiful stone pillar, fifty hands in height including its pedestal. Upon it there was a beautiful statue of Viṣṇu incarnate as a boar; and Parameṣvara [Çiva] too was set up in a place upon the brink, and his twenty-four forms where set up in the same spot. And offerings of food, consisting for the most part of cakes, were made there without restraint. And in front were the seven golden images, and the verse inscribed. [38]

Seeing all this the king rejoist. And meditating on the purport of the verse, he took counsel with his heart: "Today is the best of all times for me, since it gives an opportunity for serving others. This body is certainly bound to perish, and who knows when or how it will be? I will first fill this pond with water. The life of a mortal is transient, but glory reaches to the moon and stars." Thus the king determined. And when the sun had crept near to the western mountain, he performed his act of voluntary piety [niyama]. Paying thoughtful devotions to the great water-deity who desired blood from the throat, the king drew his sword upon his own neck. But staying him by the hand the deity said to him: "O king, choose a wish; commit no rash

act of violence." Hearing this he said: "Let this pond be filled with water, and let no one know that I am at the bottom of this, O divinity." "So be it!" Thus granting his desire the deity again disappeared; and the pond became instantly filled with a flood of water. But the king went to Ujjayini, unobserved by any one.

If you are able to perform such acts as this, King Bhoja, then you are worthy indeed to mount upon this throne.

The king, hearing thus of the deeds of Sāhasāṅka [Vikrama], was amazed.

Here ends the eighth story

BRIEF RECENSION OF 8

[This, in mss. of BR, is 9

The ninth statue said: O king, listen.

One time the king, as he wandered about the earth viewing cities, towns, and fortresses, came to a certain city. There a certain merchant had dug a reservoir reaching down to Pātāla [the underworld]. But water would not stay in it. So the merchant, in distress, performed services to the goddess; and thereupon an unseen voice said: "When a man bearing the thirty-two superior marks is offered as a sacrifice here, then there will be water." Hearing this the merchant made (an image of) a man, of ten bhāras of gold, and made the stipulation that any one who should offer himself should take it. But still no one offered himself. Hearing this the king went by night to the beautiful pond. And making up his mind [or, composing himself], he said: "Let the deity of the place be appeased." But as the king was on the point of smiting himself in the throat with his sword, the deity stayed him by the hand, and said: "O king, I am propitiated, choose a wish." The king said: "Let this pond be filled with water." So, having made the pond full of water, the king went to his own city.

The statue said: O king, whoever has such courage may ascend here.

Here ends the ninth story

JAINISTIC RECENSION OF 8

When King Bhoja again on another occasion had made complete preparations for the coronation-rite and was ascending the throne, the eighth statue said: "O king, he mounts upon this throne who has magnanimity like Vikramāditya's." And when the king asked "Of what sort was that magnanimity?" the statue said: "O king, in the words of the verse:

1. When someone told the king that, altho a rich man had caused a great pond to be dug, the goddess had ordained that no water should be obtained in it without the offering of the blood of a man bearing the thirty-two superior marks, and that no such man had been obtained, tho ten bhāras of gold had been prepared for the purpose; the king saved a suicide [literally, 'a suicide (masculine and personal, but indefinite, not referring to any particular person) was saved by the king'] by offering his own blood unbeknown to any one, and produced the water there.

In Avantī-city, the noble King Vikrama. One time the king sent forth his men to find out the facts about other countries. For:

2. Cows see by their sense of smell, wise men by the *çāstras* (books of learning), kings by their spies, and other people by their two eyes.

One among them went to the land of Kashmir. Here a certain rich man had caused a pond to be dug, but water could in no wise be made to stay therein. One time a divine voice was heard there, saying: "If an offering is made here with the blood of a man bearing the thirty-two superior marks, then water will remain constantly, and not otherwise." Hearing this, that merchant had (an image of) a man constructed of ten bhāras ['loads'] of gold, and set it up in a house of refuge [hospice] beside the pond. And whoever came there to eat was informed thus: "If any man bearing the thirty-two superior marks will give up his own body, to him shall be given this man's image made of ten bhāras of gold." But no one took it.

Having learned these facts, the king's servant returned to his own city and told the king. And hearing this, the king out of curiosity went to that place, and beheld the pond, the temple, the group of trees, and all the other arrangements of the place. Then in the evening, having performed the ceremonies of bathing and almsgiving and so on, he went down into the pond and said: "Whatever deity desires the blood of a man bearing the thirty-two superior marks, let her now be satisfied." So saying, as he put his sword to his own throat and was about to cut off his head, the goddess stayed him by the hand and said: "O hero, I am satisfied with you, choose a wish." And the king said: "If you are satisfied, then make this pond to be full of water, for the benefit of all people, and say nothing to any one concerning this matter of my coming here." Hearing this the goddess said: "O the generosity and magnanimity of this man!" Then the king went to his own city. And in the morning the people saw the pond full of water, and the golden man still standing there, and they were filled with joy, and said: "Look, how did the water come there?"

Therefore, O king, if such magnanimity and generosity are found in you, then mount this throne.

Here ends the eighth story in the Thirty-two Tales of the Throne

9. Story of the Ninth Statuette

The fair courtesan who was visited by a demon

SOUTHERN RECENSION OF 9

When the king again was ascending the throne, another statue said: "O king, he is worthy to mount upon this throne who has the magnanimity and heroism of Vikrama." Bhoja said: "Tell me a tale of his magnanimity." And she said:

While Vikrama was king his vizier was Bhaṭṭi, his sub-vizier Govinda, his general Candra, his house-priest Trivikrama. This Trivikrama had a son Kamalākara, who lived by the indulgence of his father, eating gruel with ghee, adorning his body with garments, jewelry, betel, and the like, and devoting himself to sensuous pleasures. One day his father said to him: "For shame, Kamalākara! How is it that you, tho you have obtained birth in the brahman caste, have thus be-

come the slave of your desires ? This soul obtains very many births in different stations, and finally thru the power of good deeds is born in a human womb; but even in that case only by exceptional virtue is it born in a brahmanical family. And tho you have obtained all this, you have turned to evil courses. You are always staying away from home, and return to the house only at meal-time. Truly your behavior is unseemly. Moreover, this is the time for you to study and acquire knowledge; if you do not acquire knowledge at this time, later you will suffer great grief. And it is said:

1. Those who are afflicted by passion and whose good sense is destroyed by youthful follies, so that they do not study the sciences while they are young, are despised in their old age, and afflicted in body, as a lotus in the cold season. And so:

2. Those who have not learning, nor asceticism, nor generosity, neither morality, nor virtue, nor religion, they are a mere burden upon the face of the earth, and wander about in the world of mortals as beasts in human form.

In this round of existence there is no higher ornament for a man than learning. And thus it is said:

3. Knowledge is really man's highest beauty, a secret store of treasure; knowledge is the source of enjoyment, glory, and happiness, it is the Teacher of Teachers [or, 'revered of the reverend']; knowledge is a friend in foreign lands, it is the Supreme Godhead; knowledge is held in honor among kings, rather than wealth; one who has not knowledge is a beast. And so:

4. What value is there in an illustrious origin if a mortal be bereft of knowledge ? But even a man of low birth, if he have knowledge, is honored thruout the three worlds.

For shame, my son! While I live you ought to devote yourself wholly to the study of science. The knowledge you acquire will perform all manner of friendly services for you. And it is said:

5. Knowledge cherishes us like a mother, enjoins on us the right way like a father, and rejoices us like a wife, driving away our sorrow; she spreads abroad our fame in all quarters, and augments our wealth; knowledge performs for us all possible friendly services."

After Kamalākara heard these his father's words he became filled with remorse, and said: "I will never look upon my father's face again until I have become all-learned." So saying he went to the land of Kashmir. And there he came to the teacher Candramāuli Bhaṭṭa [Bhaṭṭa

is a title equivalent to our 'Doctor'], and prostrating himself before him said: "My lord, I am a stupid fellow, who hearing your worship's name have come to study and acquire knowledge. Have mercy on me, and bring me into the possession of knowledge, noble sir." So saying he prostrated himself again. And when the teacher agreed, he followed his instruction day and night. And thus it is said:

6. Knowledge may be acquired by following a teacher's instruction, or by a great amount of money, or thru the medium of (other) knowledge; no fourth way is to be found.

While he was thus receiving instruction, a long time past. And finally one time his teacher took compassion on him and expounded to him the Charm of Perfect Knowledge. By learning this Kamalākara became all-learned, and taking leave of his teacher returned to his own city. On the way he arrived at the city of Kāñci, where Anaṅgasena was king. In this city there was a certain woman named Naramohinī, who was incomparably beautiful. Whoever looked upon her became inflamed with the fever of love and came into a condition of frenzy. But whenever any one slept with her to enjoy her, a certain rākṣasa [demon] dwelling in the Vindhya Mountains was wont to come and drink his blood, so that he died. Kamalākara, having seen this strange thing, went to his own city. And his parents and other kinsfolk, when they saw him back again, held a great feast. On the second day he went with his father to the king's residence. And when he had recited this blessing:

7. "That protector of the honey that hides in the white lotus, the protector of the heavens, who wears welfare (as a garment), may he work your welfare!"

he displayed the skill of his art in the assembly. Thereupon the king presented him with garments and other gifts, and asked him: "Kamalākara, what in particular did you see in the country to which you went?" Kamalākara replied: "My lord, there was nothing to see there, but as I was coming back, in the city of Kāñci I saw a very strange thing." The king said: "Then tell me what you saw." And Kamalākara answered: "In that city of Kāñci there is a certain woman named Naramohinī. Whoever sees her goes mad with love. But if any one sleeps with her, a certain rākṣasa who dwells in the Vindhya Mountains comes and drinks his blood, so that he dies. This strange thing have I seen." Then the king said: "Come then, Kamalākara; we two will go thither." So the king came with him to the city of Kāñci, and saw the beauty of Naramohinī, and was amazed.

And he went to her house, and was hospitably entertained by her with washing of the feet, and with ointments, perfumes, and flowers. And she said: "O king, today I am become happy, and my house has become praiseworthy, since my courtyard has been made glad by the dust from your majesty's feet.

8. Today at last, after a long time, this my house has become praiseworthy, by reason of the grace acquired from the touch of your glorious feet.

My lord, partake of food in my house." The king said: "I ate even now, just before I came here." Then she offered him betel. Thus the first watch of the night went by; and Naramohini went to sleep. In the second watch the rākṣasa came; and when he lookt at the couch of Naramohini, there she lay asleep all alone, and there was no one else. But as he was going out again the king halted him and slew him. Hearing the noise thereof, Naramohini awoke, and seeing the rākṣasa slain she greatly rejoist, and praised the king, saying: "O king, by your favor I am freed from danger; from now on the persecution of the rākṣasa is at an end. How can I repay you for this favor you have done me? For the rest, I will do whatever you say." The king said: "If you will do as I say, then favor yonder Kamalākara." So Naramohini gave herself to Kamalākara. And Vikrama returned to Ujjayini.

Having told this tale the statue said to King Bhoja: "O king, if such magnanimity, heroism, and benevolence are found in you, then mount upon this throne." Hearing this the king was silent.

Here ends the ninth story

METRICAL RECENSION OF 9

[This, in mss. of MR, is 10

Again at another auspicious moment, presided over by an auspicious planet, the king slowly came near to the throne. But the tenth statue, observing him, prevented his desire, and saying "Listen," told the tenth story:

King Vikramāditya, who was a storehouse of pure courage and heroism, dwelt in Ujjayini, giving aid to the whole earth. He had a far-famed chief vizier, who was named Bhaṭṭi; Govindacandra was his general, while Trivikrama was his house-priest. This Trivikrama had a son named Kamalākara, who grew up constantly indulged and affectionately humored by his father. Seeing that his son was devoted to pleasure and lacking in knowledge, the brahman once said to the youth, gently, but with despair in his heart: "By your previous good deeds, my son, you have obtained birth in a noble family, and the form of a brahman, also the privilege of getting your sustenance without exertion. But those who do not accumulate learning, asceticism, generosity, morality, virtue, or religion in this world, they are mere beasts in human form. My son, knowledge grants us desired objects like the Cow-of-Wishes; and when

we sojourn in foreign lands she makes us glad like a mother. A man should accumulate the wealth known as knowledge, which cannot be stolen or taken away by any one else, by wife, brothers, thieves, kings, or kings' favorites." [19]

By the storm of his father's words Kamalākara's fair [literally, 'lotus-'] eyes were made wet, as is a real 'clump of lotuses' [by a rainstorm; the name K. means 'clump of lotuses'], and he was much grieved. "I will not look upon my father's face, standing in his house, until I have studied all branches of knowledge and acquired great glory!" Thus deciding, the young man straightway went forth from his house, and came to the land of Kashmir, the ornament of the earth. There in a certain brahmanical village was a wise man named Candracūḍa, who was acquainted with all the books of learning, like a second Vācaspati [or Bṛhaspati, the god of learning]. To him the wise son of Trivikrama told his errand; and having gained his assent, he remained there and eagerly followed his instruction. When he had finished his education he went forth from his teacher's country to his own, and proceeding leisurely came to the city of Kāñci. This city possess a beautiful temple, the shining residence of the earth-goddess; and it was fit to shatter the pride of the blooming city of Indra. In this city the sky seemed to be fringed with a great girdle of blue-lotus petals, because of the glances of women playing on the palace-tops. It was a store [literally, basket, receptacle] of powerful herbs for drawing fortune to oneself by (the magic art called) bewilderment; and it was protected by the powerful arm of King Jayasena. Here Nārāyaṇa in person gave a gift to Viriñca [Brahmā], and because he granted all desired boons to his devotees, he won the name of Gift-giver. [40]

Here was a certain woman named Naramohini, of beauty like gold. She made the young men look deprest and stupefied because of the intoxication produced by her loveliness. Any one who once glanst at her went mad and raved; but if he went to her by night, wishing to enjoy her, he was killed by a rākṣasa. When he had heard all about this matter, the brahman's son returned to the city of Ujjayini, and came to his own house. When the father saw that his son had returned home again, now learned in all the books of knowledge, and was bowing dutifully before him, he embraced him, trembling with affection. After this the young man went to see King Vikramāditya. And in talking with the king he pleased him greatly by his weighty words. And being questioned by the king, the brahman who had traveled abroad told him his story: "Going hence to a foreign country at the command of my father, I studied intensely all manner of sciences; the four Vedas with their auxiliary sciences, also the lore of the Upaniṣads, with the Three Books (of the Jyotiḥśāstra, on astronomy) in addition, and all the arts of good knowledge. And when I had obtained the approval of my teacher, and was returning again to the city, midway on the road I thought: 'Tho I have obtained this excellent knowledge, 'tis of no use to me; I have not won wide fame. What shall I do for this?' Then, great emperor, in my desire to behold the kings who are subject to your rule, I exhibited my learning in those parts, thus obtaining all the honors and marks of respect offered by the kings of this and that land. So gradually I came to the city of Kāñci. A prince named King Jayasena ruled over this place; he treated me honorably, and I abode there a month. There I saw a wondrous thing, a delight for the eyes; it was thus —" and he told him about it truly, just as he had learned it. [67]

To behold this, then, the king set out and came without weariness to the revered Kāñci, as it were the 'girdle' [kāñci] of that fair-curved woman, the Earth. There the

king's glance sank into the nectar-sea of Naramohini's loveliness, so that he could not withdraw it. And composing himself with difficulty, King Vikrama said to the skillful Kamalākara, who accompanied him: "See, friend, a great marvel; such a beautiful form I never before have seen — as it were Loveliness in visible presence. It delights and pains a man at the same moment, like a golden-creeper, tremulously lovely, but poisoned with venom. We two must now look into her inmost character. So do you go before and announce me, saying that I am coming." The brahman said: "Very well," and obeyed his command; and he quickly came back to the king, after carrying out his instructions. "Thus the charming damsel said in answer to my question: 'I accept this (proposed visit); but I am afflicted by a certain fault, namely that I am subject to a rākṣasa. Now do what seems fitting in the matter.' " When he heard these words, the king went straightway along with the youth to her love-inflaming house. And when Naramohini heard that the king had arrived, she rose up and entertained him with due marks of respect. Then part of the night was spent in the telling of many tales, each fitting its occasion. But when two watches remained, Naramohini went to rest. The king, cagerly awaiting the rākṣasa's approach, stayed in her house together with the brahman, unsleeping and unafraid. Then at midnight the terrifying man-eater [nara-bhojana], of hideous form, came into the house of Naramohini ['man-bewilderer']. And seeing the fair-waisted girl sleeping peacefully and alone upon her well-laid bed, he went forth from the house with a roar. And Naramohini, startled by his monstrous frightful cry, also came out instantly in terror, the long-eyed maiden. Thereupon the king called aloud to the demon, as with shaking arms he was going forth from the house: "Here am I!" The rākṣasa turned back, and the king fought him with (only) his arms for weapons. And straightway there began a fair fight between them, abounding in blows and counter-blows. But King Vikramāditya, of mighty power, felled him to the earth, and cut off his head then with a saw for weapon. And Kamalākara rejoiced as he looked intently and saw the fortunate and energetic Vikramāditya, that he had slain the dark rākṣasa, who, (black) as night in aspect, but lighting up the face of the heavens with his (white) teeth, had now entered upon his long sleep, so that the maiden was spared. [108]

"I am Nara-mohini ['man-bewilderer'] by name, but in fact a man-slayer. Since your majesty has now put an end to this wide-spread notoriety of mine, therefore from now on I am subject to you, my lord. Command me in any matter you wish, according to your majesty's pleasure." Pleased with her words, the king said to her: "If you consent to this, then do what I say. Since you, by visible marks, are shown to be a padmini-woman [cf. page 85, line 4] of rare beauty in the world, choose in this Kamalākara, fair one, a worthy mate for yourself." So saying the king, brilliant as the risen sun, gave the beautiful woman to the brahman, and went back to Ujjayini. If your majesty's magnanimity and heroism are like this, then, glorious King Bhoja, adorn this glorious divine throne.

This tale the statue told to the king; and he ceased from his attempt to mount the throne.

Here ends the tenth story

BRIEF RECENSION OF 9

[This, in mss. of BR, is 29]

Again a statue said: O king, listen.

One time the king caused a servant of his to put on his sandals, and sent him to Benares to worship Viçvanātha [Çiva]. Now as he was returning after having performed this worship, in a certain city he found a king's daughter named Naramohinī. And whoever saw her was crazed with love; so beautiful was she. And whoever sued for her love entered in by night and perished there in the night, and in the morning was cast forth dead. And it was unknown what happened during the night. A report was current that even the gods, seeing her, a mortal, were maddened (with love), and thought nothing of death. Finding out these circumstances, this man, overcome with love but afraid of death, returned to his city and told the king the story of Naramohinī. Then the king went with this same servant to that city, and saw Naramohinī, and rested in her house. And she went to sleep on her couch. But the king arose, and taking his sword in his hand stood behind a pillar. And at midnight a terrible black rākṣasa came up to her bed, and seeing her alone there was about to go away again, when he was stopt by the king: "Accursed son of a caṇḍāla [a very low caste], where are you going? Fight with me!" So they fought, and the rākṣasa was killed by the king. Thereupon Naramohinī came before him and said: "O king, by your grace I have been freed from a curse. How many men have met death on my account! I cannot repay you; I am now at your command; I will do whatever you bid me." The king said: "If you are at my command, then go along with this my servant." So having brought about the union of these two, the king went to his city.

The statue said: O king, whosoever has such courage may ascend here.

Here ends the twenty-ninth story

JAINISTIC RECENSION OF 9

When King Bhoja again on another occasion had made complete preparations for the coronation-rite and was about to mount the throne, the ninth statue said: "O king, he who has magnanimity like Vikramāditya's mounts this throne." And when the king asked "Of what sort was that magnanimity?" the statue said: "O king, in the words of the verse:

1. "There is a certain courtesan Naramohinī; whatever lovers enjoy her meet death, and yet still others come to her, because of their love." So said his house-priest, and the king went and abode there, enjoying her, having killed the rākṣasa; and being chosen by her, he said to the woman, who was devoted to him:

2. "Naramohinī, choose my friend yonder, the house-priest." Thus he gave her to him. Who is there like Vikrama now?

In Avantī-city, the noble King Vikrama. Tripuṣkara was his house-priest; he had a son named Kamalākara, who was a fool. One day his father said: "My boy, now that you have obtained a human birth, which is no easy matter, how is it that you occupy yourself? For:

3. Those who have not learning, nor asceticism, nor generosity, neither morality, nor virtue, nor religion; they are a mere burden upon the face of the earth, and wander about in the world of mortals as beasts in human form.

4. The positions of a scholar and of a king are never for a moment to be regarded

as equal. A king is honored in his own country; but a scholar is honored everywhere."

Hearing these his father's words of warning, he went to the land of Kashmir to acquire knowledge. There he won the favor of the teacher Candramāuli. Since:

5. Knowledge may be acquired by following a teacher's instruction, or by a great amount of money, or thru the medium of (other) knowledge; no fourth way is to be found.

This teacher, satisfied with him, gave him the Charm of Perfect Knowledge. And when he had won this, as he was on the way back, he came to the city of Kānti. There dwelt a courtesan named Naramohini, remarkable for the beauty, charm, and loveliness of her whole body, and robbing the heavenly nymphs of all their pride. Whoever looked upon her was maddened, and entered upon the ten stages of love [for these, see my note in the Critical Apparatus]. And whoever abode a night in her house was slain in the night by a rākṣasa. Having found out these circumstances, and being enamored of her, Kamalākara returned to his own city and told the king. Hearing this the king went thither with Kamalākara; and when he beheld the girl, his eyes rolled in amazement. And perceiving how the men who were enamored of her perished, he went to her house by night, and, when the rākṣasa came there, fought with him and slew him. Then the damsel was overjoyed and said: "O hero, today I am freed by you from the rākṣasa, and the destruction of men has been stopt. So I give over to you myself, being purchast by your great kindness. From now on you are my sole refuge." Then the king said: "Fair lady, if you can be won by virtues, and will do as I say, then favor this my friend Kamalākara." So giving her to him, the king returned to his city.

Therefore, O king, if such magnanimity is found in you, then mount upon this throne.

Here ends the ninth story in the Thirty-two Tales of the Throne

10. Story of the Tenth Statuette

Vikrama obtains a magic charm from an ascetic

SOUTHERN RECENSION OF 10

When the king again was mounting the throne, another statue said: "O king, he is worthy to ascend this throne who has the magnanimity and other virtues of Vikrama." The king said: "O statue, tell me a tale of his magnanimity." And she said: "O king, listen.

While Vikrama was king a certain ascetic once came to Ujjayini. He was skilled in all the arts and sciences — the Vedas, the law-books, medicine, astronomy, mathematics, acting, and the rest. In short, there was no one like him; he was as the very Omniscient in visible form. One time King Vikrama, having heard of his renown, sent his house-priest to summon him. He came into the ascetic's presence and made obeisance and said: "Reverend sir, the king summons your

worship; come to him." The ascetic answered: "Learned sir, what care I for seeing a king ?

1. Let us live from almsgiving, let us go clad in nothing but the heavens, let us sleep upon the ground; why should we have to do with princes ?

And again:

2. One who has no desires [= an ascetic] is not a politician ['office-holder']; one who is not in love is not fond of ornament; one who is not crafty does not make flattering speeches; one whose words are straightforward is not a trickster."

Hearing the ascetic's answer the house-priest went and told the king all that he had said. So the king came thither to see for himself, and sat down after making an obeisance. And as he conversed with him, all the things which the king asked he told him. Thereupon the king was greatly pleased; and he came and visited him every day, and conversed with him variously on the subject of the supreme soul. One day he asked him: "My lord, how old is your worship ?" He replied: "O king, why do you ask that ? A man conversant with the rules of conduct should not tell his age. These nine things must be guarded:

3. Nine things one must guard in secret: age, wealth, a hole in the house-wall, a charm, a remedy, sexual intercourse, a gift, an honor, and a disgrace.

Moreover, one who lives the life of a great ascetic outwits Time [Death] and lives a long time. O king, if your majesty has the power to perform it, I will tell you how to learn a charm." The king said: "What does one obtain by learning your charm ?" The ascetic answered: "By performing it you shall obtain freedom from old age and death." The king said: "Then teach me the charm; I will perform it." Then the ascetic taught him the charm, saying: "O king, recite that charm for one year, maintaining continence, and make a ten-fold offering with *dūrvā*-grass. Then at the full-offering-time a man will come forth from the sacrificial fireplace with a fruit in his hand, and will give you the fruit. By eating that fruit you shall be freed from old age and death, and your body shall be invulnerable." Thus, having taught the charm to the king, the ascetic went to his own place. But the king spent a year in continence outside the city, reciting the charm; and when he had made the tenfold-offering with *dūrvā*-grass in the fire, as he came to make the full-offering, a certain man came forth from the sacrificial fireplace and gave the king a divine fruit. And the king took the fruit and returned to the city. But as he came along the highway a certain brahman, whose members were

all wasted away with the plague of leprosy, said to the king after reciting a blessing: "O king, the king verily is appointed to take the place of mother and father to the brahmanhood. And it is said:

4. The king is a kinsman to those who have no kin, an eye to those who have no eyes; the king is both a father and a mother, and the king is a savior from distress and a guru [or, 'a guru to save from distress'].

Thus you save all people from distress. Now my body is being wasted away with this plague, and because of the wasting of my body my religious practices have also been ended. For in every religious performance the body is the first requisite of all. And it is said:

5. The firewood and the sacred kuça-grass for the sacrifice are easy to obtain; the waters also are sufficient for you to perform the ritual bath; by your own power you may easily engage in ascetic practices; but the body, I say, is the prime requisite for religious performances.

So do you bring it about that this my body shall be free from disease and that it may be useful for religious acts." Hearing the brahman's words the king gave him that fruit. Then the brahman was greatly pleased, and went to his own abode; and the king went to his palace.

Having told this story the statue said to King Bhoja: "O king, if such magnanimity is found in you, then mount upon this throne." And hearing this the king was silent.

Here ends the tenth story

METRICAL RECENSION OF 10

[This, in mss. of MR, is 11

When the king, possess of the brilliant majesty of Indra, again desired to mount Indra's throne, a statue's voice was heard in the same way: "If such be your magnanimity, O king, then be eager to ascend this throne; not otherwise.

In olden time, when King Vikramāditya was ruling the earth, a certain philosopher came from another country to Ujjayini. He was skilled in the totality of the arts, familiar with the Vedas, and well-acquainted with places of pilgrimage; he was learned in the Three Books of astronomy [Jyotiḥcāstra], and a knower of medical practice and the science of fevers. The king heard of his fame by rumor, and thought: "If he will come into my presence, he is a hypocrite and not purged of desire." Being anxious to find this out, he commanded some men to call him. And the great man, tho summoned with homage by the king's servants, because he was free from desire [or perhaps: 'because he wandered about at his own sweet will'], would not come to the king's house. Then the king went himself to see the ascetic, bringing him a present, and politely saluted him. And whatever the king askt of him in the course of their conversation, the ascetic explained every doubtful point. Consideration of the knowl-

edge of the Self; subconscious-impressions of experiences (in previous existences); the means of regulating the breath, (by) filling (the lungs), holding (them) inflated, and emptying (them); the prescriptions of the eight 'aids' [to Yoga, listed p. 109, line 13] (that may be) group't as six [by grouping the last three as one, called 'restraint,' Yoga-sūtra iii. 4], (which constitute) the hexad of means-for-attaining Yoga; (the methods of) Forced-concentration [Hatha-Yoga], Charm-concentration [Mantra-Y.], and the supreme Royal-concentration [Rāja-Y.], and the science of bringing the body under control, and the procedure for Absorption-concentration [Laya-Y.; on these four technical Yoga-practices see *e. g.* Oman, *Mystics, Ascetics and Saints of India*, pp. 172 f.]; all that the king constantly studied in the company of that great man. [23]

After a series of evenings had past, the king once ask't the philosopher: "Tell me, reverend sir, how many are your years?" Then the great man replied: "Why do you ask that? An ascetic who roams at will does not follow the usual course; he lives to be a hundred or a thousand years old, according to his own desire." "Who has that power?" Thus questioned he said again: "The power of doing everything may be obtained from ascetic practice, which is the procedure [krama] for escape [gati] from the calamity of the round of existence, from birth to old age. Time may be brought under control by means of the 'door-shutting' (ascetic posture). Steadfastness in devotion to this is the chief thing here, O king; and after freedom from the practice of that [that is, after having completely mastered that], the 'striking-of-the-nose (with the feet)' posture. If you are desirous of knowing about this, then I will tell you the way by which, if you merely follow it out, your body, free from old age and death, and invulnerable, will partake of immortality." [37]

Being watered by the nectar-like essence of that great man's words, the kandali-blossom [a flower which appears suddenly and abundantly at the appearance of the autumnal rains] of the king's desire unfolded widely. The wise man aroused his being; his eyes opened wide with excitement, his eyebrows were somewhat agitated, and the fold of his lips quivered. Then straightway the philosopher said kindly to the king: "Tell me what you desire, O king." "Tell me, my lord, how immortality may be obtained." Thus ask't by the king he then taught him a charm, telling him with definite prescriptions the way to use its powers. Having acquired the magic charm and given a fee to the teacher, the king went forth with his leave, and proceeded to the forest. There, taking to himself forest fruits as food, with matted locks [as worn by ascetics] and clad in bast, the king performed the three ritual ablutions, and devotedly repeated the charm, while every day he sacrificed with dūrvā-grass and with honey-and-sesame. A year past by while the king was thus engaged. Then from the sacrificial fireplace there came forth a man of dark purple color, who gave the king a fruit for immortality, and disappeared. Having obtained his desires, Vikramāditya returned slowly to Ujjayini. [55]

But upon the way the king saw a certain crippled brahman. This brahman, whose hands and feet were afflicted by his disease, produced by old age [literally, by time], begged the king with a sigh for a remedy to save his life. Then the king thought: "I have no medicine here, and this man cannot reach the city; what can be done in such a case? In ancient times some kings of old gave up even their own lives upon request, and gained lasting glory thereby. But this afflicted brahman here asks me not for money, not for my body, nor for my life that is so hard to part with, but merely for medicine. By giving him this fruit I shall save yon brahman; this is now the bell-

road [chief or best way] for me to make myself of use." So he gave him the fruit, and told him its power, and then went to Ujjayini, the king, the crest-jewel [foremost] of most generous men.

For a king not of that sort this throne is no proper seat.

Here ends the eleventh story

BRIEF RECENSION OF 10

The tenth statue said: O king, listen.

One time the king met a great saint. And in conversation with him the king said: "Thru your worship one attains immortality; pray how is this done?" He replied: "It comes thru the performance of magic(-knowledge)." The king said: "I will perform it." Thereupon he gave him a certain charm, saying: "You must perform this charm for the space of a year, accompanying it by eating only at night, continence, sleeping on the earth, and other (self-mortifications), and then make an offering with the ten-fold sacrifice, and at the full-offering a certain man will give you a divine fruit out of the middle of the fire. Upon eating that fruit immortality will result." So the king performed the charm as directed, and obtained the fruit. And as he was returning with the fruit the king saw an aged brahman, who blest him; and to him he gave the fruit.

The statue said: Let him ascend this (throne) who has such magnanimity.

Here ends the tenth story

JAINISTIC RECENSION OF 10

On another occasion when King Bhoja had made complete preparations for the coronation-rite and was ascending the throne, the tenth statue said: "O king, he who has magnanimity like Vikramāditya's mounts upon this throne." And when the king asked "Of what sort was that magnanimity?" the statue said: "O king, in the words of the verse:

1. Who is there like this noble Vikrama? For when he had obtained a rare charm from a certain ascetic, and by reciting it and performing ritual oblations had got from the fire a divine fruit, which when eaten would prevent death and old age, he gave it then to a deformed and sickly brahman out of pity.

In Avantī-city, King Vikramāditya. One time there came to his park a certain ascetic, who answered whatever question was asked of him. Hearing of this the king sent his servants into his presence to try him. Since:

2. Everywhere in great abundance are to be found teachers of false instruction, and the common herd are themselves ever too ready to pay respectful heed to an instrument of evil. How few are those noble men who occupy themselves wholly with the stainless activity of right teaching — by the mere [nisarga] association with whom these mortals are refreshed, and their blindness is dispelled! So they went thither, and having seen him and recognized that he was a truly noble man, they summoned him to the king. But he would not come, and said: "O servants of the king, we ascetics have given up association with people; what is a king to us? For they say:

3. Let us live from almsgiving, let us go clad in nothing but the heavens, let us sleep upon the ground; what should we have to do with princes?

4. What need we have to do with angry men, if we have peace of spirit? what

with contented men, if we have vexation of spirit? The ascetic neither pleases nor offends others; for he is independent, and always wholly indifferent."

Then they told the king about him. Hearing this the king reflected:

5. "Those who are free from wishes and have given up all passions, who are intent upon truth alone and have abandoned pride, whose desire is wholly absorbed in the increase of (their own spiritual) contentment, these men give joy to their own souls, but not to the common herd.

6. Those whose minds are lustful for the enjoyment of the objects of sense, who are outwardly free from passion, while the passions are firmly seated in their hearts,—these are tricky rogues, wearing merely the outer garb (of ascetics); but they charm the hearts of the multitude."

Then the king himself went to the ascetic, and performed there the eight-fold ascetic practices ('aids' of the Yoga system) consisting of abstentions, observances, (sitting-) postures, regulations of the breath, withdrawal of the senses (from external objects), fixt attention, contemplation, and concentration. Then he reflected:

7. "The earth is a mendicant's couch; his own creeper-like [that is, emaciated] arms are his pillow; the sky is his awning; the moon is his candle; the Soul is his dearly beloved consort; dust is the cosmetic applied to his body; the four regions of the heaven are the maidens by whom he is pleasantly fanned, with the winds as chowries. Certainly a mendicant reposes like a king, tho he has given up all desires.

Happy is he who is in this situation! For:

8. Reflection on the permanent and the transitory is his mistress; renunciation alone is his friend; (the eight 'aids' to yoga, that is) the abstentions and so on are his good comrades; tranquillity, self-control, and fasting unto death are considered his helpers; benevolence and the other (states of perfection) are his servants; desire for emancipation is his constant companion; the enemies which he must vigorously root out are folly, selfishness, desires, worldly attachments, and the like (vices)."

Then the ascetic was gratified, thinking: "Ah, this king is one of superior virtue." And he gave the king a certain fruit, and told him its power, saying: "If you merely eat this fruit, your body shall be free from disease up to death." Taking this fruit the king was on his way back, when a certain sick man, afflicted with a terrible plague, begged him for it. And fearing to refuse a request, being like an ocean of compassion, he gave him the fruit.

Therefore, O king, if you have such magnanimity, then mount upon this throne.

Here ends the tenth story in the Thirty-two Tales of the Throne

11. Story of the Eleventh Statuette

Vicarious sacrifice for a man who was dedicated to an ogre

SOUTHERN RECENSION OF 11

When the king at another auspicious moment was ascending the throne, another statue said: "O king, let him ascend this throne who has the magnanimity of Vikrama." The king said: "O statue, tell

me a tale of this Vikrama's magnanimity." And she said: "O king, listen.

While Vikrama was king, in the whole world there was no man who was a villain, or a slanderer, or a thief, or an evil-doer. Moreover, if a king is constantly compelled to consider plans for the cares of state and to devise means for conquering enemies more powerful than himself, he cannot sleep by day or night, because he is a prey to anxiety. And it is said:

1. Those who suffer from riches know neither parent nor kinsman; those who suffer from love know neither fear nor shame; those who suffer from care know neither happiness nor sleep; those who suffer from hunger know neither relish nor food.

This King Vikrama was not so; he had all his rival kings reduced under his majestic foot, and ruled without any violation of his commands. And it is said:

2. The only aim of royalty is authority; the only aim of asceticism is a life of chastity; the only aim of learning is knowledge; the only aim of money consists in giving and enjoying it.

One time the king laid the burden of government upon his ministers and went himself into a far country in the guise of an ascetic. Wherever his own fancy listed he remained several days; and wherever he saw any remarkable thing he abode some time. As he was thus wandering about, one day the sun set on him in the midst of a jungle. And the king went up and sat down at the foot of a tree. In the top of this tree dwelt a certain aged bird-king named Long-lived [Cirañjivin]. His sons and grandsons were wont to go forth in the morning to different parts of the country; and when they had filled their own bellies, at eventime they returned each day and brought to that aged Long-lived each one fruit. And this is well said:

3. Manu has declared that aged parents, a faithful wife, and a young son are to be supported, even tho they have committed a hundred misdeeds.

Then at night this Long-lived, being comfortably seated, askt those birds — and the king, seated at the foot of the tree, heard their words: "My sons, what strange things have you seen in wandering over various countries?" Then one bird said: "I have not seen any remarkable thing, but there is a great sorrow in my heart today." Long-lived said: "Then tell us the cause of your grief." Said he: "What will come of merely telling it?" The old bird said: "My son, one who is in sorrow, if he tells his grief to his friend, becomes relieved thereof. And thus it is said:

4. One who tells his grief to a faithful friend, to a virtuous servant, to an obedient wife, or to a friendly-disposed lord, is freed from his sorrow."

Hearing his words the bird told of his sorrow. "Listen, father. There is in the north country a certain mountain named Čāivālaghoṣa. And near that mountain there is a demon-city. A rākṣasa who has his seat on that mountain came to the city every day and laid violent hands on whatever man he chanced to meet, and took him to the mountain and ate him. One time the people who lived in that city said to the rākṣasa: "O Bakāsura, do not eat whatever man you may chance to meet, but we will give you for your food one man every day." And he agreed thereunto. Since then the people give to him one man each day, taking each household in turn. In this manner a long time has past; and today the turn has come to a certain brahman, who is my friend from a previous existence. Now he has just one son; and if he gives his son, his family-line will be cut off, while if he gives himself, his wife will be a widow, and widowhood is a great affliction. So on account of the affliction of these people I also am afflicted; and this is the cause of my grief." Hearing his words the other birds who were there said: "Ah, he is a true friend, since he is himself grieved by the grief of a friend. This is what friendship consists of. And it is said:

5. A friend is one who is himself happy when his friend is happy and sad when he is sad. The ocean is rejoiced [the tide rises] when the moon rises, and wastes away [ebbs] completely when it sinks.

Again:

6. The milk first gives to the water, which has been mingled with it, all its good qualities; when the water observes the torture of the milk (in boiling), it sacrifices itself in the fire; but then seeing its friend's disaster the milk becomes wild to get into the fire itself, until being rejoined by the water it is quieted. Such, in truth, is the friendship of the noble."

Hearing these words of the birds the king went to where that city was. There he saw the sacrificial stone, and having bathed in a fair lake which was near it he sat on the stone. At that time the rākṣasa came, and seeing him with smiling countenance was amazed, and said to him: "Great hero, where have you come from? Those who every day sit on this stone are wont to be dead from terror even before my arrival. But you are endowed with great heroism and show a smiling countenance. Moreover, when the time of a man's death is at

hand, his faculties become weak and sickly; but you beam in the possession of even exceptional beauty. Therefore tell me, who are you, sir?" The king said: "Rākṣasa, what matters that to you? It is for the sake of others that I am giving up this body; do that which you desire." The rākṣasa reflected in his heart: "Ah, a noble man is this; for he abandons his own desire for the enjoyment of happiness and is grieved by the sorrow of others. And it is said:

7. Abandoning any desire for enjoyment of happiness themselves, and seeking the happiness of all creatures, the noble are profoundly grieved by the sorrow of others."

And he said to the king: "Great hero, your life is truly praiseworthy, since you offer up your body for the sake of others. For:

8. Even beasts live, to be sure, caring for their own bellies alone; but a man's life is truly praiseworthy only when he lives for others.

Yet it is not strange to find such men as your worship doing good to others. And it is said:

9. What wonder is it that the noble live devoted to the service of others? For sandalwood trees are not born to cool their own bodies!

Moreover, great hero, you obtain all good fortune by this very benevolence of yours. And thus it is said:

10. A man who makes it his supreme occupation to help others in the world shall obtain good fortune and a (station) higher even than the highest [perhaps = final beatitude]. And so:

11. For the happiness of the whole world are created such noble men upon earth, who are devoted to helping others, and are free from desire even for the joys of heaven."

Having spoken thus he said again to the king: "O hero, I am pleased with you; choose a wish." The king said: "Rākṣasa, if you are kindly disposed towards me, then from today on give up eating men. Moreover, hear the instruction which I will give you. Thus:

12. As your own life is dear to you, even so all living beings (love their lives). Therefore the right-minded ought to save these living beings from fear of death. And so:

13. In this dread ocean of the round of existence mortals are continually tormented by the sorrows of birth, old age, and death, because they tremble before death.

14. If you will form a conception of the distress that comes to

a man at the thought: 'I must die,' you may spare even an enemy.

Moreover:

15. Just as your own life is dear to you, so is the life of others also dear to them. As you guard your own life, so guard the life of others also."

Being thus instructed by the king, the rākṣasa from that time gave up the killing of living beings. And King Vikrama returned to his own city.

Having told this story the statue said to King Bhoja: "O king, if such magnanimity, benevolence, and other virtues are found in you, then mount upon this throne." Hearing this the king was silent.

Here ends the eleventh story

METRICAL RECENSION OF 11

[This, in mss. of MR, is 9

When the king once more came forward to ascend the throne, the voice of a statue rang out preventing him as before: "I will tell you a certain tale; do you give careful heed.

There was a king Vikramāditya, noble and of perfect valor, who supported the earth-circle, while shattering the circle of his foes. One time the king, desiring to wander about the earth, handed over his government to the ministers, and went forth alone, taking his ease. Passing on his way over forest streams, he settled [= āsta] one day, worn with exertion, on a lofty plateau, as did the sun on top of the Sunset [asta]-mountain. Then straightway the jewel of the day [the sun], the head-gem of the creeping serpent, Time, was observed by the people sinking in the water of the ocean. And the king abode right there, under a certain banyan-tree, having the gloom of dense, black darkness. Then from all sides came on the real night, the blinder of all eyes, making the shadow of that tree of double intensity. The king, who held sway over the diadems of all kings, lay down there upon the fruit-strewn surface of the earth. Now in that tree, which was filled by a throng of many birds, there dwelt a certain bird-king named Long-lived. The birds who were his kinsmen gathered together there after wandering about the groves and parks of many neighboring regions. And he questioned them thus: "My friends, tell me whether in your journeys in search of food you have observed any remarkable thing in those parts?" Thus he, curious to hear, questioned the birds. And a certain bird named Fill-belly spoke forth: "Sire, to-day at sunrise, when I had preened my wings and flown up, I perceived a grove in the neighborhood of the Vindhya Mountains, where the air was made delicious with the perfume of blooming lotus-shoots, and the wind died down amid the bursting of opening buds of sprouts; and where the parrots and minas took delight in the sweetness of the mango-fruits. And it was filled with the melody of the happy low tones of the cuckoo, and radiant with many pools of sparkling cloud-floods; and within, the ground was strewn with bits of fish dropt from the mouths of playing birds. There I have a beloved friend, a heron named Fishbone-crusher. And he was overcome with grief, so that he did not recognize me, standing in front of him. When

I askt him, he told me the cause of his distressing care, sighing, his eyes bursting with a stream of dripping tears. [37]

'There is here a man-eating demon named Twelvethorp [having twelve villages]; day after day the malicious wretch abides in a cave in the Vindhya Mountains. The people of this place furnish him with the food he desires, a great amount of flour-cake and broth, and one man. Such is this flesh-eating demon; and now a certain friend of mine is appointed in turn to be food for him. This is the cause of the sorrow in my heart; I am grieved simply because I am unable to do anything to prevent this.' Hearing his words I said in reply to him: 'How comes it that you have a friendship with a man?' Thus questioned, the heron, and after him the (speaking) bird, told the whole story. "How can I tell the tale without shame, being unable to help? However, since you insist, I will try to tell you, unhappy wretch that I am. Once in this thicket a strong net was stretcht out in the air by a certain wicked villain of a bird-hunter. And as I was ever moving to and fro above the water, being eager to taste (the bait), as fate would have it, I got caught with my companions, fool that I was. A little later a certain young brahman came along to gather firewood. And he saw me there, and was grieved, and waited a moment in silence, gradually controlling his feelings. After this he quickly came up to me, full of compassion, and cut the net, and gave life to me and my companions, the virtuous man. Thus I owe my life since that time to his kindness. There were about twenty (meshes); I had gnawed thru not more than five or six. And today, tho such a benefactor of mine, a veritable other self to me, is to be eaten by a demon, I do nothing but indulge in grief, wretch that I am!' His cry of distress disturbed my heart, and even yet I am unable to think of any means of relief for it, ponder as I will." [65]

When Long-lived had heard this story from Fill-belly, he opined that the whole world of creatures both moving and stationary is governed by the power of past deeds. But when Vikrama heard it, he quickly went to the dwelling-place of that demon. A great stone was there, serving as a platter for the food of the *rākṣasa*, and around it a pile of bones like a play-hill of Death. The king went up to the middle of that stone to wait for the coming of the *rākṣasa*. But when the demon found him without a provision of food and drink, he said to him very angrily: "Accursed wretch, in violation of my command you have not brought me food; who are you, that have thus come alone?" Then the king said to him: "I am a stranger; know that I am a substitute for the man (whose turn it is) to-day. These people here will send you the man whose turn it is to be eaten; but do you let him go today, and eat me instead, true to the way of *rākṣasas* [that is, satisfying your natural demand for human flesh]." Hearing the marvelous words of the jewel of kings, who was bent on serving others, the *rākṣasa* was pleased and said: "Hero, choose some wish for yourself." Then the king said courteously to the prince of *rākṣasas*: "Birth in a divine existence; the knowledge of the Vedas and the *çāstras*; performance of fire-offerings and other rites; all these are good things without a doubt. But it is well known that there is no virtue among *yakṣas* [demons]. So do you, quitting your demon-nature if you will, heed my request." The noble *rākṣasa* assented to these words, and so the best of heroes chose as his wish the granting to the people of freedom from danger. Then the *rākṣasa* bowed his head (in assent); and raising his fingers praised the king: "O hero, in the three worlds there is no one like you." Thus, pleased at heart, he granted the

wish and disappeared. Then King Vikramāditya, unobserved by anyone, returned to his own Ujjayini.

If you also, King Bhoja, are capable of such benevolence, then you might take upon yourself to mount this throne; then you would be worthy to do so.

As a result of the statue's words, the king's intentions, as exprest by his attempt to mount the throne, were altered, and he turned back straightway.

Here ends the ninth story

BRIEF RECENSION OF 11

[This, in mss. of BR, is 8

The eighth statue said: O king, listen.

On a certain occasion the king, upon the advice of a minister, was traveling about the earth, and stopt at sunset under a certain tree in the middle of the forest. Now in this tree there was a bird named Long-lived, whose friends went forth to wander, and coming together at night conversed with one another, saying: "What has any one done or heard or seen?" Thereupon one bird said: "Just now I am grieved by night and day." "Why?" "In the middle of the ocean there is a certain friend of mine from a former birth, who has only one son. A certain rākṣasa lives there, and the king gives one man every day for him to eat. So they take a (victim from each household in) turn. And on the morrow it will be my friend's turn. Therefore I am distressed." Hearing these words of the bird, the king on the morrow went to that place by the power of his (magic) sandals. There was a certain rock there, and a man was wont to take his seat upon it, and the rākṣasa then devoured him. The king took his seat upon that rock; but when the rākṣasa came and saw him, a man such as he had not seen before, he said: "Who are you, and why are you giving yourself to death? Now I am appeased, choose a wish." The king said: "If you are appeased, then from today on give up the eating of human beings." And he agreed to do so; whereupon the king returned to his city.

The statue said: Let him ascend this throne who has such courage.

Here ends the eighth story

JAINISTIC RECENSION OF 11

When King Bhoja again on another occasion had made complete preparations for the coronation-rite and was mounting the throne, the eleventh statue said: "O king, he who has magnanimity like Vikramāditya's ascends this throne." And when the king asked "Of what sort was this magnanimity?" the statue said: "O king, in the words of the verse:

1. While the king was once wandering about in the land, and had stopt by night at the base of a tree, he heard the words of a bird in distress, one of a group of birds in the tree above him: "Alas, tomorrow my friend in an island-city is in a way to be eaten by a rākṣasa!" That (city) was reached (by the king) by the power of his (magic) sandals; he offered himself to save him.

In Avantī-city, the noble King Vikrama. One time he went forth alone to inspect the earth-circle, rich in various marvels. Since:

2. One sees various marvels, learns the difference between good and evil men, and comes to understand himself; this is the reason for wandering about the earth.

So as he was wandering about, he stopt once at eventide under a tree in a mountain thicket. In this tree there dwelt a bird named Long-lived. Now at night his companion-birds said to one another: "Who now has seen any remarkable thing today while going on his journey?" Then one of them said: "I am in great distress to-day." The other birds said: "Tell us what your sorrow is." And he replied: "To whom does one tell the heart's sorrow?"

3. Tho we have wandered over the whole earth, which divides the surrounding girdle of the four oceans, we have never found any such excellent man of pure virtue, that by telling to him the griefs or joys long stored-up in the heart one could breathe a breath of relief for a minute, or even half a minute.

4. There is no one so noble that the sorrows of the heart could be told to him. They come out of the heart into the throat, but from the throat they slip back again."

Then they askt him again: "Come, tell us what your sorrow is! If you do not tell it, there can be no help for you." Then the bird said: "There is a certain island in mid-ocean. The kingdom there belongs to a rākṣasa, to whom every day one man is given, from each house in turn. I have a friend there, from a previous existence; and he has a single son, who is quite young. Now today the turn has come to my friend. It is on this account that I am greatly grieved. Since:

5. Friends are they who are friends in sorrow; wise are they who know the differences between men in the world; generous is he who divides with others altho he have but little; he is truly benevolent who helps others without self-interest."

The king, standing below the tree, heard all this, and was grieved with an exceeding great grief. He put on his magic sandal and went to that island. And at eventide he saw that man, who had come according to his turn after giving his final instructions to his family, sad-faced with fear of death, sitting on the stone before the dwelling of the rākṣasa. And full of compassion the noble Vikrama said: "Sir, do you go away, I will take your place here today." Said he: "Who are you, and why will you die?" The king said: "What have you to do with the facts about me? Go!" So he went away, acknowledging the king's goodness. Then at night the rākṣasa came, and seeing that the king was joyous of countenance, he said: "Sir, who are you, such a noble hero that you are not afraid to die?" The king said: "What is it to you who I am? Do your work, take your food; since:

6. Generally if a man trembles before death, it is because he has not done his duty. Those who have done their duties welcome death, like a friend coming to see them."

Then the rākṣasa appeared visibly before the king, and said: "O hero, I am satisfied with you, ask whatever boon you desire." And the king said: "If you are satisfied, then from today on cease to kill living creatures." And the rākṣasa agreed to this. Then the king put on his magic sandal and went to his own city. And the people of the rākṣasa's island were made happy.

Therefore, O king, if such magnanimity is found in you, then mount upon this throne.

Here ends the eleventh story in the Thirty-two Tales of the Throne

12. Story of the Twelfth Statuette

The spendthrift heir, and the woman tormented by an ogre

SOUTHERN RECENSION OF 12

When the king again approacht the throne to mount upon it, another statue said: "O king, this is Vikrama's throne. Whoever is possess of the nobility and other virtues of this Vikrama, let him mount upon this throne." And Bhoja said: "Tell me a tale of his nobility and other virtues." And the statue said: "Hearken, O king.

In the reign of Vikramārka there was in his city a merchant named Bhadrasena, who had a son Purandara. And there was no end to the wealth of this Bhadrasena; yet was he not a squanderer. Now in the course of time Bhadrasena died, and Purandara inherited all his father's property, and began to waste it extravagantly as is customary at his time of life. Once upon a time his close friend Dhanada said to him: "Purandara, altho you are of a mercantile family, you waste your money like a scion of the high nobility. This is not a mark of one sprung from a merchant's house. A merchant's son, even tho quite alone, should amass wealth, and should not waste so much as a cowry [a shell used as money]. The goods a man acquires will some day be of service to him, when some calamity occurs. So a prudent man should save up wealth against the coming of calamity. And it is said:

1. A man shall defend his possessions for the event of misfortune, but shall defend his wife (if necessary) even with his possessions; himself however he shall always defend, even with both his wife and his possessions."

Hearing these words Purandara said: "Dhanada, he who says that 'goods acquired will be beneficial, when some calamity occurs' is lacking in good judgment. When calamities come, then the riches that have been laid up are lost also. Therefore the wise man is not grieved for the past nor distrest about the future, but he should rather attend only to the present. And thus it is said:

2. One should not grieve for the past, nor be distrest about the future; the wise occupy themselves with the things of the present. What is to be, that will be, without any exertion; and what is (destined) to pass away, even thus will it pass away. And it is said:

3. What is destined to be, that just comes into being, like the milk of a cocoanut. What is destined to pass away, that is (as good as) gone, they say, like the wood-apple that the elephant ate.

4. For that will not come into being which is not destined to be; and it will come into being if it is destined to be, without raising a finger; and that which is not destined to belong to a man is lost to him, tho he hold it in the palm of his hand."

To these words of Purandara, Dhanada, having no reply, remained silent. Then Purandara proceeded to waste all his father's goods. And then, when Purandara had no more money, his friends and relatives esteemed him no more, and would not even associate with him. And Purandara reflected in his heart: "Ha! as long as there was money in my hands, so long these friends of mine were attentive unto me. But now they have no dealings with me. This is true philosophy of conduct: only he who has money has friends and the like. It is said:

5. He who has money has friends; he who has money has relatives; he who has money is a man among men; and he who has money is a scholar. Furthermore:

6. Towards a man who has lost his money his relations do not behave as before; being attacht to him because of his station alone, his parasites quickly go their own ways, his friends become fickle, and — why make a long story of it? — even a man's wife is certain to have not so much regard for him when his money is gone. And so:

7. Whatsoever man has wealth, that man is noble; he is a scholar, he is rich in learning, he knows (how to appreciate) good points (in others); he verily is eloquent also, and handsome; all virtues rest upon gold. Moreover:

8. A wealthy man, altho not generous, will have a thousand retainers as long as he keeps his position; but let him lose his wealth, and not even a blood-relation will so much as show his face. And so:

9. The wind is a friend of the fire that devours the forests, but the same wind destroys the fire of a lamp; for a poor man who has friendship?

Therefore death is better than poverty. And it is said:

10. 'Arise, my friend, and carry for just a moment the burden of my poverty, that poor weary I may at last enjoy the happiness that death has brought you!' Hearing this cry of a poverty-stricken wretch, the corpse in the graveyard held its peace, knowing well that death is much better than poverty. And so:

11. Hail to you, Poverty! By your grace I am become a magician! For tho I can see everybody, no man can see me at all. Again:

12. Dead is a poor man; dead is conjugal intercourse that leads not to children; dead is a gift to one that is not learned in the Sacred Word; dead is a sacrifice without a sacrificial fee."

Thus reflecting he went into a far country. And as he wandered he came to a certain city located near the Himālaya. And not far from this city there was a grove of bamboo. And he himself came to the outskirts of the town, and slept at night on a bench in some one's house. And at midnight he heard the shrieks of some woman crying in the bamboo grove: "Good people, save me, save me, some rākṣasa here is killing me!" Having heard these cries, early in the morning he asked the people of the town: "Good people, what is this in the bamboo grove here? Who is the woman that cries by night?" And they said: "Every night the sound of these cries is heard there in the grove. But every one is afraid to go and find what it is." Then Purandara returned to his own city, and went to see the king. And the king asked him: "Purandara, what noteworthy thing have you seen while traveling in foreign parts?" Then Purandara told the king the story of the bamboo grove. And hearing of this strange occurrence the king set out with him for that city. And hearing at night the sound of the woman's wailing in the bamboo grove he went into the grove, and saw a very hideous rākṣasa in the act of murdering a helplessly screaming woman. And he said: "Wretch, why do you kill a helpless woman?" And the rākṣasa said: "What is that to you? Go your own way, or you shall die a useless death at my hands." Then they two fought, and the rākṣasa was killed by the king. Then the woman came and fell at the king's feet and said: "My lord, by your grace the limit of my curse has come; you have brought me out of a great ocean of misery." And the king said: "Who are you?" And she replied: "Listen. In this very city there was an extremely rich brahman. His wife was I; but I was wanton and cared nothing for him, altho he had a great affection for me. And I, having overweening pride in my beauty and charms, would not come when he bade me lie with him. Therefore, having been tormented with love all his life, at the time of his death my husband cursed me, saying: 'Look now, O wicked and perverse woman! Since all my life I have been tormented because of you, accordingly a hideous rākṣasa that lives in the bamboo grove shall come and enjoy you, much against your will, every night, and shall slay you.' Thus he cursed me. But I prayed for a limit to the curse, (saying): 'Nay, my lord, grant a limit to the curse.' And he said: 'When some man endowed with great valor and devoted to

the service of others shall come hither and kill the rākṣasa, then the limit to your curse will come.' Thus have I been freed from the curse thru you. Now I am at the point of death; and I have nine jars full of gold, which will be wasted. Do you take them." So speaking she told the king the place where the gold was; and her life left her. But the king gave the nine jars full of riches to the merchant Purandara, and returned with him to Ujjayinī.

Having told this story the statue said to the king: "O king, if such nobility and valor are found in you, then mount upon this throne." Hearing this the king was silent.

Here ends the twelfth story

METRICAL RECENSION OF 12

When he again came forward to mount the throne, a statue stopt him with these pleasant words: "O king, hear my words, and apply your mind to them for a moment.

In the city that was protected by the strong arm of King Vikramāditya, there was a certain very rich merchant, Bhadrasena. Like the God of Wealth, he had endless stores of riches, which he used solely for the benefit of all mankind. And he had a son named Purandara, who was an earthly Purandara [a name of Indra, type of generosity]. He was bent only on giving away and enjoying his goods, and cared not to collect them. And when in time his father Bhadrasena died, friendly kinsmen said to Purandara, seeing him bent only on giving and enjoying: "Look now, Purandara; you are merely throwing away your money, and have no inclination for thrift. When your money is spent your life will be vain. If a man be rich in wealth, all his desires shall be fulfilled. But poverty is void of everything; one who is poor, tho alive, is as good as dead. Rich men, tho they be devoid of knowledge, asceticism, and righteous conduct, attain happiness in the world; do not waste your wealth vainly. Wealth is a means of rescue for those who drown in the sea of misfortune. Therefore, my young friend, give up this foolish purpose, which must lead to evil consequences." [19]

Hearing these words he smiled, his mind being blinded by conceit; and he spoke in words brilliant as white-gleaming lovely ivory: "Fools are they who think that, by relinquishing giving and enjoyment, they will afterwards reap the benefits of money laid up by grievous toil. As a broom sweeps together from all sides the grain of the earth that is scattered about, so an avaricious man scrapes together wealth; but more noble than such a man are both the generous man and the spender. If such riches as these be not used for giving nor for enjoyment, the riches themselves are the source of misfortunes, declare the wise. Wealth truly is the determining factor here, it is the life of mortals in this world; but if it be merely hoarded, then of what benefit is it? A wise man should use his wealth by giving it away and enjoying it; if a man uselessly hoards it, Fate arranges it otherwise for him. These two things I am now practising; I will see what happens afterwards. In this way one shall not find himself in an ocean of grief. So runs the ancient saying: 'One should not grieve for the past, nor worry about future (grief); a wise man should occupy himself with the

things of the present.' 'What is destined to be, that just comes into being, like the milk of a cocoanut. What is destined to pass away, that in like manner [= just] passes away, like the wood-apple that the elephant ate.'" [39]

When this fatalist had thus replied with fine [specious?] words and refuted his kinsmen, then (thinking) "the wealth left to me should be used for my enjoyment," Purandara again began giving away his entire substance to beggars. And when he had thrown away all his wealth and was poor, his friends were all minded merely to scoff at him. Then Purandara became weary of the round of existence; and being in misery because of his poverty, he reflected thus in his heart: "When a man has lived exalted because of his store of wealth among a group of people, if he stays in the same group when he is poor, — what more terrible fate than that?" Thus reflecting, unable to endure the sight of the faces of his kinsmen, he went forth from Ujjayini, and wandered away to Madhurā. [51]

And being weary he entered into the house of a certain brahman-woman in that city, and relaxing his whole body, slept with tight-sealed eyelids. Then he heard repeatedly some woman, in the bilva-wood belonging to the park of that city, crying out in distress: "Alas, I am smitten!" "Tell me, wise sirs, who is this woman, and who is beating her here?" Thus questioned by Purandara the people told him all they knew: "The cause we know not, but this cry is heard every night." Thus informed by them, with swelling fear in his heart, he again went wandering about the earth, and returned to his own city. First he waited upon Vikramāditya, and the king asked after his health; and then, being eager to tell his strange tale, Purandara related it as he understood it: "Sire, I gave away to hordes of beggars all the wealth which had been collected by my father, who formerly lived at your majesty's glorious feet. And when I had lost my wealth and was living in misery, I became desirous of wandering about to places of pilgrimage, and lost all anxiety to stay at home. And going out from this city, tormented by the fiend Poverty, I wandered at will over the surface of the earth as far as the Himalāya. Coming down from that mountain, I went to Kedāra, and then arrived at Madhurā-city, which is truly 'charming' [madhurā] in its wealth of riches, and matches the heavenly city. In this city were goddess-like women, rejoicing in gleaming palaces, who seemed to fill up the (remaining) half of the (half-full) moon on the eighth day of the month with celestial ketaki-shoots(?). Here also the peaks of temples, lovely with flashing rubies, displayed even in cloudy weather a semblance of the glow of the morning sun. In this city by night lovely partridges drink from the beams, blended with colors of sapphire and pearl, from the moonlike faces of lovely maidens [instead of drinking the moon's beams, as they are fabled normally to do]. Straying about there, I went to sleep at night in a certain woman's house; and I heard from a great distance some woman's cry, 'Alas, I am smitten, I am smitten!' crying thus again and again. From that time, O king, compassion has held sway over me completely, because, helpless wretch that I am, I could not save this woman." [81]

Hearing these words of Purandara, the heroic king set out with him, taking his sword as his only weapon. And both the sun [āditya] and Vikram-āditya, each having completed his day, each arrived — the one at his final resting-place, the other at a dense wood. In a mass of darkness expanding with the gleam of a peacock's dark neck, and adorned with the brilliancy of the necklace of stars of the fair houri Night, the king, together with the merchant's son, stood attentive in the wilderness, like unto

a serpent, with terrible arms [or, punningly, coils], his sword serving as the serpent's venomous tongue. At this moment the woman, tormented by a demon's whip-strokes, and finding no protection from them, uttered a piteous cry. Then the king, entering by night the lair of the night-walking demon, saw the wretched woman, beside the *rākṣasa*. And full of compassion he said: "I am come as your savior; fear not, poor woman; I am dedicated to the destruction of the wicked *rākṣasa*." Thus encouraging the woman with his voice, he lookt upon the creature, standing before him like a mighty mountain scorcht by a forest fire. Then the king threatened him with words filled with the essence of heroism: "Know that I am *Vikramāditya*! Let go this woman! If you do not obey, listen!—this day I shall split open your breast with the blade of my sword, and overwhelm with the stream of your blood all the goblins, the *vetālas*, and the she-demons [your kinsfolk]. At your fall today the earth's connecting bonds shall be shattered, so that she shall be reminded of the hurricane-stroke of the era-ending thunderbolt. And from today there shall be rejoicing among the gods [as enemies of the demons]. What man dares torment a woman while the world is under my protection?" [105]

Thus addressd by the wrathful king, the *rākṣasa*'s lips quivered in fury, and he spoke, lighting up the countryside with his (white) projecting teeth, and said: "Vainly do you boast of yourself before me, wretched little kinglet; if you have any valor [*vikrama*], show it now! You little know that I am named *Narāṭikabala*, sprung from the line of *Dundubhi*; how then, fool, shall I be slain with blows of a club? Long ago the bones of such as you—all that is left of them—have stuck between my teeth, and even today are not gone. Look between the tusks in my mouth." And after the two champions, *Vikramāditya* and the *rākṣasa*, had thus declared their own prowess in haughty words to one another, they fought together; bellowing like two mighty bulls, enraged like two tigers, they struggled with one another like two rutting elephants. Tremendous was the battle between the two strong-armed warriors, and terrible with a multitude of sparks struck forth from changing blows. Their bodies were reddened with blood from the blows of each other's weapons, so that together they outdid in appearance [literally, took away the glory of] two mighty red-chalk mountains. From the great shouts of the encounter, and from the terrible sound of the clubs, the quarters of the sky seemed to become resonant and to applaud their battle. Then in a moment the mighty king by his own strength deprived the *rākṣasa* of life. The earth-lord cut off his head with his scimitar; upon his mighty curve-pointed weapon, even so he transfixt the demon. And a rain of flowers fell from heaven upon the king's head, and the regions of the sky lighted up, along with the moon-(like) face of the afflicted woman. [129]

Then the king, with kind words suiting the occasion, lookt on and comforted the 'lotus-woman' [cf. p. 85], who was as it were (a lotus) escaped from a frost. "Who and whose are you, gentle lady, and how did the *rākṣasa* get you? If it is fitting to come to my ears, tell me the whole tale." And from the watering of the noble king's nectar-like words, there sprang up in her heart a sprout of desire to tell her story. "There was in the city of *Avanti* a far-famed wise man named *Dharmaçarman*, whom the good declared to be the image of *Bṛhaspati* upon earth. I was the wife of this noble man, by name *Kāntimatī*; on account of a carnal sin I came to disgrace the family. He was informed by his kinsmen of my immoral character, and reflecting that a woman may not be killed, he let fly at me words like a thunderbolt: 'From now

on, wicked woman, you shall reap the fruit of this; for you shall shriek under whip-strokes inflicted by a rākṣasa at night in the wood. But when, in the course of time, some king, without aid, shall slay this rākṣasa, then you shall have release.' Today, by permission of fate, I have been releast by you, great hero; let me try to do for you a service in return. The rākṣasa whom you have killed has hoarded up for a long time a store of wealth, enough to destroy the pride of the Lord of Wealth [the god Kubera] in his treasure. There is a temple right on this spot; to the east of it is a great rock, and half a kos to the north therefrom this treasure was deposited by the rākṣasa. Take this, great king, and I will then go home. And may the store of the nectar of your favor towards me ever be full." When the brahman's wife had thus instructed the king and gone away, the king gave all that wealth to the merchant and went to his own city.

If such heroism, King Bhoja, is yours, and such courage and noble magnanimity, then adorn the throne.

Here ends the twelfth story

BRIEF RECENSION OF 12

[This, in mss. of BR, is 11

The eleventh statue said: O king, listen.

In the city of Vikramārka there was a certain merchant who had unlimited wealth. And in time he came to the end of his life. Then his son threw away his wealth in evil courses. And tho warned by his friends, he heeded not their words. Thus when his wealth had been dissipated, being poor, he went into a far country. Then going along the road he came to a certain town. There was a certain grove. In it a lone woman cried by night: "Ho, let some one save me!" Hearing this he askt the people of the place. Then the people replied: "A certain rākṣasa and a woman are there. Her cries and laments are constantly heard. But no one can explain what it is." Having seen this the merchant's son went back to his own city, and told the king the occurrence. Then the king took his shield and his sword and went forth with him. And he came to that city. Then at night the woman cried in that grove; and hearing it the king went forth by night, guided by the sound. There a rākṣasa was slaying a woman on a fresh-cut branch. Thereupon they two fought, and the rākṣasa was killed by the king. Then the woman said to the king: "O king, by your grace (the consequences of) my (evil) deeds have been annihilated." The king said: "Who are you?" She said: "I was the wife of a certain brahman in this city. In the lustfulness of youth I deceived my husband. Then because of my state [character?] at the time of his death my husband curst me, saying: 'A rākṣasa shall slay you by night in the forest.' Afterwards he granted mercy: 'When some man shall kill the rākṣasa, then shall be your release.' Now then do you take (these) nine jars of treasure belonging to me, since I am saved by your grace." The king said: "One must not accept a gift from a woman." She said: "My life is on the point of leaving me; therefore do you enjoy my wealth." Then the king gave the treasure to the merchant, and returned to his city.

O king, whoever has such magnanimity, let him mount this throne.

Here ends the eleventh story

JAINISTIC RECENSION OF 12

Again on another occasion when King Bhoja had made all preparations for the coronation-rite and was mounting the throne, the twelfth statue said: "O king, he mounts upon this throne who has magnanimity like Vikramāditya's." And when the king asked "Of what sort was that magnanimity?" the statue said: "O king, in the words of the verse:

1. Having obtained great wealth by trade, and being rich as the God of Wealth [Kubera], a certain merchant died. His foolish-minded son paid no heed to the timely warnings of his father's people and his other friends, who said: "Look now, do not destroy this fortune by wicked wastefulness!" Bearing the stigma of poverty (thus) brought about, he wandered abroad in the land and came to a certain large grove of bilva-fruits.
2. There he heard a woman crying by night.—Having heard all this from his lips, the noble Vikramārka went forth by night, taking his sword with sharp gleaming blade, and slew in conflict a demon that was responsible for the woman's cries. The woman, freed from torment caused by her husband, gave him nine jars of gold; but he gave them to the merchant's son.

In Avantī-city, the noble King Vikrama. Bhadrāsena, a merchant. His son, Purandara ['Stronghold-breaker,' a name of Indra, who is likewise a typical 'lavish dispenser']. When his father went to rest, he became a 'Stronghold-breaker' ['lavish dispenser'] of his father's wealth, enjoying himself in idle diversions. And his relations would have restrained him, saying: "Look now, do not waste wickedly; wealth, if preserved, will be surely of some use or other. It is just wealth that is the source of man's greatness. For:

3. That mass of water [the ocean, from which sprang Lakṣmī, goddess of wealth and wife of Viṣṇu], in producing your ladyship, O Lakṣmī, became the origin [mine] of jewels. The slayer of (the demon) Mura [Viṣṇu], by becoming your lord [consort], became also the lord of the three worlds. Kandarpa [the god of love], thru being your son [nandana], became also the rejoicer [nandana; a pun] of the hearts of men. Everywhere, I ween, high position is due to the favor of your grace.

By the power of wealth even faults become virtues; for:

4. Sluggishness passes for steadfastness; restlessness takes the appearance of vigorous activity; taciturnity appears as reserve; stupidity becomes simple honesty; inability to distinguish (in giving alms) between the good and the worthless gives you high-spirited generosity. O mother Lakṣmī! By the power of your favor even vices shall become virtues."

When he heard these words of his relations he said:

5. "One should not grieve for the past, nor be distressed about the future; the wise occupy themselves with the present time.
6. What is destined to be, that just comes into being, like the milk of a coconut. What is destined to pass away, that is as good as gone, they say, like the wood-apple that the elephant ate."

Then he spent in gifts and enjoyment all the wealth that his father had acquired. And when in the course of time he became poor, he was despised by his relations.

7. "Better is a forest infested by tigers and stately elephants, a shelter of trees, a diet of leaves, fruits, and water, a bed of grass; better worthless old bast (for garments), than life among relations for a man who has lost his wealth."

Thus reflecting he went into a far country. And as he wandered he came to a city near Mount Malaya [a purely verbal confusion; the original had Himalaya]. And there he heard at night the cry of some woman calling in distress with piteous tone. And in the morning he asked the people. And they said: "We know not; every night some woman cries here, and therefore our city is greatly afraid, fearing some disaster."

Having learned these things Purandara told the king. But the king out of curiosity went to that city. And at night he put on his sword and took his stand in the grove on the border (of the town). Hearing the woman's cries he went in that direction, and saw a *rākṣasa* of fearful aspect beating a woman with blows of a whip. And being filled with compassion the king said to him: "Ho there, accursed demon! Why do you murder a woman? If there is any strength in your arm, then fight with me!" Then in the fight between the two the *rākṣasa* was slain by the king. And when she saw it the woman gave praises to the king, (saying): "Hail, hero of heroes! By your grace I am become happy." Then the king said: "Lady, who are you?" And she said: "I was the wife of a brahman. And my husband was mightily attached to me: but in spite of all he could do I liked him not. And from grief over this he died, and becoming a *rākṣasa* he came to me every night, out of ancient hate, and would beat me. Therefore I am today become happy thru your kindness; my persecution is at an end. And what favor can I, a poor weak woman, do in return for you, great hero that you are? Nevertheless, as there is no one left in our family line, and I have nine jars of gold, do you take them. That which I give you is a mere trifle altogether." Then the king, just for amusement's sake, gave this treasure to Purandara, and returned to his own city.

Therefore, O king, if such nobility is found in you, then mount upon this throne.

Here ends the twelfth story in the Thirty-two Tales of the Throne

13. Story of the Thirteenth Statuette

Vikrama shames the wise men by an example of unselfishness

SOUTHERN RECENSION OF 13

When the king was again ascending the throne, another statue said: "O king, only he who has the magnanimity and other virtues of Vikrama is worthy to mount this throne." King Bhoja said: "O statue, tell me a tale of his magnanimity." And the statue said: "Hear, O king.

One time Vikramārka put the burden of the government in the hands of his ministers and himself went forth in the guise of an ascetic to wander about the earth. In a village he spent a single night, in a city five nights. As he was thus wandering, one day he came to a certain city. On the bank of a river near this city there was a certain shrine. In this shrine all the people of the place were listening to a *purāṇa* [ancient semi-sacred text] read by a *purāṇa*-sage. The king also, when he had bathed in the river, went into the temple and made

obeisance to the god, and then sat down near the crowd. At that time the purāṇa-sage was reciting these verses from the purāṇa:

1. Transitory are our bodies, our wealth lasts not forever, and death is always nigh; let a store of righteousness be accumulated.
2. Hear the whole essence of religion, as it is set forth in myriads of lawbooks. Virtue is doing good to others; wickedness is oppression of others.
3. He who is grieved at seeing other creatures grieved and rejoist at seeing them rejoist knows the finality of religion.
4. Whosoever gives security to living beings which are in fear of danger — there is no higher religion at all for mortals than this.
5. A far greater reward goes to him who gives life to a single creature, than to him who gives a thousand cows to thousands of brahmans every day.
6. Whosoever is full of compassion and gives security to all creatures, he never perishes, even when he loses his body.
7. Easy to find upon earth are givers of gold, of kine, of land, and the like; hard to find in the world is a man who is full of compassion for every living creature.
8. The fruit even of great sacrifices is exhausted in time; if one gives security, the fruit of the gift is never exhausted.
9. Alms, offerings, asceticism performed, journeys of pilgrimage, and sacred lore as well, all are not worth the sixteenth part of the gift of security.
10. As between one who gives this whole earth bounded by the four seas and one who gives security to creatures, the giver of security is the greater.
11. Whosoever does not acquire imperishable righteousness with this perishable body, which is subject to destruction from moment to moment, is a miserable fool.
12. If this body is not to be applied to the service of living creatures, then why forsooth do men do service to it day by day?
13. All the ritual offerings, with complete princely fees (to the officiating priests), are equal only to the saving of the life of one living creature in fear of danger. In short:
14. A man who makes it his supreme occupation to help others in the world, shall obtain good fortune and a (station) higher even than the highest [perhaps = final beatitude].

At the time of these recitations from the purāṇas a brahman and his wife, as they were crossing the river, were swept away by the strong

current. And with shouts of distress the brahman cried unto the great crowd who were listening to the purāṇa on the bank: "Ho, ho there, good people, run quickly, run! I am an aged brahman, with my wife, and we are being violently swept away by the stream of the river. Whoever is a righteous hero among you, let him save my life and my wife's." Hearing the cries of the man being swept away by the river, the crowd all looked on with curiosity, but no one undertook to succor him, nor entered the river to pull him out of the current. Then King Vikramārka reassured him, saying: "Fear not!" and rushed into the river, and pulled the brahman and his wife out of the great stream, and brought them ashore. And the brahman, being saved, said to the king: "Great hero, this body of mine sprang first from my father and mother, but now it has received a second birth from you. If I do not do you some favor in return for this great favor, the gift of my life, then my life will be in vain. Therefore I give to you the merit which I have gained by standing for twelve years in the middle of the Godāvarī river and reciting the Three Names [of the Hindu Trinity]. Moreover, whatever merit I have obtained by penances, the lunar penance and so on, do you take all of it." Thus speaking he gave the king all this merit, and, reciting a blessing, went away to his own place, together with his wife.

. At that moment a brahman-rākṣasa [a brahman of a former existence, incarnate as a demon] of hideous form came into the king's presence. And seeing him the king said: "Great sir, who are you?" And he said: "In this very city I once lived as a brahman. And I lived by always accepting forbidden gifts and sacrificing for unworthy persons; also in the pride of my learning I insulted all the venerable, great, and good (brahmanas). As a result of this wickedness I became a brahman-rākṣasa in this pippl tree before you, and have remained here ten thousand years in great distress. Today I overheard the conversation between you two, and so I have come into your presence. Now your majesty is like a mighty tree, a benefactor of everybody." The king said: "What is it that you seek?" The rākṣasa replied: "Give me the merit which the brahman has even now given to you. By means of this merit I shall be rescued from this terrible ocean of my evil deeds." And immediately the king gave him that merit. By means of this merit he was released from (the effect of) his deeds; and putting on a divine form he went to heaven, praising the king. And the king returned to his own city.

Having told this tale the statue said to the king: "O king, if such magnanimity and benevolence are found in you, then mount upon this throne." And hearing this the king hung his head.

Here ends the thirteenth story

METRICAL RECENSION OF 13

When the ruler of the earth-circuit once again approacht the throne to mount it, the statue said to him: "O king, hear the story to be told in another tale; for from hearing this tale a king may become truly noble.

There was a certain Vikrama who ruled the earth with marvelous valor [vikrama], and whose sway was crowned with a diadem of (subject) kings. Let this great distinction between Indra and Vikramārka be known to you: the one is afraid of mighty ascetics, the other loves them. This king was terrible as the conquering war-drums of Indra's vanguard, and (like Indra) wielded a mighty thunderbolt, so that the hostile kings trembled before him. As he was constantly the image of happiness, and as his enemies were all vanquishd, no care at all oppress the mind of the king. One time this prince, desiring to travel about the earth, went forth stopping a night in each village, walking in the way of righteousness. So ever inspecting various herdsmen's stations, cities, villages, mines, hamlets, and towns, he wandered alone over the earth filled with many marvels. In this way the king came to a town named Dharmapura, on the banks of the Ganges, made over to the brahmins by King Janamejaya. Then time's mendicant [the sun], clad in a brown robe and bearing a shining water-jar, went on to bathe in the western ocean [that is, set]. Having past that night in a brahmin's house, the king went forth to perform the duties that come after sunrise. Then in a place where all the stain and foulness of sin were washt away, a lonely spot where a flight of steps led to the water, he performed his ablutions. Having done his prescribed duties, the king, distinguishd by heroic exploits, worshipd the sun with due ceremony. [26]

Then, in a hut for morning-devotions, he saw in a group of brahmins a scholar reading a holy tale from the purāṇas. The king went up and bowed politely to them, and with their permission sat down, desirous of hearing the reading. This reading was adorned with (accounts of) men described in the eternal purāṇas; men wholly devoted to the study of the absolute truth, occupied with their holy duties, and possessing the riches of asceticism, so that they seemed like the principles-of-conduct [vinaya] created in person, like benevolences in bodily form, like precepts incarnate, like asceticisms in image. The noble purāṇa-sage was reading extensively what was written therein; and the reading was such as would instantly cause a (joyful) bristling of the hair on the body of (any) good man: [36]

"Whoever, when he has attained human estate upon earth, does not devote himself to the service of others, that man is a beast. That man is truly a man, whose wealth goes to beggars, whose power goes to the protection of those who are in danger, and whose life goes to restoring life to people. Whosoever has kindness in his countenance, compassion in his look, and sweetness in his voice, he shall be first in the place of honor among the righteous. Let your speech be without reviling, without arrogance, straightforward, lofty [?], truthful, kindly, unblameworthy, and not harsh. As means

for attaining righteousness there are many roads for men on earth; but this is the bell-road [chief way], namely, protection of suppliants. The great seers, in their considerations of the several gradations of true religion, have declared that there is nothing equal to the giving of security to those in danger." [48]

In the meantime an aged brahman, who had gone into the Ganges to bathe, was seized and dragged off by a crocodile; and straightway he cried out at the top of his voice. Hearing this his aged wife, in instant consternation, came hastily to that assembly of brahmans and told them what had happened: "O virtuous men of this company, hear my lament. My husband, an aged man, is seized by a crocodile!" As soon as he heard that brahman-woman's words, the king sprang up and entered, a small sword in hand, the great river. And Vikramāditya, the foe of demons, smote the crocodile in the jaws, and dragged forth the noble brahman, as if he had been a noble elephant, from the water. And filled with wondering glances the great crowd cried "Hurrah!", and shouted to him in delight "Well done, well done!" again and again.. [60]

Then straightway the brahman, having attained life once more, trembling and with great respect said to the king: "By your grace's kindness, noble sir, I am freed from great danger; truly men like you, sir, live in single devotion to saving the afflicted. Therefore I too will give you, sire, what I have gained in a long course of time; consider that it is a favor to me, and consent to accept it. Long ago, having purified myself by bathing in the stream of the Narmadā-water, I propitiated Viṣṇu by reciting the Gopāla-charm. So, at midnight of a certain day, Viṣṇu himself, the Lord of the World, awoke me and said, producing joy within me: 'By your penance I am satisfied; you have attained your object, noble brahman. I will tell you the blessings resulting from the penance you have done. [72] When you die [78] you shall receive a car-palace [vimāna], capable of going everywhere; it shall have steps of gleaming crystal, tinkling golden bells, sapphire columns, and walls of gold; it shall be rich in countless charming palatial halls, and the banners unfurled on it shall increase its height; a pleasure-park shall be fitted out on its borders, (filling it) with pleasantly murmuring bees, and honey-bees rejoicing in drafts of sweetness from the lips of fairies.' Giving me this boon, the yellow-clad lord of the worlds was gone again, like a lightning-rent cloud, into the sky. The whole amount of this marvelous gift which I received of old I now give to you, O king, and I shall attain boundless happiness (if you accept it)." [82]

When the trembling-limbed brahman had thus spoken the king in vexation, the bowing deferentially, replied to him: "I am sprung from a princely house; I do not accept recompense for the services I perform. If I performed a service in order to receive a recompense, it would be no service at all. The protection of all creatures, you know, is the inviolable duty of all kṣatriyas who walk in the right way of their caste, learned sir. Therefore, because it is a rule of conduct, I have thus saved your worship on this occasion. Do not suppose that I thought you would do me a return favor [see Critical Apparatus]." [90]

Hearing this wise and lofty saying, teeming with magnanimity, the brahman recognized Vikramāditya, and said again: "My lord, now I recognize that you are Vikramāditya; how could there be such a heart in any other kṣatriya? Fitting and true, O king, is that which your majesty has just said; but nevertheless deign to hear my words with attention. In olden time Brahman created men (of each of the four castes)

from his head, arms, thighs, and feet (respectively); and he fashioned in all of them the purpose of doing good to one another, but especially, in the brahman and kṣatriyas alone, that of helping and protecting each other according to precept. Therefore it is seemly that you should accept this (gift) that is prest upon you." Thus address, the king, because he insisted, accepted it. The brahman, having given him his merit, went away home with his wife. [103]

Then the king, wandering about the earth at will, entered alone into the Vindhya forest, filled with all manner of trees. In places this forest was scorcht with fiery heat, in others cool with shade; here strewn with sun-stones [a kind of jewel], there barren with salt-earth; here alarming with howls of jackals playing within their caves, there charming the heart with the sweet sounds of throngs of parrots and cuckoos; here harsh with the chirping of crickets, offensive to the ears, and there pleasant with the playful murmuring of swarms of intoxicated bees; here infested with herds of buffaloes wallowing in the muddy water of the pools, and elsewhere destitute of deer-herd leaders, because the ponds were dried-up; here showing tender and young shoots, as if appearing in the guise of harlots, and there clad in rough bark [bast], as if it were a company of great ascetics. Here was a certain temple, with broken-down walls and gates, in whose interior the darkness was never dispelled even in the daytime. By it there was a holy fig-tree which covered the earth with a close carpet of leaves, and spread the embrace of its branching crest over the entire sky. Under that tree there was a brahman-rākṣasa, his form touching the sky, with horribly twisted legs, and terrible teeth. [121]

When the king, of supreme authority, went up to him and askt "Who are you?" he told his story: "Once, O king, I was the house-priest of King Acalendra, by name Puruhūta, highly advanst in the practice of learning. But because of an unreasoning hatred of good people I became a brahman-rākṣasa; for who would not be brought to grief by this trespassing against the good? More than a thousand years have already past by, while I have been dwelling under such a guise in the arid, uninhabitable forest, all because of my wicked deeds. Therefore rescue me in some way or other, O king. For such as your majesty are ever the true and sincere kinsfolk of all creatures." Hearing this piteous appeal the gracious king, filled with compassion and bent on saving the poor wretch, replied: "Ask for that by which the heavens may be opened to you. There is nothing that shall not be given you, do not let your mind doubt it." And anxious to escape from his awful misery, this inconsiderate fool, without reflection, askt the king for a difficult boon: "Grant me the merit which was given you by the brahman whom you this day rescued from a rapacious crocodile." And toucht by his words the king gave him even what he askt. Such is the course of action pursued by (all) noble men; how much more by Vikramārka? So that very same minute the rākṣasa was freed from his demon-form, and went to heaven in the divine car-palace to be the lover of the heavenly nymphs. And the king returned to Ujjayini, having enjoyed happy adventures, amazed at all the marvelous sights he had seen, and having made all the regions resplendent with his glory.

King Bhoja, whoever is able to do the like, that king is worthy to mount upon this Great Indra's throne.

Here ends the thirteenth story

BRIEF RECENSION OF 13

Once again a statue said: O king, listen.

One time the king went upon a pilgrimage to sacred fords. And near the stream of the Ganges he rested in a temple of the Spotless Lord. There at night a certain brahman, who was carried away by the Ganges, cried out: "Ho, let some one save me, I am sinking!" But no one entered the water. Thereupon the king pulled the brahman out. The brahman said: "You have saved my life. Now I have performed a magic charm, standing for twelve years up to the waist in water by the bank of the Narmadā; and the fruits of this performance are the power to die when I wish, and the powers of going to heaven with my body and of mounting a vimāna [celestial car-palace]. All this merit I give to you." Hearing these words a brahman-rākṣasa, who dwelt in a holy fig-tree, of hideous and terrible aspect, with bristling hair, and reduced to a mere skeleton, came and stood before the king. The king said: "Who are you?" He replied: "O king, I was the town-sacrificer for this city, but by the acceptance of forbidden gifts I became a brahman-rākṣasa. Five thousand years have past by, and even now there is no release." The king said: "Let heaven be yours by means of the merit which I have acquired today." When the king had spoken thus, the rākṣasa mounted on the vimāna and went to heaven.

The statue said: O king, let him ascend this throne who has such magnanimity.

Here ends the thirteenth story

JAINISTIC RECENSION OF 13

When King Bhoja again on another occasion had made complete preparations for the coronation-rite and was ascending the throne, the thirteenth statue said: "O king, he who has magnanimity like Vikramāditya's mounts upon this throne." And when the king asked "Of what sort was this magnanimity?" the statue said: "O king, in the words of the verse:

1. The king once saved the life of a certain brahman who had strayed into a river-stream; and having received from him an excellent magic root, was resuming his journey. But on the way he saw a man afflicted with misfortune, and straightway gave him his [the brahman's] root. Hear ye! who is there so supremely compassionate as he?

In Avantī-city, the noble King Vikrama. One time as he was wandering in foreign parts, for the purpose of seeing the world, he came to a certain city. In a temple on the bank of a river outside of this city many clever people were displaying to each other their skill in discussing learned topics. But when the king came up and heard the talk of those people, imagining themselves wise with their false learning, he said: "Listen now!

2. The meaning that is extracted from a sacred text, or that is derived from reasoning, should be accepted (only) after being carefully examined, like gold. Why accept it merely because it is the dogma of your sect?

3. The two ears are made for hearing, and the voice and mind for discussion and reflection. If a man does not reflect on what he hears, how shall he get any good from it?

4. As one looks carefully with his eyes as he walks, for poisonous thorns, serpents, and vermin, and so avoids them all, so you (should) carefully look out for

the errors of false knowledge, false scripture, false views, and false ways of action. How can you blame others in such a case (for mistakes made by yourself) ?

5. So long as your judgment of things is formed by the beliefs of others, so long you wallow in evils. You should rack your own brain over the meanings of things; for authoritative pronouncements do not fall from the sky."

Hearing this they were all amazed, and said: "How great is his power of speech, and how significant in sense are his words!" At that moment a certain very handsome man came along from somewhere or other, accompanied by his wife, and entering the river was swept away by the current. And he cried aloud: "Good people, run quickly, run! I am being carried away by the river!" But they were afraid of death, and showed no compassion, and did not even go near him. The king however reflected at that time:

6. "Few understand virtues; few protect the wretched out of affection; few do the service of others; few are grieved at the grief of others."

Then, his heart being tender with compassion, he himself sprang up and entered the stream of the river, and came with the man to the shore. Then the man said: "Noble hero of heroes, you alone know what is needful for the occasion. For:

7. By a little handful of water given at the right time a fainting person is brought to life. Of what use is it, fair one, to give a hundred jars-full, after a man is dead? Noble sir, I cannot discharge my debt to you; but pray accept this magic root, which grants every wish. By means of it everything desired is obtained." So saying the man went his way. After this a certain man oppressed with poverty came up to the king, and said: "Most excellent sir, you are one to whom a petition may be address; so fulfil my desire." Hearing this the king, filled with compassion and fearing to refuse a request, gave him the magic root and went to his own city.

Therefore, O king, if such magnanimity is found in you, then mount upon this throne.

Here ends the thirteenth story in the Thirty-two Tales of the Throne

14. *Story of the Fourteenth Statuette*

An ascetic warns Vikrama against neglect of kingly duty

SOUTHERN RECENSION OF 14

When the king again attempted to ascend the throne, another statue said: "O king, if any king has magnanimity and other virtues like Vikrama, he and no other is worthy to ascend this throne." The king said: "Tell me a tale of his magnanimity." And she said:

Once King Vikrama went forth and wandered about in the guise of an ascetic to examine what marvels there were at the various places upon the earth, and to see what noble men and places of pilgrimage and temples there were. And he came to a certain city, near which there was a penance-grove. And in this penance-grove there was a great temple of the World-mother, while a river flowed near by. Now

when the king had bathed in that river and made obeisance to the goddess, as he was approaching, a certain ascetic named Avadhūtavāsa came up. (The king) gave him a salutation, and received the reply "May you be happy," and sat down with him in the temple. And the ascetic said: "Whence come you, sir?" The king replied: "I am a wayfarer, traveling about to places of pilgrimage." The ascetic said: "In truth, you are King Vikramārka; I saw you once in Ujjayini, and so I know you. What have you come here for?" The king answered: "Ascetic, I conceived in my heart the idea that by traveling about the earth I might see some strange sights, and also meet noble and distinguished men." Avadhūtavāsa said: "O king, how can you be so mad as to desert such a kingdom and travel in far countries? If in the meantime a sedition should arise, what can you do?" The king replied: "I delivered the entire burden of government into the hands of my ministers before I came away." Avadhūtavāsa rejoined: "O king, even so you have committed a breach of policy. And it is said:

1. Those princes who deliver the care of their kingdoms into the hands of officials and devote themselves to roaming about at random [or, to careless amusements], are as foolish as if they were to place jars of milk before a crowd of cats and then go to sleep.

Moreover, one must not neglect a kingdom, thinking 'it is already subject to me,' but even when it is subject to you, you should try to strengthen your hold upon it. And thus it is said:

2. Keep a firm hold on your farming, on knowledge, a merchant, a wife, wealth, and the fortune of royalty, as you would on a cobra's head."

Hearing this the king said: "Ascetic, all this is nonsense. In such a matter fate alone controls. Even if a man hold his kingdom with the greatest firmness and make all possible provision, and even if he be endowed with the might of a hero, he shall come to destruction if fate be adverse. And thus it is said:

3. Tho Indra had Bṛhaspati for his guide, the thunderbolt for his weapon, the gods for his warriors, heaven for his fortress; tho he had Viṣṇu, as we know, to back him, and tho Āirāvata was his (war-)elephant, yet in spite of all this marvelous strength he was beaten by his enemies in battle. Then is not fate rightly (called) our only hope? Alas, alas! vain is manly endeavor. And so:

4. Fair form has no effect, nor noble origin, nor good character, nor even knowledge, nor service rendered (to the gods) with

however great zeal. The merited fortune, which a man accumulates thru the penance he has performed, bears fruit for him in time, just like a tree.

And furthermore [in the next verse the speaker is Hiranyakaçipu, a demon slain by Viṣṇu]:

5. 'This my breast has bent back the mace-like tusks of Indra's elephant in battle, and has blunted and ruined the edge of the Club-bearer's [Çiva's] ax, yet now it is rent by the claws of the Man-lion [Viṣṇu]. When fate has (at first) not prevailed, even a blade of grass, as a rule, will do duty as a war-club.' And so:

6. 'The banyan tree and the five spirits in it both give and take away. Let the dice fall, fair one! That which is to be, will be.'

The ascetic askt: "How was that?" And the king replied:

Embozt story: The fatalist king

In the north-country there was a city named Nandivardhana, in which a king named Rājacekhara held sway. He was devoted to the service of the gods and brahmans, and was very pious. One time his heirs all banded together and made war on him, and took away his kingdom, and drove him and his consort into exile. So this king together with his wife and son went into a far country, and came to a grove near a certain city. And when the sun set he went and sat under a banyan tree, with his wife and son. In this tree there were five birds [see our Composite Outline, 14, note 6, page lxxxvi]. And as they were talking to one another, one of them said: "In this city the king has died, leaving no offspring. Now who shall become king?" Another said: "The kingship shall go to this king who is under the banyan tree." The others said: "So be it." Now the king heard what the birds had said. Then the sun arose, and all people set about their various daily tasks. And the king too, when he had performed the morning ceremonies, made an offering to the sun and paid homage to the sun with this verse:

7. "Homage to the youthful Sun, the eye of the world, who causes the lotuses to bud; the granter of fortune, the destroyer of darkness, the giver of all desires to his devotees."

And as he was then going towards the town, a garland-crowned she-elephant, which the ministers had set loose to find a king, saw the king, and placed the garland on his neck, and set him on her back, and took him to the royal palace. So all the ministers assembled and performed the coronation, and Rājacekhara was establisht as king in the country.

One time all his rival kings banded together and came to the city to destroy Rājāçekhara. Now at this time the king was playing at dice with his queen. And the queen said: "My lord, why do you sit silent? The city is invested by hostile kings, and in the morning they are like to take the city and us too. This is the way the matter appears. So take some active steps." To this the king replied: "Fair one, why exert myself? If fate is favorable, everything will be done of itself; and if fate is unfavorable, of itself it will be lost. Haven't you learned by experience? Fate alone is the ultimate cause of success or failure; there is no other. And it is said:

8. A snake lay squeezed tight in a box; its senses were numb from hunger, and it had lost all hope, when a mouse ate a hole thru the box by night and fell of itself into the snake's mouth. Refreshed by the flesh of the mouse, the snake quickly made its way out by the same road, and was saved. For fate alone is the final cause of success or destruction. And again:

9. That which is defenseless shall stand if fate defend it; that which is well defended shall be destroyed if fate smites it. A helpless man turned loose in the forest shall live, while another after taking the greatest precautions shall die in his own house.

He who gave me the kingdom as I stood under the tree has shouldered the responsibility." Then this (deity) reflected: "Behold, this king, putting trust in me thus, has left the care of his kingdom in my hands. Now then it will be a great wrong if I do not bestir myself for him." With this in mind the deity assumed a terrible form and overthrew all the hostile kings. After this King Rājāçekhara ruled his kingdom without annoyance.

End of embossed story: The fatalist king

This story was told by Vikrama. And when the ascetic heard the story he was much pleased, and gave the king a Kashmirian liṅga [sign of Çiva's power, used as an object of worship and as an amulet], saying: "O king, this Kashmirian liṅga is like a wishing-stone; it gives any good thing you make a wish for. Treat it with great respect." The king, saying "Very well," bowed to the ascetic. And as he was going home, on the way to the city a certain brahman came up to him, and recited a blessing:

10. "May the Mountain-born Mother [giri-jā mātā, Pārvati] protect you, and the Twelve-eyed one [her son, Skanda]; likewise the Son-in-law of the Mountain [giri-jāmātā, her consort, Çiva], the possessor of [twelve quarter-eyes, that is] three eyes."

And then he said: "O king, I have undertaken a vow in honor of a Çiva-liṅga; and I have lost the liṅga on the road. For three days now I have fasted. So give me that Çiva-liṅga, that I may break my fast." Hearing this the king gave that brahman his Kashmirian liṅga, and went to his own city.

Having told this story the statue said to the king: "O king, if you possess such magnanimity and other virtues, then mount upon this throne." Hearing this the king was silent.

Here ends the fourteenth story

METRICAL RECENSION OF 14

When King Bhoja once again came up to ascend the beautiful throne, a statue said to him as before: "Listen well, O king.

Once in olden time King Vikramāditya reflected in his heart that, if one desired to make himself holy, he ought to go to see the various penance-groves, places of pilgrimage, and temples that are in the world. So going forth from his city, and traveling thus about the earth, he came to a certain city, and stopt outside it for a short time. The king beheld here a charming park, and a shrine dear to Pārvatī, and a river golden with waterlilies. Having bathed in the water of this river, and paid homage to Pārvatī, as he seated himself there, he beheld a noble ascetic. And this ascetic said to Vikramāditya: "Sir, tell me whence you have come, and what your business is." The king made answer to him: "I am only a traveler, and the business that I have undertaken is to journey to all the places of pilgrimage; and my name is Vikramāditya." "I saw you long ago and knew you, when I arrived once at the gates of Ujjayinī. Now I should like to know what you have come here for, and why you are alone, O king? My mind is at a loss, so put an end to my uncertainty." When the ascetic had said this, the king replied to him: "I wander about this earth with the purpose of beholding such very remarkable noble men as you, sir." When the ascetic heard this he replied to the king: "Why has your majesty deserted such a kingdom as yours and come away here? If a conspiracy should arise there, what can you do, being in this place? 'Keep a firm hold on your farming, on knowledge, a merchant, a wife, wealth, and the business of kingship, as you would on a cobra's head;' thus it is said in the textbooks of conduct. Therefore beware! else your kingdom will go to destruction, and the ruler himself with it. Go straight to Ujjayinī, my lord; do not wander about here." [31]

Thus urged by him, the king showed his independence of mind and answered: "My lord, what your worship says is without doubt in accordance with good policy; however, the character of men's minds differs, according as they believe that, of the two means by which desires are obtained, fate and human exertion, the more important determining factor upon earth is karma [here = fate], or human exertion. People may be divided into three classes, with respect to their hopes for attainment of desires; fatalists, believers in human effort, and those who rely on (a combination of) these two factors. The arrogant believe in human effort alone, the truly wise in the power of fate, while those who occupy a middle ground strive to obtain their ends by both

An ascetic warns Vikrama against neglect of kingly duty 137

means. Human effort usually meets with failure at some point; but fate never fails, because its scope in the world is limitless. I shall receive what I am destined to obtain by the power of fate and that alone, even as the Dravidian king by the grace of the five spirits obtained a kingdom without any effort; right here is an example in proof of what I say." Being asked: "How was that?" the king told him the story from the beginning. [46]

Embozt story: The fatalist king

A certain Dravidian king was driven out of his kingdom by his foes, and in great distress he came with his wife to a banyan-tree in the middle of an uninhabitable forest, and sat down under it. Five spirits who were in this tree were considering a certain problem: "To whom shall be given this kingdom, now that the king died here yesterday without offspring? Who might be a fit recipient for this fortune?" As they were thus discussing it, one of the spirits then said: "Let it be given to this man of royal extraction who lies under this tree." And they agreed to this as a favor to him. Hearing this pleasing news, the king and his wife were glad. Next, on the following morning, he went to the city indicated by the spirits, and bathed his body there in the water of a river in a park near the city, and performed the prescribed rites, and did obeisance to the sun. And coming to four cross roads, the king, with wide-open eyes, sat down upon a fair broad stone by a statue of Hanumat. Now as the ministers were quarreling with each other to get the kingdom, this thought occurred to their minds: "On whatever man's neck the she-elephant places the garland, he shall enjoy the splendor of royalty; why quarrel about it?" Thus taking counsel they all quickly deckt out the she-elephant and put a garland on her (trunk) and sent her forth with benedictions. And she slowly came up, and with the tip of her trunk put the garland on the neck of the king, as he sat on the rock. Then, putting (king) Rāja-cekhara and his wife like a diadem [cekhara] on her head, she went, amid great rejoicing of the people, to the palace. And the auspicious sound of various kinds of instrumental music filled the air, increast by the loud prayers of the brahmans. [73]

Now when this king named Rājaçekhara had been crowned, all the vassal kings said to one another angrily: "There is no reason why this fellow, whoever he is, should come in here and rule over us; he has not yet taken firm root, so this very day let us pluck him out!" So thinking they began to ravage the country, and soon invested his city as well. Even at that time he sat at his ease, playing dice with his wife; and altho the citizens were terrified and in the direst straits, since the city was beleaguered by mighty powers, he himself made no move to fight. So the queen then spoke to Rājaçekhara: "O king, what have you undertaken to do? You are sitting perfectly quiet. Your enemies will certainly take your city; therefore take vigorous steps to make resistance." Hearing the queen's words the king replied: "Do not worry, fair one; all will be well with you. Whether those five spirits in the banyan-tree give or take away the kingdom — what is to be surely will be, in regular course, O fair one." Hearing his words those five mighty spirits said: "Since we gave him this kingdom, we must also protect it with energy. He who does not protect one who relies on him for protection, and who does not defend that which he himself has given, shall be tortured in a frightful hell; of this there can be no doubt." So they spoke with each other; and in the hearts of the enemy they instilled a mighty fear, engendered by sedition.

So all the foes began to distrust one another, and fell to fighting with blows and counter-blows, and thus went into the next world. And that King Rājasekhara took to himself all their abundant mass of riches, their elephants, horses, and chariots. [99]

End of emboss story: The fatalist king

Such was the story told by Vikramāditya. And hearing it the ascetic was much pleased, and blest the king, and gave a moonstone liṅga, which gave any desired wealth, to King Vikramāditya with his affection. And taking leave of him, Vikramāditya, satisfied, set out for his own city. But on the road he was spied by a certain brahman. "I wish you happiness and fortune; I am a pauper desirous of wealth; grant me something of value, that I may get something to eat, O best of living creatures." To the brahman who thus begged for food the king gave that moonstone liṅga, telling him its power.

If there is such magnanimity in you too, King Bhoja, then you are in truth worthy to ascend this glorious throne.

Here ends the fourteenth story

BRIEF RECENSION OF 14

Again a statue said: O king, listen.

One time, as the king wandered about the earth, he came to a temple of Īiva in a certain penance-grove. He bathed in the holy ford, and viewed the god, and sat down in his presence. A certain great saint there asked him: "Who are you?" The king said: "I am King Vikrama, upon a journey." Said he: "O king, one time I went to Ujjayinī and saw you. Why do you wander about all alone, abandoning your kingdom? Afterwards some rebellion may occur, and then what will you do? And it is said:

1. Keep a firm hold on your farming, on knowledge, a merchant, a wife, wealth, and the care of a kingdom, as you would on a cobra's head."

The king said: "It is equally true that —

2. Kingship, fortune, glory, and happiness are enjoyed as a result of good deeds; and when *they* are exhausted, Great Ascetic, (the other things) vanish of themselves.

3. God will grant to men food, raiment, and wealth according to their merit and their deserts, according to place and possibilities ['power']."

The great saint was pleased with these words, and gave the king a Kashmirian liṅga, saying: "O king, when reverence is paid to this, it will fulfil the desires of your heart." After the king had thus taken leave of him he met a certain brahman on the road, who gave him a blessing; and the king gave him the liṅga.

The statue said: O king, let him ascend this throne who has such magnanimity.

Here ends the fourteenth story

JAINISTIC RECENSION OF 14

When King Bhoja at another time had again made complete preparations for the coronation-rite and was ascending the throne, the fourteenth statue said: "O king, he who has magnanimity like Vikramāditya's mounts this throne." And when the king asked "Of what sort was that magnanimity?" the statue said: "O king, in the words of the verse:

1. A distinguished saint, in a foreign land, hearing the tale of a great kingdom given by five spirits, was pleased, and gave the noble Vikrama a wish-granting gem; but he gave it away to a beggar.

In Avantī-city, the noble King Vikrama. One time the king out of curiosity went into a far country. As he traveled about, in a certain city, in a temple in a grove outside the town, he met a certain saint and made obeisance to him. And he said: "Vikramāditya, whence have you come?" Hearing this the king was amazed, and said: "How is it that you recognize me?" And he replied: "Once I went to Avantī, and at that time I saw you there. But how is it that you abandon your kingdom and wander in other countries? Who knows what is happening there? For:

2. Kingship is absorbed by the burden of cares; kingship is bound up with enmities; kingship is a place of insecurity; so it is always (just) made up of trouble."

Then the king said: "Ascetic,

3. If resistance could be (successfully) offered to things which are bound to take place, then Nala, Rāma, and Yudhiṣṭhira would not have been afflicted with misfortunes.

4. (Because fate so ordains,) even the restless ocean is restrained, and its mighty rocks are worn away by the surges. Does not the outcome-of-fate (divva-pariṇāmo) have its joys and sorrows determined by (the deeds of) other births?

Therefore why should I worry over my kingdom? Hear how in former times a kingdom which a certain king had lost was given to him again by five spirits."

Embozt story: The fatalist king

In olden time, in Padminkhaṇḍa city, there was a king Jayaçekhara. And his kinsfolk banded together and drove him out of his kingdom. As he was wandering on foot in foreign regions with his chief queen, on the way he stopt by night under a tree near a certain city. At that time there were five spirits in this tree, who were conversing with each other thus: "The king of this city will die early tomorrow. Now to whom will this kingdom go?" And one of them said: "It is given to him who is sleeping underneath this tree." These words were heard by the king under the tree. Then on the morrow the king went to that town; and at this time the king of the place died leaving no son. Hereupon the dead king's ministers consecrated the five 'instruments of fate' [see JAOS. 33.158 ff.], and thru their instrumentality the kingship was given to him with great pomp. After this he reigned there without tribulations. But one time his neighbor-kings all banded together and besieged him, saying: "Who knows who this fellow is?" At this time the king sat at play with the chief queen, and gave no thought to his kingdom. So the chief queen said: "Sire, you will lose this kingdom thru the coming of the hostile hordes; so take some precaution." The king said: "My dear, fear not; you just let the dice fall. For:

5. The banyan tree and the five spirits in it both give and take away. Let the dice fall, fair one! What is to be, will be."

Hearing this the five spirits began to concern themselves, reflecting that it was they that had given him the kingdom. So by their power the foemen were fought and vanquished by an army of elephants and horses and men painted in pictures. Having again given the sovereignty to him, they went to their own place. Seeing this the queen was amazed, and said: "My lord, how is it that a fight is carried on here by

painted figures ? ” Then those five spirits appeared before her, and said: “ Lady, once in bygone times five fish were carried by a certain compassionate potter in the hot season out of a dried-up pond and set free in one that was full of water. We were those five fish, and in the course of time we have become five spirits, and the being who was the potter has become this king. On account of this deed of kindness from a former birth, we have given him the kingdom, and have even now defended it for him.” Then the spirits departed.

End of embossed story: The fatalist king

Hearing this tale the saint was pleased, and gave the noble Vikrama a certain wishing-stone. The king took it, and as he was going on his way, he was asked for a gift by a certain poor man. And fearing to refuse a request, the noble Vikrama compassionately gave him the gem.

Therefore, O king, if such magnanimity is found in you, then mount upon this throne.

Here ends the fourteenth story in the Thirty-two Tales of the Throne

15. Story of the Fifteenth Statuette

The heavenly nymph and the kettle of boiling oil

SOUTHERN RECENSION OF 15

When the king was again mounting the throne, another statue said: “ O king, whatsoever king is like Vikrama, he and no other is worthy to mount upon this throne.” The king said: “ O statue, tell me a tale of his magnanimity.” And she said: “ Hear, O king.

While Vikrama was king, his house-priest was Vasumitra. And he was very handsome, and skilled in all the arts, and very dear to the king; also he was a benefactor of others and beloved of all people, and blessed with great riches. One time he reflected: “ Except by bathing in the Ganges, there is no other way of destroying the store of evil deeds a man has laid up. And it is said:

1. There is no greater purification than bathing in a sacred place of pilgrimage. When a man cannot obtain success by asceticism, celibacy, sacrifices, nor generosity, let him go to the Ganges and worship her.
2. Those well-disciplined men who bathe in the bright waters of the Ganges obtain fortune such as does not result even from a hundred sacrificial performances.
3. As the sun when it rises dispels blinding darkness, even such is the effulgence of one who has bathed in the Ganges-water, and so has rid himself of sins.

4. All evil is destroyed merely by the water of the Ganges, as surely as a heap of cotton is straightway destroyed when it is thrown into the fire.

5. Whoever drinks the water of the Ganges, warmed by the rays of the sun, drinking it mixt with the (five) products of the cow and in the manner prescribed by the rules, is releast from sin.

6. One who purifies his body by a thousand moon-fasts, and one who merely drinks the water of the Ganges, — there shall be no difference between these two.

7. There is no refuge like the Ganges for all creatures who seek a refuge because their hearts are opprest with sorrow.

8. When homage is paid to the Ganges she saves many desperate wretches who are overwhelmed with great sins and are bound for a fearful hell.

9. If a man beholds, drinks, and bathes in the water of the Ganges, she saves entirely the seven preceding and the seven following generations of his family — aye, and generations beyond them!

10. A man is purified a hundred, yes a thousand fold by the merit gained from seeing, touching, and meditating on the Ganges, and from repeating the name of Ganges.

11. Those who, when they can, do not behold the Ganges, the purger from sin, are like people born blind in this world — just beasts and cattle."

Thus reflecting he went to Benares, and saw and did homage to Viṣveṣvara [Çiva]; and then at Prayāga [Allahabad] he performed an ablution in the month Māgha, and also made a *crāddha* [oblation to ancestors] at (the holy city of) Gayā. After which he turned his face towards his own city. On the road he came to a certain town, in which a divine nymph, tormented by a curse, ruled the kingdom; and she had no consort. Here was a great temple of Lakṣmī and Nārāyaṇa [her consort, Viṣṇu]. And a wedding-pavilion had been erected there; and at the door of the divine temple oil was boiling in a great copper kettle. And men were stationed there to say to all people coming from foreign countries: "If any hero will throw himself into this boiling oil, this heavenly nymph named Manmathasaṃjivinī ['Love-exciter'] will put the garland upon his neck [that is, choose him for her consort]." Having seen all this, Vasumitra returned to his own city. He visited all his kinsmen, and all rejoist greatly over his safe arrival. On the morrow he went to the palace and saw the king, and, giving him some of the water of the Ganges and the favor of Viṣveṣvara, he seated himself.

Hereupon the king askt him: "Vasumitra, did you make the journey in comfort and health to the sacred watering-places?" And he replied: "My lord, by your grace I journeyed to the watering-places and returned in comfort and health." The king said: "What strange things did you see there abroad?" And Vasumitra told him the story of the divine nymph and the boiling oil.

And the king too went with him to that place and bathed there, and having made obeisance to Lakṣmī and Nārāyaṇa threw himself into the boiling oil. The people there made loud outcries of grief. The king's body became like a lump of flesh. Hearing of this Manmatha-saṁjīvinī brought nectar and sprinkled it on the lump of flesh, and the king became a young man of god-like beauty. But when Manmatha-saṁjīvinī was putting the garland on the neck of the king, he said to her: "Manmathasaṁjīvinī, if you are now mine, then hear my words." She replied: "My lord, declare your wish; I will obey you in every respect." The king replied: "If you will do as I say, then choose that house-priest of mine for your consort." She said: "So be it," and put the garland on the neck of the house-priest. And when the king had performed their marriage and consecrated Vasumitra in that kingdom, he went to his own city.

Having told this tale the statue said to the king: "O king, if such magnanimity and heroism are found in you, then mount upon this throne."

Here ends the fifteenth story

METRICAL RECENSION OF 15

When King Bhoja once again came up to the throne desiring to mount it, a statue stopt him with charming words: "If such courage, heroism, and magnanimity are found in your majesty also, then this throne may be mounted by you. Hear now of his great magnanimity, King Bhoja. [5]

King Vikramāditya had a house-priest named Suçruta, who was rich, learned, eloquent, of fair fame, and dear to the king. With the king's permission he set out for Benares. And after bathing in the king of holy watering-places, Prayāga [Allahabad] by name, while the sun was in Capricorn — he arrived at the city of Benares and bathed in the water of the Ganges. And having sprinkled all his members with white ashes, he visited Viçveçvara [Çiva], and with ancient stanzas praised Bharga, who removes the terrors of existence, even Bhava, the consort of Bhavānī: "As you are Hara ['Taker'], then take away our sins; as you are Çaṁkara ['Quieter'], then quiet our grief; as you are Bhava ['Be-er'], then be for our prosperity; as you are Çiva ['Favorable'], then work favors for us." "The zealous hands of your devotees, who now wash with cowdung dissolved in water your firm-fixt habitation [Çiva's shrines are covered with this solution as an act of devotion], shall be washt with

essence of musk, and shall rest on the breasts of beautiful women, when their owners have become princes in the city of the gods." [21]

In such daily occupations he past three months. And then at Gayā he propitiated the fathers [manes] and the gods in the prescribed fashion. And as he was returning home again, he came to a city, the home of plentiful religious merit, which was ruled by a certain lovely woman and contained no men. Here stood a great shrine of Lakṣmī and Nārāyaṇa, at the door of which was a fire, and on it a kettle of boiling oil. And a beautiful wedding-pavilion was built there, with a jeweled porch [vedikā; seat or altar?]; being provided with all the (wedding-)paraphernalia, it shone all the time with holiday splendor. "Whoever throws himself into this kettle full of oil shall have control of this kingdom and of Kāndarpajīvanā [synonym of Manmathasah-jīvinī];" hearing this promise there, and having seen the strange sight, he returned again to Ujjayinī and went to see Vikramāditya. Pleased at seeing his house-priest, and having paid him suitable honors, the king asked him about his adventures in the various countries. And he told him what he had seen and heard. Hearing this the king quickly went to that city along with his house-priest. And going to the temple of Lakṣmī and Nārāyaṇa there, he threw himself into the kettle which contained the oil boiling over the fire. Then Kāndarpajīvanā, the blameless maiden, came, and by her magic restored to life the king, the life of all the world's creatures. "O most noble hero, this vast kingdom is yours; all that I have belongs to you; employ me, your maidservant, in whatever you wish done." Much pleased by her words, he said to the bewitching woman: "If you are subject to my will, then choose this brahman (for your husband)." So at the command of the king, fearing to belie her promise, the damsel chose him as lord of herself and her kingdom.

If such courage, manliness, and magnanimity were found in anyone, that man, O king, would be able to mount this throne.

Here ends the fifteenth story

BRIEF RECENSION OF 15

Again a statue said: O king, listen.

The son of the king's house-priest, Vasumitra by name, went on a pilgrimage to holy fords, and returning again met the king, who asked him about what had happened. He said: "O king, in a certain city there is a divine nymph, Manmathasah-jīvinī, tormented by a curse. A pavilion is there, and arrangements are in progress to agitate the souls of great heroes. Some vessels of oil are heating there; and whoever throws himself into one of them, him she will make her consort; that man she will crown king there. And whoever becomes her husband, his life shall be blessed." Hearing this he went thither with Vasumitra out of curiosity, and saw all that was done there. Thereupon the king sprang into a jar of oil, and his body became a mere lump of flesh. Then Manmathasahjīvinī sprinkled him with nectar, and he became again endowed with his eight members, sound and well. She said: "My body and kingdom are at your disposal. Whatever you command, I will do it." The king said: "Choose Vasumitra for your lord." And she agreed, and Vasumitra became king. The king returned to his city.

The statue said: O king, let him mount this throne who has such magnanimity.

Here ends the fifteenth story

JAINISTIC RECENSION OF 15

When King Bhoja again on another occasion had made complete preparations for the coronation-rite and was ascending the throne, the fifteenth statue said: "O king, he who has magnanimity like Vikramāditya's ascends this throne." And when the king asked "Of what sort was that magnanimity?" the statue said: "O king,

In Avantī-city, the noble King Vikrama. His friend, named Sumitra. Now he was extremely handsome and skilled in all the arts. One time he went into a far country to visit various places of pilgrimage. As he journeyed about, he came in due course to Čakrāvātāra-tīrtha, where he paid honors with complete ceremony to the noble Yugaḍideva [the mythical First Jina], whose power is celebrated in the fifth book of the Bhagavatpurāṇa, and whose majestic feet are gilded by clusters of coral-tree blossoms from the low-bowing crests of all the gods, the demons, and the leaders of the human multitudes; and he praised him, thus:

1. "Albeit words laden with sweetness do not indeed resound from my lips, nor am I able to utter expressions of novel mode, charming with intricate locutions; yet if even by the semblance of a hymn of praise I bring Thy Godhead into my heart for a moment, then by that alone my soul will surely attain purity.

2. Thou art formless, Čambhu [regularly a name of Čiva!]; how can (ritual) homage be paid to Thee? Thou art outside of the range of words; how canst Thou be verbally praised? Thou art unattainable by those who turn to Thee [in contemplation]; how canst Thou be an object of meditation? So that in all the three worlds I know of no way of worshipping Thee.

3. Ah, whoever seeks Thee in images of clay and stone and the like is not far from the abundance of fortune of the King of the Gods [Indra]; but for those who worship Thy true, natural form, untoucht by change, we know not what can be the manner of their reward, nor its duration.

4. Those who see that Thou art One in nature even in all Thy various modes, that Thou art imperishable, because [Thy forms are] innumerable, and uncreated, and who have therefore abandoned every distinction that involves differences (in conception of Thy forms), they have found out what Thou really art, full steadfastly I believe."

Having offered this praise, he went on and came to a city, where in a very charming temple-court he saw a fiercely blazing kettle of oil. When he asked the people, they said: "In this city a divine nymph named Madanasarhivini [synonym of Manmathasarhivini] holds sway. She has made the promise that if any man offers himself in this kettle, he shall be her husband." Hearing this, and infatuated by the beauty of the nymph, Sumitra went to his own city and told this affair to the king. When the king heard it his heart was filled with curiosity, and he went to that place with Sumitra. And seeing how things were there, and perceiving his friend's passion for her, he jumped into that kettle. Then the people cried out with cries of distress. Upon this Madanasarhivini came and sprinkled the king's body, which had become a mere lump of flesh, with a stream of nectar, and the king was restored to even greater beauty and handsomeness. And the goddess said: "O king, this thing was undertaken to make trial of the heroic men ['man-incarnations'] who are the support of the earth. I am satisfied with your courage, nobility, and other virtues. For:

5. These men who have come to honorable position are verily model men. You common folk must exert matchless energy in ridding yourselves of sin; but

this [sin] is not the province of saints, nor is it natural (to them). Whoever exhibits virtues is deserving of respect; honor such men!

6. Sandalwood is very highly thought of by men, even when it is banished from its native land, then taken to a distance by the sea's flood, deposited in a forest on the shore, taken by hundreds of foresters, then cut up, sold, weighed, and then pulverized on a rough piece of stone. Truly, who is not honored for his excellent qualities; even in misfortune?

You are a benefactor of all people; therefore in you the Exalted Earth is now in possession of a jewel of a man. Do me the favor to take this kingdom." But perceiving that the king was not inclined to take the kingdom, she said again: "O king, you are truly blessed. For:

7. The three worlds are entirely conquered by that steadfast man whose heart is not pierced by the dart-like sidelong glances of lovely woman, nor burned by the heat of the fire of anger, nor dragged hither and yon by the snares of the desires, whose objects are so many."

Then the noble Vikrama, skilled in understanding the expressions of others, caused that kingdom to be given to Sumitra.

Therefore, O king, if such magnanimity is found in you, then mount upon this throne.

Here ends the fifteenth story in the Thirty-two Tales of the Throne

16. Story of the Sixteenth Statuette

The spring festival and the brahman's daughter

SOUTHERN RECENSION OF 16

When the king was again ascending the throne, another statue said: "O king, if you have the magnanimity and other virtues of Vikrama, then mount upon this throne." The king said: "O statue, tell me a tale of his magnanimity." And she said: "Hear, O king.

One time King Vikramārka went forth to conquer all the quarters of the earth. And journeying to the east, south, west, and north, to all the cardinal and intermediate points of the compass, he made all the kings in these regions subject to his sway, and took all the store of elephants, horses, and other treasures of great riches which they had accumulated; and leaving them seated each in his own country he returned to his own city. And as he was entering the city a soothsayer said: "Sire, for four days there will be no auspicious moment for entering the city." Hearing his words the king stopt outside the town. In a pleasure-grove he caused tents to be erected, and started to spend the four days there. At this time the king of the seasons, the spring, had arrived. In this spring season:

1. The bakula flowers put forth buds suddenly, attracting dense swarms of bees from every quarter; and they are said to be like divine nymphs with long lovely eyes, holding drafts (of sweetness) for people (to drink). And also:

2. The pleasantly buzzing humming-bees hug closely [=devote themselves to] the delight of the intoxication won from the languid juice of the mango trees; and continually there persists a gentle breeze, capable of stealing the perfume from the lovely ['lotus-'] faces of charming women.

Seeing all this sportiveness of the spring-time, the minister Sumantra came into the king's presence and said: "O king, the king of seasons, the spring, has arrived; let a festival in honor of Spring be held today. If you pay honor to Spring, all the Seasons will be made well-disposed to you, and prosperity will come to all people, and there will be an end of the misery of everyone." When the king heard his words he agreed, and ordered that same minister to provide all the necessary preparations for the rites in honor of Spring. So the minister caused to be erected a very beautiful assembly-pavilion, and summoned brahmans skilled in Vedas and lawbooks, dancers acquainted with song and music and dancing, and charming women. And the wretched, blind, deaf, lame, deformed, and all the other beggars, came without being summoned. And in that assembly-pavilion a throne was set up, studded with all the nine gems, and upon the throne were placed two statues of Lakṣmī and Nārāyaṇa [Viṣṇu]. To pay honor to the images all manner of sweet perfumed substances were brought together, such as saffron, camphor, musk, sandalwood, and aloes-wood; and flowers were gathered, such as jasmine, mango, navamallikā and kunda [kinds of jasmine], day-lotuses, madana-flowers, marjoram [?], campā, and ketakī. When all things needful were thus duly made ready, the king himself had the sixteen-fold service performed to Nārāyaṇa, and presented the brahmans and other people trained in the various arts with garments and other gifts. After this the singers, having composed a song of praise in the "spring" mode, sang to Spring. And the king, when he had given them betel and dismissed them, gave satisfaction to the rest, the lame, the blind, and so on, with gifts of gold. At this moment a certain brahman came into the king's presence, holding a little girl by the hand. And first he spoke this blessing:

3. "May blessings be granted you by the face of Ambikā [Pārvatī], who was adorned with a wrist-band of snakes at her marriage with the Club-bearer [Śiva]; her face, that straightway

bends down with mightily confused glance in shame at the half-spoken words 'Homage to Çiva.' "

And then he said: "O king, I have a petition." The king said: "Declare it." And the brahman said: "I am a dweller in the city of Nandivaradhana. Sons — eight of them — were born to me, but no daughter. So I with my wife made this vow before the Mother of the World: 'O Mother, if a daughter is born to me, I will name her for you, and furthermore I will give her weight in gold and the girl herself to some Veda-learned suitor.' Now the present time is the very time for her marriage; Jupiter is in the eleventh astrological mansion; and the time for doing it will not recur in the coming year. So, knowing that there was no one on earth except Vikrama who would give her weight in gold, I have come into your presence." The king replied: "Brahman, you have done well. Take as much money as you need." And he called his treasurer and said: "Dravyadatta, give this brahman the weight of this girl in gold, and apart from this eight crores of gold in addition for the 'series of eight' [see our Composite Outline, 16, note 6; page lxxxviii]." So at his command Dravyadatta gave the brahman that amount of gold. And the brahman was greatly delighted and went with his daughter to his own city. And the king in an auspicious moment entered the city.

Having told this story the statue said to the king: "O king, if such magnanimity is found in you, then mount upon this throne." And the king was silent.

Here ends the sixteenth story

METRICAL RECENSION OF 16

When the king once again came forward to ascend the throne, the statue checked his effort and said: "You must listen to these adventures of King Vikramāditya, which remove evil from such noble men as your majesty.

In olden time Vikramāditya valorously engaged in making his rivals the lovers of the fair women in Indra's heavenly city [that is, in killing them]. Having overwhelmed the three worlds with his glory and the kings thereof with his valor, he returned to his city in the spring, to pay honors to Spring. "Great king, you should pay honor joyfully to this excellent time, the Spring, the king of the glorious and virtuous seasons; if honor is paid to him, then Maheçvara [Çiva], who is of the essence of Time, will be propitiated." Thus advised by a minister, the king was pleased, and said: "Then tomorrow I will perform this worship; let all be prepared." The excellent minister arranged for all, in accordance with the king's command. He caused a pavilion to be deckt out with cloth, festooned arches, and blossoms; and he had set up in the middle of it a great jeweled throne, adorned with jeweled columns, and rich in a bright cloth canopy. Early next morning he again told the king: "Sire, all has been made ready; do what is fitting." Hearing this the pure-hearted king entered the pavilion. There

the righteous prince paid honors to Umā [Pārvatī] and Maheçvara [Çiva], as well as to Lakṣmī and Nārāyaṇa [Viṣṇu], to Spring, and to Love and Enjoyment [Rati, consort of the Love-god], with (perfumes such as) camphor, sandalwood, musk, orpiment, aloeswood, and saffron, with kuruvinda and kurabaka [fragrant grasses], and with jasmine, açoka, and campaka flowers. And having honored the brahmins in proportion to their spiritual powers, the king caused the singers to sing in the 'spring' mode [rāga]. [26]

At this time a very aged man, leaning upon a staff, came into the king's assembly, holding by the hand a girl, his companion. The glorious king then gave entertainment to the excellent brahman, and caused him to sit down, and spoke kind words to him: "Whence have you come, O brahman? Tell me what your errand is." Thus asked by the king the old man said to him: "Great king, listen attentively, and I will tell you all. I dwell in a certain brahmanical village in the land of Avanti. And for a long time I was greatly distressed because no offspring was born to me. To gain a child I worshipped with ascetic practices Çamkara [Çiva], who gives content [çamkara] to his devotees. By the favor of the Great Lord I obtained this daughter; but when she arrived at the time of life when it is fitting to give her in marriage, on account of my poverty I was much concerned, and my wife as well. Then in the middle of the night the Lord, who is tender to his devotees, said to me in a vision: "O brahman, put away your grief; go to King Vikramāditya; that noble man will give you as great a store of riches as you desire." Thus speaking the god disappeared, and in the morning I arose and in great joy told my wife about this dream. And now I have come with my daughter here to your majesty. Fortune be with you, great king; know that I am a brahman asking a gift. Give me the suitable money for the 'eight-series' [see my Composite Outline, 16, note 6, page lxxxviii], that I may get my daughter married." Hearing this the king gave that brahman a jeweled ornament and eight crores of gold.

If you also, O king, are able to give so much to a petitioner presenting a request, then mount this throne.

Here ends the sixteenth story

BRIEF RECENSION OF 16

Again a statue said: O king, listen.

Thinking "If homage is paid to Spring, then (my kingdom) will be free from obstacles," for this purpose the king caused all things to be made ready for paying homage to Spring. The brahmins learned in the Vedas and the çāstras, bards acquainted with genealogies, and dramatic masters who were bodily manifestations [?] of the science of song, all were summoned. He had a charming assembly-pavilion erected; a jewel-studded throne was duly adorned; and when they had set up images of the Seven Mothers, and of the gods, Maheçvara [Çiva] and the rest, homage was paid to them with many flowers. And a gift was offered, saying: "Let Maheçvara be pleased with this." All people were made happy, and the afflicted disappeared. At this time a certain brahman gave (the king) a blessing, and eight crores were given to him.

The statue said: O king, let him ascend this throne who has such magnanimity.

Here ends the sixteenth story

JAINISTIC RECENSION OF 16

When King Bhoja again on another occasion had made complete preparations for the coronation-rite and was ascending the throne, the sixteenth statue said: "O king, he who has magnanimity like Vikramāditya's mounts this throne." And when the king asked "Of what sort was that magnanimity?" the statue said: "O king,

In Avantī-city, the noble King Vikrama. One time he took his army of four divisions, and undertook to conquer the four quarters of the earth, and reduced beneath his sway the whole number of kings, so that he was waited upon daily by dependents bringing offerings of quantities of all the choicest riches of the entire earth-circle. Once, as the king was seated in his assembly, the man charged with the care [avana] of the king's pleasure-park spoke this manly word: "Sire, the noble King Spring, the king of all the seasons, has taken possession of your park." When the king heard this he went straightway with his attendants into that park. And having enjoyed various sorts of play in each grove, at noonday he entered a banana-grove in which many bananas were broken off [?]. There he took his seat within a pavilion decorated in all splendor, upon a golden throne, and enjoyed for a time conversation with learned men, giving attention to the mysteries of a multitude of arts, which were exhibited in eager rivalry, each in turn, by thirty-six royal princes, each seated in his proper place. At this time a preacher, at the command of the king, began to preach in clear language, in order to prevent too great pleasure in the unprofitable round of existence. "O king,

1. What is the use of kingship, wealth, stores of grain, fair ornaments for the body, learning, great strength of arm, and eloquence of words, very noble birth, an illustrious family line, or radiant masses of virtues, if the soul is not freed from this very deep dungeon-house of the round of existence?"

Hearing this the king said: "Preacher, speak further." And he said:

2. "Difficult is the way of existence, unfixed is (the hour of) death, hard to avoid are diseases; hard to reach is the land of (pious) actions [?], and no hand is held out to those who are falling. One who wishes the transcendent bliss of salvation must constantly reflect on this, by day and night, in his mind, with clear understanding, and must fix his thoughts on religion assuredly."

The king said: "Say something more." And he said:

3. "The objects of sensual pleasure must necessarily pass from us, even tho they abide with us a long time; what difference is there in the (manner of) separation from them, that people do not give them up of their own accord? If they go of their own will, they cause endless grief to the heart; but if one gives them up of his own accord, it produces the infinite joy of peace."

Hearing this the king, astonished at heart, reflected: "Ah, how true it is, that which the preacher says! For:

4. Those very facts, the knowledge of which releases a man from taking delight in existence here, may also bind him fast unto it. Knowing that life is as uncertain as a wave of water, he lives in pleasures; because fortune is as transitory as a dream, he fixes his appetite on constant enjoyment; because youth is comparable to a mass of clouds, he passionately embraces women.

5. Abandon this wearisome dense thicket of the objects of sense. Find your refuge in that better way, which in a moment is able to produce relief from all suffering. Seek your own union with the Soul, and give up your own (separate)

course, as unstable as the waves; do not again devote yourself to the transitory pleasures of existence, but become calm now, O heart!"

Then he gave the preacher a reward.

6. Eight crores of gold, and sixteen royal grants, the noble King Vikrama, in his gracious pleasure, gave to the preacher.

Therefore, O king, if such magnanimity is found in you, then mount upon this throne.

Here ends the sixteenth story in the Thirty-two Tales of the Throne

17. Story of the Seventeenth Statuette

Vikrama offers himself for his rival's benefit

SOUTHERN RECENSION OF 17

When the king again was ascending the throne, another statue said: "O king, only he who has the magnanimity and other virtues of Vikrama may mount this throne." The king said: "O statue, tell me a tale of his magnanimity." And she said: "Hear, O king.

There was no one possess of such magnanimity and other virtues as Vikrama. By reason of this magnanimity his fame was spread abroad thruout the three worlds. All petitioners praised only this king. Moreover, the blessings of petitioners are sweet in the ears of generous men, rather than of heroic men. And it is said:

1. The blessings of petitioners (returned for riches granted) are the source of pleasure to generous men, while heroic men are rather pleased by the thunder of the war-drum.

Furthermore, heroism, wisdom, religious activities, and such virtues may be the common property of all, but not the virtue of generosity. And it is said:

2. All animals can fight, and parrots and minas can talk; the true hero and the true scholar is he who gives alms. And again:

3. Some are heroes by nature, others are heroes out of compassion; all these are not worth the sixteenth part of a hero in generosity.

4. Liberality is the only virtue worthy of praise; what is the use of the whole mass of other virtues? For it is because of liberality that even beasts, stones, and trees are honored.

5. The virtue of liberality I rate above a hundred (other) virtues; if learning adorns him [the liberal man], what can I say (to praise him enough)? Now as for heroism, if that (too) be found in him —

homage to him! But when all three are found, and no conceit to boot, a wonder of wonders is that!

These four qualities [namely, liberality, learning, heroism, and lack of conceit] were found in this Vikramārka. One time in another [or, a hostile] land a certain panegyrist recited a hymn of praise of Vikrama before another king. Hearing this hymn of praise that king became jealous, and said to the panegyrist: "O bard, why is it that all the panegyrists praise only Vikramārka? Is there then no other king than he?" The bard said: "O king, there is no king in the three worlds like him for generosity, service of others, courage, and heroism. To do a service for others he grudges not even his own body." Hearing these words this king determined that he too would engage in the service of others. And calling an ascetic he said: "O ascetic, is there any way of providing ever new wealth each day, for the purpose of serving others?" And the ascetic said: "O king, there is no way." The king said: "If there is any way tell it to me, and I will carry it out." The ascetic said: "Well, on the fourteenth day of the dark half of the month perform homage to the band of the sixty-four witches [yoginī], and after celebrating the preliminary rites before them with a hymn, make the ten-fold offering. And at the end of the offering, by way of complete-oblation, sacrifice your own body itself in the fire. Then the band of witches will be propitiated, and will give you whatever you ask." Hearing this the king carried out the instructions in full, and at the time for the complete-oblation threw his own body into the fire. And the band of witches was propitiated, and gave the king a new body, and said: "O king, choose a wish." The king said: "O mothers, if you are propitiated, cause the seven great jars which are in my house to be filled with gold every day." And they said: "If for the space of three months you will sacrifice your own body thus in the fire every day, we will do as you ask." The king said: "So be it," and continued to offer his body in the fire every day.

One time King Vikramārka heard a report of this; and going to the place, at the time of the complete-oblation he threw himself into the fire. And the witches said to one another: "Today the human flesh is much sweeter than usual, and the man's heart is very sound and good." And when they had brought him to life again they said: "Great hero, who are you? What purpose have you in sacrificing your body?" He replied: "I have offered my body in the fire in order to serve others." The witches said: "Then we are satisfied with you; choose a wish." The king answered: "If your ladyships are satisfied with me,

let this king here be releast from the great pain which he suffers by reason of his daily death, and let his seven great jars be filled with gold." The witches consented, saying "We will do so." So they saved that king from death, and filled his jars with gold. And King Vikrama returned to his own city.

Having told this story the statue said to King Bhoja: "O king, if such readiness to serve others is found in you, then mount upon this throne."

Here ends the seventeenth story

METRICAL RECENSION OF 17

Then, desiring to hear the words of another statue, the king approacht, making a feint of ascending the throne. And she, seeing him, and knowing his purpose in coming up, said to the king, with the beauty of her cheeks heightened by a smile: "O king, listen to a tale of King Vikramāditya, in which is described his magnanimity, famous for heroic benevolence.

From King Vikramāditya's generosity came renown that filled this universe, sanctifying all. What is the need of my naming all the (other) virtues and faults? By this one test alone a good or an evil man is known in the world. "All beasts can fight, parrots and minas can talk; the true hero and the true scholar is the man who has the faculty of generosity." [12]

Hearing thus from the lips of a bard the fame of King Vikramāditya, not easy for others to attain, the king of a hostile country said: "Tell me, bard, why is it that everyone keeps praising only King Vikramāditya?" Thus askt the man replied: "There is no other king like him on earth, who so fearlessly cares for the interests of others, and constantly fulfils the desires of petitioners with such heroic energy." Hearing these words spoken by the bard, the king further presented him with money, garments, and other gifts, as much as he desired. And after this he reflected: "If I do not conduct myself so as constantly to serve others, to what purpose was I born?" Thus making up his mind, he sent a respectful summons to a certain saint, and when he had given him entertainment askt him with regard to his heart's desire. "Exalted sir, how can I become greater than Vikramāditya? We hear that he always gives gifts greater than what is desired of him." Hearing his wish the saint said: "Worship the band of witches in the prescribed method. Offer a hundred thousand oblations of melted butter [ajya], and then with this charm throw your body into the fire as a complete-oblation; thus you shall attain your object." Hearing this he then did homage to the band of witches, and made an offering of his own body in the blazing sacrificial fire, and so with the sacrifice of his own body completed the rite, performed for interested motives. Thereupon the witches were propitiated, and brought the king back to life, and said: "Choose what boon you desire, O king." So putting his folded hands to his head in a gesture of reverence he made his wish: "Let my seven houses be filled with gold each day." "If you will do this thing every day, it shall be even so," said the witches to the king, granting his desire; and they vanisht. So the king every day completely fulfilled the desires of his petitioners with the gold in the seven houses, won at the cost of his own body. [41]

One time King Vikramāditya heard of this circumstance from the lips of one of his spies, and straightway he went to that king's city. And seeing what was happening to that king, Vikrama, compassionate and fond of daring exploits, desired that he might be spared this daily suffering. So going to the sacrificial house and mentally paying his respects to the witches, at a time when there were no people there, Vikramārka was about to offer up his body. Then the band of witches straightway appeared before the king, and they said: "O prince of heroes, do no violence to yourself, there is no need. For the sake of another you have come here and are trying to sacrifice your own body, and for our enjoyment. This does not suit us; we will grant your wish, choose!" Thus requested by the band of witches, the king, devoted to the service of others, chose a noble wish: "Let this king's seven houses be ever and ever filled with gold, without the pain of sacrificing his body." When the band of witches had granted the wish even as he expressed it, and had disappeared, Vikramārka went to his own city, without revealing what he had done. [57]

O king, if any king shall prove able to do such deeds, he alone will adorn this throne.

Here ends the seventeenth story

BRIEF RECENSION OF 17

Again a statue said: O king, listen.

One time one of Vikramārka's bards went into another [or, a hostile] country, and began to praise the king. And the king of that country said: "Why do men praise Vikrama?" The bard said: "Sire, there is no one so noble as he, or so courageous and heroic." Thereupon that king summoned a certain great man at a sacrifice, and began to pay homage to a witch [scilicet, at the great man's advice]. He had a pot of oil heated, and offered himself in it. The witch was pleased, and became propitiated, and restored his body for him. The king said: "Up to sun-down let my seven houses be (ever) filled with gold." So up to sunset he gave (constantly). Every day he cast his body into the fire [sic], and again and again obtained the gold in his houses, and gave it away again. Now from curiosity to see this, Vikrama also came to that city; and when he had seen it all, he cast himself into the pot. The witch was pleased and brought him to life again. The witch was propitiated (and said): "O king, choose a wish." "O goddess, this king every day casts his body away; this let him escape, and let his seven houses be always full (of gold), and in spite of expenditures let them never fail." Having asked for this boon, the king went to his city.

The statue said: O king, let him ascend this throne who has such magnanimity.

Here ends the seventeenth story

JAINISTIC RECENSION OF 17

When King Bhoja again on another occasion had made complete preparations for the coronation-rite and was ascending the throne, the seventeenth statue said: "O king, he who has magnanimity like Vikramāditya's mounts this throne." And when the king asked "Of what sort was that magnanimity?" the statue said: "O king,

In Avantī-city, the noble King Vikrama. His generosity was boundless and marvellous; it went beyond the wishes of his petitioners, and therefore surpassed even the tree of wishes. One time a certain bard went abroad, and said in the assembly of King Candracēkhara, an enemy of the noble Vikrama:

1. "There is some one — but a very rare one! — who is supreme in the (acts of) 'defraying and fraying' [word-play: generosity and war] that are started (by him) in the depths [pun: 'thickets'] of the sky, so that it is filled with [pun: 'overgrown with the shoots of'] the noise of the unbroken lines of beggars-and-arrows [the one word *mārgaṇa* means both] that come to meet him."

Hearing this King Candraṣekhara said: "O bard, is there any such?" And he said: "O king, upon this ocean-girt earth, courst over by the tireless coursings of the wheels of the sun's chariot, there is no other than the noble Vikrama who is devoted to gracious generosity, that renders universally causeless both poverty and shame, and who is as an incarnation of Karṇa in making war with a noisy furious dance over the headless bodies of powerful enemies laid low by the might of his arm." Hearing this King Candraṣekhara was plunged in melancholy. And it is said:

2. One who is without virtue does not understand the virtuous, and a virtuous man is jealous of another who is virtuous. Rare indeed is the upright man who is virtuous himself, and also takes delight in the virtue of others.

And tormented by his jealousy of Vikrama, he undertook to propitiate the goddess. She appeared before him, and granted him the imperishable wealth which he requested, but said: "You must offer up your own body before me each day in the sacrificial fire-place; then you shall each time receive a new body and the riches you ask for." So saying the goddess departed. After this the king offered up his body each day, and obtaining ever new riches, as much as he pleased, along with a new body, gave all manner of alms. That same bard came back and told the noble Vikrama of these facts. Then the king reflected: "Now this hero has undertaken a great thing for the benefit of others. And it is said:

3. What does the ocean do with its pearls, the Vindhya Mountain with its elephants, or the Malaya Mountain with its quantities of sandalwood? The riches of the noble serve to benefit others.

But this king undergoes great suffering every day. Therefore this is a time when I may be of service." So the king put on his magic sandals and went to that country, and threw himself into the sacrificial fireplace. Then the goddess appeared to him and said: "O hero, what is your purpose in burning your body so boldly? I am satisfied; choose a wish." Thereupon the noble Vikrama said: "If you are satisfied with me, then remove from King Candraṣekhara the necessity of throwing himself every day into the sacrificial fireplace, and grant him the favor he desires." The goddess consented to his words, and the king returned to his own place. Then the people praised the king, saying:

4. "It is a mark of small minds to balance the question 'is this man one of mine own, or a stranger?' But to men of noble character nothing less than the whole earth is their family.

5. There is a certain rare and great hardheartedness of noble souls, which consists in this, that when they have done a service, thereupon they hasten far away, in dread of a return favor."

6. Who, pray, is like Vikrama, who entered boldly into the fire and gave the boon which he obtained from the goddess to King Candra [*sic*]?

Therefore, O king, if such magnanimity is found in you, then mount upon this throne.

Here ends the seventeenth story in the Thirty-two Tales of the Throne

18. Story of the Eighteenth Statuette**Vikrama visits the sun's orb****SOUTHERN RECENSION OF 18**

When the king once more was ascending the throne, another statue said: "O king, only one who has the magnanimity and other virtues of Vikrama may ascend this throne." The king said: "Tell me a tale of his magnanimity and the like." And the statue said: "Hear, O king. Vikramārka governed his kingdom without transgressing the rules of good policy; nor did he forsake religion." The king said: "Tell me what this path of good policy is." The statue said: "O king, listen. In the city of Maṇipūra there was a brahman named Govindaçarman, who knew the science of policy, and told it every day to his son. At that time I also heard it, and I will now tell it to you." The king said: "Do so." And the statue said: "Hear, O king.

A wise man should not associate with rogues, since that is the cause of a whole series of grave misfortunes. And it is said:

1. Association with evil men is the cause of a whole series of misfortunes to the good; let me here make known what I have learned. The Lord of Ceylon [the demon Rāvaṇa] carried off the wife of Rāma, and therefore the southern ocean was bound fast [bridged]. Therefore associate with good men. There is no more profitable thing in the world than association with the good. And it is said:

2. Intercourse with the good blossoms abundantly with bliss, and puts to shame the charms of gentle breezes, of the moon, or of sandalwood perfume; it brings joy to languishing hearts, and produces riches also.

Furthermore, entertain no hostility for any one, and do not afflict others. Do not punish servants without offense. Do not put away your wife except for a serious sin; since (by doing so) one goes to an endless hell. And it is said:

3. He shall go to an endless hell who puts away a wife who is obedient, industrious, the mother of sons, and pleasant-spoken, and against whom no sin is proved.

Think not that Fortune is stable, for she is unstable as water. And it is said:

4. Enjoy and give away your possessions, honor the honorable, and cherish the good. Fortune is as unstable as the flame of a lamp fluttering in a very strong wind.

Tell no secrets to women; have no worries about the future; think only pleasantly even of your enemies; let no day be wasted, without alms or study or the like; honor your parents; do not converse with thieves; never return a harsh answer. Do not put great things in hazard for the sake of small ones. And it is said:

5. A wise man should not risk what is important for the sake of what is unimportant. For just in this wisdom consists, that the important is saved by (losing) the unimportant.

Give gifts to the poor; practise the service of others with mind, deed, and word, abiding firm in righteousness. Such is the science of good policy as expounded for the benefit of ordinary men. But this King Vikrama knew all the science of policy by his very own nature.

Now in the course of time once a certain stranger came and visited the king, and seated himself. And the king said to him: "Devadatta ['John Doe'], where is your home?" The man replied: "O king, I am a foreigner; I have no fixed abode, but simply wander about all the time." The king said: "What strange thing may you have seen in wandering about the earth?" He answered: "O king, I have seen one great marvel." The king said: "What is it? Tell me." He said: "On Sunrise Mountain there is a great temple of the sun. There the Ganges flows by. And on the bank of the Ganges there is a temple of Çiva; the temple is (called) Purger from Sin. Now a certain golden pillar arises out of the stream of the Ganges, and upon it is a throne studded with all the nine jewels. Just after sunrise this golden pillar rises above the surface of the earth; and at midday it reaches the sun's disk. After this, when the sun sets, it also comes down of itself and sinks in the water of the Ganges. Every single day this happens there. This great marvel have I seen." And when King Vikrama heard that he went with him to that place, and at night slept there. And in the morning, when the sun arose, the golden pillar with the jeweled throne arose out of the stream of the Ganges. And the king himself mounted on the pillar. And the pillar began to rise to the sun's orb; and when it came near the sun, the king's body, burned by the sun's rays like sparks of fire, came to look like a lump of meat. And when in this form he reached the sun's orb, he praised the Sun with many songs of praise, such as this:

6. "Homage to Savitar [the Sun], the sole eye of the world, the cause of the birth, maintenance, and decay of living beings, having the nature of the Three (Vedas), bearing the character of the three qualities [guṇas, as in Sāṃkhya philosophy], and containing the essence of Brahmā, Viṣṇu, and Īva."

Thus he paid homage. Then the Sun sprinkled him with nectar, and the king received a wonderful form. The king said: "I am blessed!" The Sun said: "O king, you are more than a great hero; for you have gained this my orb, which has never been reached by anyone before. Therefore I am pleased with you; choose a wish." The king said: "O god, what greater boon is there than this? For your abode, which I have reached, was inaccessible even to the great sages. By your grace I have everything that I need." Greatly pleased by his words, the sun gave him two rings of his own, studded with all the nine gems, and said: "O king, these two rings yield every day a load of gold." Then the king accepted the two rings, and again bowing to the sun came down from there. And as he was coming back to Ujjayinī, on the road a certain brahman fell in with him, and first spoke a blessing:

7. "Whom in the Upanishads they call Sole Spirit [Puruṣa], abidingly immanent thruout heaven and earth; in case of whom the word Lord [Īvara], since it properly belongs to no other, has its syllables true to their meaning; whom seekers of salvation search after within (their own hearts), by restraint of breath and such (ascetic practices);—may he, the Immovable [Īva], whom steadfast devotion and earnest-endeavor [yoga] may easily find, work your final beatitude." [This is the first stanza of Kālidāsa's play, *Vikramorvaṣī*.]

And then he said: "Noble patron, I am a brahman of large family, but a pauper. Always I go a-begging, but in spite of all, it does not fill my belly." Hearing this the king gave him the two rings, and said: "O brahman, this pair of rings will you give a load of gold all the time." Then the brahman went to his own place, much delighted and praising the king. And the king went to Ujjayinī.

Having told this tale the statue said to King Bhoja: "O king, if such magnanimity is found in you, then mount upon this throne." The king was silent.

METRICAL RECENSION OF 18

When King Bhoja again drew near desiring to mount the throne, a statue, observing him, said: "He alone, O king, is worthy to mount upon the great throne of Indra, in whom are constantly found such courage, manliness, and magnanimity." Then King Bhoja asked her in return: "How was all that?" And saying "Listen!" she told him a tale, a veritable elixir to his ears.

There was a king named Vikramāditya, who caused the great renown of all the other kings to be forgotten, and who ruled the whole earth engirdled by the ocean. The subjects who were protected by him knew neither wickedness nor cowardice, neither lack of offspring nor lack of learning, neither poverty nor bad policy. Quitting the path of unrighteousness and all that was contrary to good policy, this evil age while governed by this king was changed into a golden age. Now once on a time a certain wise saint came to see the king, and at his command sat down, pronouncing blessings. "Tell me what strange thing you have seen." Thus urged in a kindly manner, he told the king a wondrous thing which he had seen. "Near the Sunrise Mountain there is a city Kana-kaprabha ['Gold-splendor'], where there is a temple of the god of gods, the Sun. In front of it there flows a certain river named Sūryaprabhā ['Sun-splendor']. This is the holy ford Purger from Sin, which has satisfied great numbers of petitioners; its approach is adorned with a flight of steps composed of moonstones, and it is surrounded by many shrines in groves laid out in all four directions. In the middle of the deep water of this holy place there is a golden pillar with a solid throne (upon it), of divine workmanship. It comes up every day, sire, just after the rising of the sun, and rejoicing reaches the sun's orb at midday. And again following it on its way back, after noon, when the sun sinks in the west the pillar sinks with it into that water. This marvelous thing have I seen, sire, at the holy watering-place. There is no ingenious piece of invention in the world that is unthinkable to the Creator." [30]

Hearing the words of the saint, the lion of kings, possessor of perfect and unique valor, became curious and went to see this (pillar). There the king saw the city called Gold-splendor, with its golden watch-towers and shining golden gates. Thereupon with devoted mind he bathed in the wave-garlanded river which was called Sun-splendor, and which was renowned as a Purger from Sin. And the pious king paid his respects with flowers to the Sun-god, the Lord of Cattle, and abode by night in that god's temple, in fasting and abstinence. Arising at dawn he cheerfully performed his religious duties and minor observances in the watering-place Purger from Sin, and paid honors to the Sun. At that very moment, that golden pillar arose out of the midst of the water before the king's eyes. Leaping up easily, he took his place upon it, and the column swiftly went up to the sun as it mounted to the middle of the heaven. And burnt with the sun's rays as he was, the king praised the sun with a holy text. When the Lord of Lights [the sun] saw the king standing near at hand on the pillar, offering praises and humbly putting his folded hands to his head, and scorched with the flames, then the Sun, remover of the pain of the afflicted, welcomed him and said with kindly words: "Good sir, by the grace of God you are alive; how else could one live burnt with (the sun's) rays? I am pleased with you; accept my two rings, from the splendor of whose rubies I derive the splendor of the dawn. Every day they furnish a load of fairest gold-pieces." So saying the god gave him the two rings, and departed. [54]

At sun-set, the king dived from the pillar into that water, and descended below, desiring to find where it came from. And in the lower world, from which it came, he be-

held the goddess Prabhā [' Splendor '], the mother of the world and beloved of the Sun, the god of gods. And he stood making obeisance to her, the bride of the Sun, with perfect courtesy. The goddess Prabhā with gracious favor gave him a divine amulet, which granted all ornaments that might be desired. He bowed to her again and again, and went out from the goddess's presence. But near her, upon a golden altar, he saw that same golden pillar, provided at night with a flaming column, and recognized its quality. And mounting upon it again at dawn, when it rose as before at sunrise out of the Sun-splendor river, the king leapt off from the pillar, and gained the shore of the pond. Right there in the temple of the Twelve Ādityas the noble king broke his fast in prescribed fashion, and went on his way. And seeing a poor, lean, begging brahman with his wife, the king had compassion on his poverty, and said to him, creating joy within him: "Know, O brahman, that these two jeweled rings of the sun produce a load of gold-pieces each day; and this very glorious amulet gives whatever ornaments are desired, by the grace of the goddess Prabhā. Do you take one of the two, and give the other to this your wife." Thus, teaching him their powers, the kind-hearted king gave the brahman the two jeweled rings, and went to the city of Ujjayini.

If your majesty has such courage, magnanimity, and manliness, then, King Bhoja, mount upon this his throne.

Here ends the eighteenth story

BRIEF RECENSION OF 18

Once more a statue said: O king, listen.

Once a certain stranger arrived, and told a tale to the king: "O king, near a shrine of Īiva on the shore of the ocean there is a beautiful lake, in the middle of which is a golden pillar. A brilliant throne thereon comes forth (from the water) at sunrise, and as the sun mounts (into the sky), it also ascends, and at midday it comes into contact with the sun. As the sun descends in the afternoon it also sinks down, and at sunset sinks into the water." Hearing this tale the king put on his sandals and (went and) rested by that lake. And in the morning the pillar came out of the water, and the king mounted upon it. Then the pillar ascended, and the king was burnt by the sun's rays and became (like) a lump of meat. And when he had met the sun, the sun said: "O king, why have you come hither?" The king said: "To see you; I have no other desire." Thereupon the sun was pleased, and gave him a pair of rings, (saying): "O king, these two fulfil any desired wish." So as the king was coming back, having taken leave of the sun, the devotees of the god, pausing in their work of swinging perfumed vessels before the god [ārātrika], gave the king a blessing. King (Vikrama) said: "Vikrama belongs to another country, and you are from this place; why is the blessing given?" They replied: "We give a blessing to Vikrama, knowing that resolute men (who ascend on the pillar) obtain from this place riches; and out of the two and four-fold profit, when they have got it, they pay their devotions to the god; and it is by this that we live." Hearing this the king gave the two rings to the devotees of the god.

The statue said: O king, let him ascend this throne who has such magnanimity.

Here ends the eighteenth story

JAINISTIC RECENSION OF 18

When King Bhoja again on another occasion had made complete preparations for the coronation-rite and was ascending the throne, the eighteenth statue said: "O king, he who has magnanimity like Vikramāditya's mounts this throne." And when the king asked "Of what sort was that magnanimity?" the statue said: "O king,

In Avantī-city, the noble King Vikrama. One time his usher announced in his assembly a certain wanderer. The king asked him: "Tell some strange story; for those who have seen many countries experience marvelous things." And he said: "O king, on the crest of Sunrise Mountain there is a certain temple. In front of it there is a great lake, enclosed by moonstones. In the lake there is a golden pillar, and upon it a golden throne. And this pillar rises out of the water at sunrise, and slowly ascends until at midday it reaches the sun's orb; then slowly sinking it enters the water again at sunset. The people of the country call this the holy ford 'Purger from Sin.'" Hearing this the king in astonishment put on his magic sandals, and went to that Sunrise Mountain, and saw the holy watering-place. And in the morning, at sunrise, when the pillar came out of the water, the king seated himself gently on the throne which was placed upon it, and as the throne ascended, went with it to the sun's orb. Then the king became insensible from the heat of the sun. But the sun was pleased with his courage, and restored him to consciousness by sprinkling him with nectar. Thereupon he praised the sun, who destroys the darkness of the world, with these words:

1. "I worship the living sun, the bodiless one, whose seat is in the sky; from whom necessarily proceeds all the nature of the Knower and the Agent; who is not to be comprehended by external forms composed of sensuous objects; and who by his name and essence seems to render void the very nature of those external forms.

2. I fall down before the sun, who alone is a storehouse of all compassion; who on the one hand in his twelve-fold nature makes the world outside us to shine, while on the other hand he stands within us too, having his seat in the skin, eye, ear, tongue, nose, hand, foot, voice, anus, and genitals, and being the embodiment of the mind [manas], the organ of consciousness [buddhi], and the organ of individuality [ahamkāra].

3. Homage be to you forever, Supreme Sun, (whether we say that) you have neither beginning nor end, nor bodily form nor attributes; finer than an atom yet enormously large; or possessing all forms and (various) attributes — that is the fashioning after which your form is fashioned; or (we may say that) you are he that shines forth revealing the manifold transformations of primary substance."

The sun was pleased with this praise and with the courage the king had shown, and said: "O king, choose a wish." But the king feared to make a request, and said: "O Exalted Light-giver, Torch of the World, after seeing you what other thing is there to ask for?" Then, greatly pleased, the sun gave him two rings, which yielded gold by the load every day. After this he mounted again on the throne upon the pillar, and in the same manner at sunset came back to earth, and set out for his city again. On the way he was asked for alms by a beggar afflicted with great poverty. And full of compassion, and fearing to refuse a request, he gladly gave him those two rings. In the words of the verse:

4. With whom may this Vikrama be compared, who gave to a beggar the two rings, constantly yielding a load of gold, which he received from the sun ?

Therefore, O king, if such magnanimity is found in you, then mount upon this throne.

Here ends the eighteenth story in the Thirty-two Tales of the Throne

19. Story of the Nineteenth Statuette

Vikrama visits Bali, king of the nether world

SOUTHERN RECENSION OF 19

When the king was again ascending the throne, another statue said: "O king, if you have the magnanimity and other virtues of Vikrama, then mount upon this throne." The king said: "O statue, tell me a tale of his magnanimity." And she said: "Hear, O king.

While Vikramā was ruling the earth the hearts of all people were filled with joy. The brahmans were devoted to the six rites [see SR 24.0⁴⁷], women were faithful to their husbands, men lived a hundred years; trees were ever fruitful; the rain-god rained whenever desired; the earth always yielded full crops; mankind manifested fear of evil, hospitality, compassion to living creatures, reverence for those to whom reverence was due, and generosity to worthy persons. Such was the behavior of the king's subjects. One day the king was mounted upon his throne, when there came into his assembly various vassal princes. Some of them caused panegyric verses to be read by their bards; some themselves arrogantly boasted of their own strength of arm; some, bearded youths skilled in the use of all the twenty-six offensive weapons, jested with one another; some were given to the defense of suppliants who applied to them; some were concerned with the affairs of the next world; some with laying up stores of righteousness. Of such sorts were the princes who attended the king.

At this time a certain hunter came in, and bowing to the king said: "Sire, a certain boar, as great as Mount Añjana, has come into the forest; come and see him, sire!" Hearing his words the king with those same princes went into the forest, and saw the boar just as he disappeared into a thicket on the bank of a stream. And hearing the noise of the men the boar came out of the thicket. And immediately all the princes, vying with one another in exhibiting their skill of hand, discharged the twenty-six sorts of weapons upon him. But the boar, not heeding those weapons, and eluding all the princes,

entered a glen which led into a mountain. And sticking close behind him the king too came to the mountain; and seeing in that mountain the mouth of a cave, he also entered into it. After going some distance in deepest darkness, further on he saw a great light; and at some distance from this point he saw a very beautiful city. Its walls were of gold; it was adorned with fair palaces reaching to the sky, and decorated with shrines and (sacred) groves and so on; it boasted markets full of all manner of riches, and was filled with wealthy men; and it was crowded with all manner of wanton houris. Entering in here he came to the market-place, and saw there a royal palace as beautiful as the sun's disk. There Bali the son of Virocana reigned. As soon as the king entered the palace, instantly he was presented to Bali, sitting upon the throne. And Bali embraced him, and seated him upon a very beautiful throne, and asked him: "My lord, why has your majesty come here?" Vikrama said: "I came to behold your majesty." Bali said: "Today I am made happy; today my lineage is purified, and my fortune has borne fruit, since by great merit I have deserved that your majesty visit my house. Today fortune has come to the lineage of my family.

1. Today after a long time this my house has become praiseworthy, by reason of the grace acquired from the touch of your glorious feet."

Vikrama said: "O king, your heart is purified, and your lineage is truly blessed, because the Lion of Vāikunṭha, Nārāyaṇa [Viṣṇu], came to your house in person with a request. What is such a one as I?" Bali said: "My lord, what was your purpose in coming?" Vikrama said: "O prince of the Dānavas, I came simply to see you; I had no other reason." Bali said: "If my lord has come here disposed towards friendship with me, then do me the kindness of asking some favor of me." Vikrama said: "I am in need of nothing; by your grace I am completely supplied with everything I wish." Bali said: "My lord, did I say that your majesty was in need of anything? What I said was as a sign of friendship. For thus they describe the marks of friendship. And it is said:

2. Giving and receiving, telling secrets and asking about them, entertaining and being entertained, are the six marks of friendship.

3. Without a service rendered friendship can in no wise be conceived for any one. For even the gods grant the wishes of men in return for the gift of prayer.

And so:

4. Affection continues in this world only so long as gifts are forthcoming. The calf of his own accord leaves his mother when he sees that her milk is dried up. And again:

5. I firmly believe that, even to a beast without reason, a gift is dearer even than her own young ones; for, take notice, a buffalo-cow, if you give her just some oil-cake, will always, as everybody knows, give down all her milk, even if she has a calf."

Thus speaking Bali gave King Vikrama a potion and an elixir. Then the king took leave of him and went out from the cave, and mounted his horse. And as he came back to the highway he was met by a certain aged brahman, with his son, tormented with dire misery and oppressed with poverty, who after pronouncing various blessings said: "Noble patron, I am a brahman oppressed with great poverty, and I have a large family. Give me enough money that I may get something to eat to-day for myself and my family. We are oppressed with great hunger." The king said: "Brahman, I have no money at hand just now, but I have two valuable things, a potion and an elixir. When mixt with this potion the seven minerals turn to gold; and whoever employs this elixir will be freed from old age and death. Take one of the two." Then the father said: "Give me the elixir by which one may become free from old age and death." The son said: "What is the use of the elixir? Even if we were freed from old age and death, we should still continue to be subject to poverty. Let us take the potion by which, when it is mixt with minerals, gold is produced." Thus a quarrel arose between them. And the king, hearing their quarrel, gave them both the potion and the elixir. Thereupon they both went to their own abode, praising the king. And the king returned to Ujjayini.

Having told this story the statue said to the king: "O king, if such magnanimity is found in you, then mount upon this throne." The king was silent.

Here ends the nineteenth story

METRICAL RECENSION OF 19

When King Bhoja once again approacht to mount the throne, a statue spoke the usual words: "If there is such courage and superhuman magnanimity in your majesty, then you may cherish the desire of mounting this throne, O king. Hear his virtues, O prince, which may well be coveted by those of supreme virtue.

While he ruled the earth there was intoxication [or, punningly, rutting-fluid] only on elephants' temples, crookedness [curling] only in locks of hair, confinement by chains [punning arrangements] only in poems. At any time, when he entered his assembly,

he would be attended by a circle of princes, as the moon by the circle of stars. Once at just such a time a mighty hunter came to see him, black as if night had taken on the regular form of a man. He fell down in front of the king, trembling and making gestures of reverence. And upon being prompted by the doorkeepers he said to the king: "O sire, in a forest that borders Mandara Mountain on the west, a great boar is constantly sporting upon the banks of a torrent. Never before has such a monstrous beast been seen. Fixing his abode right there, he harasses the creatures constantly." Hearing these words of the forester, the king, eager for a hunt, mounted his horse and went with a small retinue to Mount Mandara. There by a rippling stream in a blooming *kinçuka* grove, he met the boar, happily munching all the time the fragrant roots of the nut-grass. With his dark form he darkened all the space behind him, while with the gleaming tusks of his mouth he lighted up the space in front. The boar as he roamed about seemed to mock the (inky-black) *Añjana* Mountain, and to quench the light of day (with his darkness) and to make the trees seem like (dark-barked) *tamāla*-trees. Then he was infuriated by the mighty, furious shouts made by the armed warriors and the ferocious barking of the dogs. Soon he was hemmed in by the multitude of men, and tormented by the showers of arrows. So he rushed off, like a mighty boulder moved by the whirlwind at the end of an era. And the mighty boar broke thru the pack of dogs, and entered a mountain cave, pursued by the king. All alone, sword in hand, and seeming to touch him at every step, *Vikrama* pressed on after him upon his fleet horse. And going into the interior of the cave, the boar, dark as night, struck viciously at the king, the protector of suppliants. Dismounting at the mouth of the cave, the king tied his horse and started in to pursue the false [that is, only seeming; cf. below, page 165, line 16] boar further. And going straight in thru the marvelously beautiful opening of the cave, he saw a wonderful doorway, brilliantly shining with flashing gems, producing the effect of the rising of the youthful sun's glory — but no sign of the boar. And as he was at a loss to know how the door came there, or what had become of the boar, there was heard a mighty sound, like an answering threat to the thunder that arises from the trains of clouds that appear at a dissolution of the universe. Then that door, bursting asunder, became a hole, wide-opened; and the king, noblest of heroes, went on further upon that descending path, relying upon his sword for help, and lighted by the light given out from the splendor of the staircase of flashing crystal. [47]

Traversing at last the whole of this lonely way, the hero of heroes saw ahead of him a city that gave delight to the eyes. It was encircled by golden walls, with portals of flashing rubies; it made the sky bathed in light produced by its houses of crystal. By night and day it wore the splendor of the light of the youthful sun, by reason of the plenteous brilliancy radiating from the jeweled and golden columns of its charming palaces. Here brilliant gems of rubies took the place of lamps, dispelling the darkness of the illusory shadows cast by sapphire columns. Here perfumed youths, unrestrained in love, rejoiced in breezes that carried the fragrance from the lips of serpent-maidens. As he went in here at the gate, and was looking over the glories of the city, a certain chamberlain met him, and conveyed to him a royal command: "O King *Vikramāditya*, the emperor of the demons, the lord of *Patāla* [the underworld], *Bali* by name, wishes to see you, Sir." So he brought him in, showing him the riches of the city, and announced to his lord that the king had arrived. And the prince of demons courteously caused the king to sit down upon a golden seat, and spoke to him in words appropriate to the arrival of a guest: "Great king, does your righteous rule govern the whole

earth? Are those who carry out your majesty's commands in no way infected by sedition? Does the Supporter of the Heaven [Indra] grant rain as desired? Do you for your part completely gratify him, the Lord, with sacrifices?" Thus asked in a kindly manner by Bali the king of the demons, Vikramāditya politely replied: "Perceiving your nobility and excess of religious devotion, Keçava [Viṣṇu] himself, the Sole Keeper of creatures, became your doorkeeper. By giving to him, disguised as a dwarf, land [the earth] measured by his three footsteps, and creating the fourfold law [righteousness, dharma; probably as consisting of learning, almsgiving, asceticism, and truth; see Manu 1.81 and comm., Bhāg. P. 3. 12. 41], you have gained supreme glory. Hari [Viṣṇu] himself, the Lord of the World, was fain to bow before you and to show mortification at (being obliged to make an) entreaty, and became a dwarf in bodily form. What other man is there like you? Inasmuch as such a one as your majesty has asked me a question concerning the state of my affairs, in this I am blest." As they conversed thus pleasantly there, the heart of the demon-king was greatly delighted, and he gave the king a potion together with an elixir. And when he dismissed the king, he sent along to accompany him the same attendant who had previously appeared as the boar. Returning again quickly by the road as shown by him, the king reached the place where his horse remained, at the entrance of the cave. [85]

And sending back the demon-man, he mounted his horse again, and started on the road for Ujjayini, when he saw two brahmins. The king was implored by them to give them some rice or the like, that they might get a meal, since they were both famished with hunger. "I have nothing of value here other than a potion and an elixir, of divine powers, and magical; choose one of them. Now this confers the power to make gold out of all metals; and the elixir is able to prevent old age and death." Hearing this the old brahmin said to the king: "I am worn out with age, O king; give me the elixir." Then his son, a youth, said to the king: "What is the use of the elixir? Give the potion which produces gold." Thus a quarrel arose, which is a sin as between father and son; for each said: "This is the best! That is the best! This for me! That for me!" Seeing their disturbance, the king gave them both things, and then went to his city, the munificent lord of the earth.

O king, only he who has such magnanimity, courage, and manliness would be capable of sitting upon this throne.

Here ends the nineteenth story

BRIEF RECENSION OF 19

Again a statue said: O king, listen.

Once the king went forth to enjoy the sport of hunting. And being satiated with interesting sights, at midday he started back again to the city, when he saw a great boar. The king pursued after him, and the boar went into the forest. As the king went along quite alone, he saw a certain cave. So he dismounted from his horse and entered the cave, and went to Pātāla [the underworld], and beheld a beautiful royal palace. There he saw Bali upon his throne; and first they mutually asked after each other's health and embraced, and then questioned each other. Thereupon Bali gave the king a potion and an elixir, and the king took his departure from the cave. On the way two brahmins, father and son, greeted the king with words of blessing. The king said: "I have two precious objects with me; by one a new body is obtained,

by the other gold is produced. Take whichever of the two you like." The father askt for the one that made a body, and the son for the one that made gold. Thus a quarrel arose between them; and perceiving their quarrel the king gave them both.

The statue said: O king, let him ascend this throne who has such magnanimity.

Here ends the nineteenth story

JAINISTIC RECENSION OF 19

When King Bhoja again on another occasion had made complete preparations for the coronation-rite and was ascending the throne, the nineteenth statue said: "O king, he who has magnanimity like Vikramāditya's mounts this throne." And when the king askt "Of what sort was that magnanimity?" the statue said: "O king,

In Avantī-city, the noble King Vikrama. In his reign men were well-conducted, women were chaste, and people lived their full span of life; trees were always fruitful, rains fell when desired, and the soil of the lands was fertile. There prevailed fear of evil, trust in righteousness, hospitality, reverence for those to whom reverence was due, meditation on the Supreme Spirit, generosity to fit persons; the affairs of life were conducted on sound political principles. As the king once sat in his assembly, his glorious feet attended by thirty-six princes, a certain keeper of his pleasure-park came in and said: "Sire, a certain boar, as black as death, has come plunging in from somewhere or other and is in your grove." Hearing this the king went to the grove. There he saw the boar, and prest hard in pursuit of him. And as he went along, somewhere on the side of a mountain he saw a closed door, and much astonisht he dismounted from his horse and entered in. Going forward with the guidance of his hands, in a frightful darkness which prevented the use of his eyes, he came at last in sight of a brilliantly shining city, whose golden domes [kumbha] put to shame the sun's orb by their great splendor; it was charming with beautiful great palaces reaching to the clouds, and its streets were crowded with the passing of people wearing the best of noble and costly ornaments. When he entered in here, and came to the royal palace, there he saw Kṛṣṇa [Viṣṇu] as doorkeeper. And he reflected:

1. "When the Universal Lord [Viṣṇu — tho this is regularly an epithet of Īśvara] came before him [Bali] as a beggar [literally, recipient] in the form of a dwarf, and the earth's orb was the gift at stake, then it was the embarrass smile of him [Bali] which astonisht that same god.

Ah, this must surely be the city of King Bali, in whose house the noble Kṛṣṇa presented himself as a suppliant and was loaded with gifts, and even now he holds the office of doorkeeper there." After this, being announst by the usher, he entered into the palace, and bowed to King Bali. And King Bali said: "O gift-prince of this evil age, Vikramāditya, I am much pleased at your coming. What can I do to favor you? To say that all this kingdom is yours is but a small attention to pay to such a one as you, the treasure-house of noble qualities." Then King Vikrama said: "O king, the mere sight of your majesty is everything I want; is there any good thing worth speaking of after that?" Then Bali was much pleased, and said:

2. "Giving and receiving, telling secrets and asking about them, entertaining and being entertained, are the six marks of friendship.

Therefore take these two valuable things, a potion and an elixir." So the king took them, and was dismist affectionately. And as he was coming along the road home, a

certain aged brahman with his son begged alms of him. And fearing to refuse a request, he first told them the powers of the two objects, and then said: "Take whichever one of the two you like." And hearing this the aged father said: "Thru the potion the body becomes free from disease, that is what we will take." But the son said: "Thru the elixir gold is produced, that is what we will take." Thus a quarrel arose between father and son; seeing which the king in compassion said: "Do not quarrel, take both the things." So he gladly gave them both the potion and the elixir. In the words of the verse:

3. When a certain aged brahman with his son approacht to ask alms of the king, who was in possession of the glory of the magic powers derived from the evident presence of the Pātāla-king's brilliant potion and elixir, he gave them their choice; but when they fell to quarreling because each wisht a different one, the jewel of generous givers gave them both the magic articles. Who is equal to him ?

Therefore, O king, if such magnanimity is found in you, then mount upon this throne.

Here ends the nineteenth story in the Thirty-two Tales of the Throne

20. Story of the Twentieth Statuette

Vikrama visits a forest ascetic

SOUTHERN RECENSION OF 20

When the king was again ascending the throne, another statue said: "O king, let him ascend this throne who has the magnanimity and other virtues of Vikrama." The king said: "O statue, tell me a tale of his magnanimity." And she said: "Hear, O king.

King Vikrama was wont to reign for six months at a time, and to travel in foreign countries for six months. Once when he was on his travels and had visited various countries he came to a city named Pad-mālaya. In a grove outside of this city he saw a lovely lake of very pure water; and having drunk of the water in the grove, he took his seat. At that time there were a number of other persons, some natives of the country and some strangers, who had come there and sat down after drinking of the water. They were saying to one another: "Well, we have seen many countries, and visited many places of pilgrimage, and have climbed difficult mountains, inaccessible to any one, but never have we seen a truly great man anywhere." Another said: "How should one see a great man? Where a great saint is, it is impossible to go; the way is very difficult, and there are numerous obstructions in the path. One would lose even his life. Who will get any benefit from

an undertaking thru which he himself perishes before its completion? Therefore a wise man should protect himself first of all. And it is said: The body, I say, is the first requisite for religious performance. [Cf. page 106, line 10.] And so:

1. Wife, fortune, fields, and sons, also good and evil deeds, may be replaced again and again, but the body we have only for once. Therefore a wise man should not attempt reckless deeds. And so:

2. A prudent man should not undertake fruitless tasks, those which are hard to finish, those which imply destruction, and those which are impossible to perform. Furthermore:

3. Let a wise man, even if he be in dire straits, never climb a rugged and difficult mountain full of many beasts of prey.

Furthermore, let a man do what he does only after deliberation, and not attempt a task which promises small results." But when the king heard these words he said: "Strangers, why do you speak thus? Everything is hard for a man to attain only so long as he does not act with manliness and courage. And it is said:

4. Many good things that are hard to get may be obtained when desired. Bold-hearted men ought not to rate their bodies on a par with a good opportunity! And so:

5. Sometimes water falls from the sky into a ditch, but it may also come from the world below. Fate is incomprehensible and mighty; but is not human action also mighty in this world?

6. In perfect ease, and without exposing the body to pain, no happy state is attainable in this world. The Slayer of Madhu [Viṣṇu] embraces Lakṣmī with arms that are weary with churning the ocean.

7. How could Viṣṇu's consort [Lakṣmī = Fortune] fail to be fickle, even tho he is a Man-lion? — since he always spends four months in sleep, lying on the water.

8. Supreme happiness is hard for a man to obtain as long as he does not act manfully. So the sun subdues the cloud-masses only when it has been exposed to hazard [literally, 'mounted upon the balance;'] that is, when it has entered the constellation Libra, which the sun enters at the end of the rainy season]."

Hearing the king's words they said: "Great hero, tell us then what we must do." The king said: "If you go to a distance of twelve leagues from this city, in the midst of the jungle there is a certain rugged mountain. Upon this mountain is a great ascetic named Trikālanātha ['Lord of the Three Times,' present, past, and future].

If one visits him, he will give everything desired. I am going there." They said: "We will go too." The king said: "Come, and welcome." So they started out with the king. But when they saw the dense jungle and the very rough road, they said to the king: "Great hero, how far is it to the mountain?" The king answered: "It is eight leagues from here." And they said: "Then we are going (back); the distance is great, and the road is very rough." The king said: "Strangers, what is distance for the strenuous? And it is said:

9. What is an excessive load for the strong? What is distance for the strenuous? What country is foreign to the learned? Who is an enemy to those who speak kindly?"

And when they had gone six leagues farther, as they would go forward, a fearful dragon with huge gaping jaws, spitting poisonous fire, stood blocking the way. And when they saw the dragon they all fled in terror; but the king continued on the way. The dragon came up and coiled itself about the king and bit him. And tho encircled by the dragon, and becoming paralyzed by the venom's power, he climbed that very rugged mountain, and came into sight of the ascetic Trikālanātha, and bowed before him. And at the mere sight of the ascetic the dragon left him and departed, and the king was freed from the poison. The ascetic said: "Noble hero, why have you come with great suffering to this inhuman [desert?] place, in such a very imprudent fashion?" The king said: "My lord, I have come simply to see you." The ascetic said: "Have you suffered great hardships?" The king replied: "Not at all. By the mere sight of your reverence all my sin has vanished; what hardships are there? Today I am fortunate; for it is very hard to visit great saints. Moreover, as long as the body is whole and the faculties are sound, even so long a man ought to strive for his own improvement. And thus it is said:

10. As long as this whole body is sound and in good health, and old age is afar off, and as long as the power of the faculties is unimpaired and one's life is not spent, even so long should a prudent man make great efforts for his soul's welfare. But when your house is in flames, why try to stop it by digging a well?"

Then the ascetic was pleased, and gave the king a piece of chalk, and a magic wand, and a cloth, and said: "O king, as many lines as are drawn on the earth with this chalk, so many leagues can be traversed in one day. A dead army, if toucht with that magic wand held in the right hand, will come to life again and stand up; and if a hostile army is toucht by the wand holding it in the left hand, then the whole army

of the enemy is destroyed. And this cloth gives whatever good things are desired." The king accepted these presents and took leave of the ascetic with an obeisance. And as he was returning, on the road he saw a certain king's son who had built a fire near by and was collecting fagots. The king askt him: "My friend, why are you doing that?" He replied: "I am the son of a certain king, and my kingdom has been taken away by kinsmen. Being poor and unable to support life, I am gathering fagots to enter the fire." Then the king reassured him, and gave him the chalk, the magic wand, and the cloth, and told him their powers. Thereupon the king's son was greatly pleased, and made obeisance to the king and went to his own country. And King Vikrama returned to Ujjayini.

Having told this story the statue said to the king: "O king, if such magnanimity is found in you, then mount upon this throne." And hearing this the king was silent.

Here ends the twentieth story

METRICAL RECENSION OF 20

When the king again approacht to mount the throne, the next fair statue spoke these words unto him: "Hear, O best of kings, an entertaining tale.

King Vikramāditya's fixt rule, in his method of governing the earth, was devotion to governmental affairs for half a year, and absence in foreign countries for half a year. Living under this arrangement and protecting the world, he repeatedly went forth from his city and his land to view foreign countries. He inspected with great interest all virtuous places of pilgrimage and temples of the gods, cities and mountain-tops, and the beautiful groves near the banks of rivers. He traveled over the whole earth to the Himālaya and to Adam's Bridge. [11]

One time, O sire, the noble-minded jewel of kings came to a city Padmālaya ['Lotus-abode'], which justified its name, being a feast for the eyes. Here was a great shrine of Āmbhu [Īva] the Lotus-seated Lord, girt by palaces, whose walls appeared tremulous, as it were, in the rays of the full moon; and it was adorned with many frolicsome games played within the lotus-filled lake. Into this asylum entered the king, the asylum of all people; he bathed in that same lake, and worshipt the various gods, and with regular homage did reverence to the Lotus-seated God. Then the pure prince, wearied, sat down to rest in an air-crystal [a fabulous gem] pavilion on the shore of the lotus-lake, cooled by the wind from its waves which brought the fragrance of budding lotuses. There sat certain strangers, resting peacefully, and leisurely displaying their natural cleverness in pleasant conversation. The king askt them: "What noteworthy thing is found here? Tell me, fair sirs, you who are all among the best of speakers." "Hear then, good sir. We are all travelers, and as we have wandered about the surface of the earth, nowhere have we seen any marvelous thing; however, we have indeed heard of one. Not very far from here, on a mountain bordering the Himālaya, there sits a certain saint, who has wondrous supernatural powers. The way is obstructed by mighty drag-

ons; it is to be entered by a cave-door from this corner of the temple. Thus we have heard said." [33]

Hearing this the king quickly went thence by the cave-door to that mountain near the Himālaya. Traversing successfully the rugged roads, tho opposed by dragons, he reacht the (abode of the) saint named Trikalājāta, whom he desired to see. He was like the Lord (Śiva, the divine ascetic), only without the manifestation of a (third) eye in his forehead. The king fell prostrate on the ground before him and said: "My wishes are fulfilled." The saint lookt upon him with an eye moist with the nectar of compassion; and the noble man refresht the great king with words that bestowed perfection of soul, seeming to sprinkle him with magic elixirs. "You have traverst a long road and come hither on my account; what man except your majesty could do this? I am gratified, O king; now if you desire any boon, choose it, since I will give it to you, tho it were one hard even for the gods to attain." In reply to these words the king, zealous in devotion, said again to the great saint in pleasant words: "At the sight of your worship all my toils have vanisht, as if I were a disciplined saint [yukta]; what further blessing, pray, can I hope for? I now have personal experience of the Truth (which is) the Eternal Light, which bursts forth for those who have abandoned love and hatred owing to indifference to the qualities-of-matter [guṇa]. As I behold you, the best of perfected men, standing before me like Viṣṇu himself in visible form, making discipline your aim, these my eyes and ears, my hands and feet, seem to be sunk in a nectar-like sea of joy, because such a noble person as your worship has come within their range." [56]

Since the king was thus pervaded with the essence of devotion, altho he exprest no desire, the noble ascetic graciously granted to him certain powers of magic accomplishment, saying: "O king, this piece of chalk can perform all magic. If you take it and touch it as many times as you wish with this magic wand held in the right hand, then straightway living men will be produced, as many as you wish, one after another. And when you wish to destroy them again, if you touch them in the same way with the wand in the left hand, then these living men will disappear. And this potent cloth gives whatever objects of wealth are desired." Thus declaring their powers he assigned them to him. Thus dismissd with marks of respect by Trikalājāta, the king went forth from the mountain, having obtained his desires, and returned to the city. [58]

As the king was on the way back, coming down from the mountain-top, there was a certain man upon the road who was about to enter into a lighted funeral pyre. And the king askt him: "Who are you, sir, and what are you trying to do? What do you hope to gain by this?" Thus questioned, he replied to him: "I am sprung from royal lineage, but I have been violently expelled, all by myself, and deprived of my happy estate by powerful kinsmen who coveted the kingship. Being unable to resist because of the destruction of my treasury and my arms, I have gone into the wood in despair, intending to make way with myself. So, having lighted a fire here, I am on the point of entering into it, good sir." Hearing his words the king said to him: "Be provided with a great store of wealth and surrounded by a mighty army, and conquer your enemies, and rule the land for a long time in happiness." So giving to him the cloth, the magic wand, and the chalk, and explaining their powers, the king went to his own city. [82]

What man could restrain the great heroism of King Vikramāditya, the doer of super-human deeds?

After these words of the statue, for a moment King Bhoja was (motionless) as if changed into a painted picture (because of his amazement); and then, shaking his head, he returned again to his palace.

Here ends the twentieth story

BRIEF RECENSION OF 20

Again a statue said: O king, listen.

When the king, wandering over the earth, had visited many cities and pilgrimage-places, once in a certain city he visited the god in a Çiva-temple, and sat down there for a moment. At this time three foreigners arrived and sat down there, and began to converse with one another: "We have seen many pilgrimage-places and great marvels upon the earth; but we have not seen the great saint Trikālanātha, altho we went to his mountain." One of them said: "It is a hard matter to see him; coils of serpents lie in the way of those who go thither, and one's life might be lost; and in that case what would be gained? Where the merchandise is lost, what sort of commerce can there be? And it is said:

1. A prudent man should not undertake fruitless tasks, those which come to a bad end, those which imply destruction, and those which are impossible to perform."

When they had said this they were silent. Hearing this the king went forth to see Trikālanātha. On the way lay coils of serpents; and only with difficulty he reached the spot, and beheld Trikālanātha. Then the king became freed from the serpents' coils and made an obeisance. He gave him a blessing (and said): "O king, why have you come hither with great toil? You must be extremely weary." The king said: "My weariness has disappeared at the sight of you; I have become happy." Then the great saint was pleased, and gave him a cloth, and a (magic) wand-sword, and a piece of chalk. If a line was drawn with the chalk with the right hand, the army of whoever toucht it became alive. And drawn with the left hand it destroyed a hostile army. The cloth granted wishes. Such were the powers of the things. Then the king departed; and on the road he beheld a majestic man, and askt him: "Who are you?" He said: "The heirs have taken away my kingdom and sought to kill me, so I fled; and now I am much distressed because there is no one to take my part." Then the king told him not to fear and gave him that boon.

The statue said: O king, let him ascend this throne who has such magnanimity.

Here ends the twentieth story

JAINISTIC RECENSION OF 20

When King Bhoja again on another occasion had made complete preparations for the coronation-rite and was ascending the throne, the twentieth statue said: "O king, he who has magnanimity like Vikramāditya's mounts upon this throne." And when the king askt "Of what sort was that magnanimity?" the statue said: "O king,

In Avantī-city, the noble King Vikrama. As he was traveling abroad to view strange sights, he came to a city Padmālaya. In a temple outside of this city four pilgrims had entered in before him, and the king also entered in there. At this time they were saying to one another: "We have seen many places of pilgrimage by land and water [?],

but we have not seen the ascetic named Trikālanātha, on Mount Kanakakūṭa. The people who live near that mountain say that the mountain is inaccessible, that no one can go there; so no one tries to go. For:

1. A man shall defend his possessions for the event of misfortune, but shall defend his wife (if necessary) even with his possessions; himself however he shall always defend, even with [at the sacrifice of] both his wife and his possessions. And so:

2. Wife, fortunes, fields, and a son, also salutary works, may be replaced again and again, but the body we have only for once.

3. A prudent man should not undertake fruitless tasks, those which come to a bad end, those which imply destruction, and those which are impossible to perform."

Hearing this the king reflected:

4. "What is an excessive load for the strong? What is distance for the strenuous? What country is foreign to the learned? Who is an enemy to those who speak kindly?

5. Mount Meru is high, the sea hard to cross, and tasks difficult, only so long as energetic men do not attempt them."

So the king put on his magic sandals and went to that mountain, and saw the ascetic seated in the lotus-posture, with his eyes fixt on the end of his nose. And he reflected in his heart:

6. "In a cave or in a city, or on a desert mountain, or in disguise, or at home, those whose minds are ever submerged in the nectar-sea of pure thought have crost over the very deep, living sea of existence, and are saved; let preachers of doctrines always declare that their minds are such!

7. Happy is he who, self-composed, takes up the 'lotus-seat' ascetic posture, and, contracting his buttocks below and pressing his anus up aloft, gradually overcomes the vital air [anila] and holds it in check by the power of the life-breath [prāṇa]; and after it [the vital air] has come united into the cavity of the suṣumnā-artery, he brings it then up to the brahma-suture [in the top of the skull], and sends it forth into the vault of heaven, and attains a state of feeling like Īva."

So he stood before him, making obeisance. Then the ascetic said: "O Vikramāditya, Prince of Generosity in this debased age, why have you come hither?" And the king said: "O ascetic, to see your worship. Today the toil of my wanderings has become fruitful. Since:

8. Sometimes by chance those who wander on random paths meet with some man who knows what is truly fitting; and if they wander thru life with him, the toil of their existence becomes fruitful."

Hearing this the ascetic was pleased, and gave him three things, a cloth, a piece of chalk, and a (magic) wand, and told him their powers: "With the chalk an army is traced, which toucht with the wand held in the right hand is animated, and does anything desired; and toucht with the left hand it departs again. With the cloth anything you can think of, such as gold, grain, garments, ornaments, and the like, is produced." Thereupon the king took leave of the ascetic; and as he was coming back, on the way he saw a certain man who was making preparations to mount a funeral pile, and said to him: "Sir, who are you, and what are you doing?" And he said:

9. "How shall grief be told to a man who has not suffered grief, who is not able to cure grief, who is not grieved at the grief of another?"

The king replied:

10. "I have suffered grief, I am able to cure grief, I am grieved at the grief of another; therefore to me grief may be told."

Then the man said: "Sir, you who are a mirror reflecting the grief of others, my kingdom has been violently seized by my kinsmen; I am unable to resist them, and cannot endure the humiliation; therefore I am doing thus." Hearing this the king gave him those three objects, and established him in his kingdom, and himself returned to his city. In the words of the verse:

11. Who here upon earth is equal to Vikrama, who obtained from an ascetic three objects of great power which granted the fulfilment of all desires, and gave them to a king who had been driven from his kingdom?

Therefore, O king, if such magnanimity is found in you, then mount upon this throne.

Here ends the twentieth story in the Thirty-two Tales of the Throne

21. Story of the Twenty-first Statuette

Vikrama is entertained by personifications of the eight Magic Powers

SOUTHERN RECENSION OF 21

When the king was again ascending the throne, another statue said: "O king, only he who has the magnanimity of Vikrama may mount upon this throne." The king said: "Tell me a tale of his magnanimity." And she said: "Hear, O king.

While Vikrama was king he had a minister named Buddhisindhu ['Ocean of Wisdom'], who had a son named Anargala ['Wilful']. The same lived the life that young men will, feasting on gruel with ghee, and not applying himself to study at all. One time his father said: "Anargala, tho you are sprung from my loins you are very unruly; you do not apply yourself to study, and are empty of wit, being a fool. And it is said:

1. Empty is the house of a sonless man; empty is a place where there are no kinsfolk; empty is the mind of a fool; empty in all respects is poverty.

I have no profit of you at all.

2. What profit is there in the birth of a son, if he be neither wise nor virtuous? What can be done with a cow which neither gives milk nor has calves?

And so:

3. What is the use of a quantity of sons which count in numbers

alone ? Better is a single son who furnishes support to the family, on whom the family can depend. What then ?

4. Better is a miscarriage, better no cohabitation at the proper seasons (for procreation), better a son born dead, better even that a daughter should be born, better a sterile wife, better to abstain from the life of a (married) householder, if your son is not wise, even if he be endowed with beauty, riches, and power."

Hearing these his father's words Anargala was filled with remorse, and was disgusted with his life, and went to a far country. In this far country in attendance on a teacher he studied all the sciences, and then set out to return to his own city. On the way he saw a shrine in the middle of the forest; and near this shrine was a fair lake of very pure water, adorned with quantities of lotuses and with many mating pairs of cakravāka birds. In one part of the lake the water was very hot. Seeing all this he sat down there. Then the sun set; and after that in the middle of the night from the midst of the hot water there came forth eight divine women. They went to the temple, and performed the sixteen-fold rites of homage, consisting of invocation and so forth, to the god, and propitiated the god with dancing and song. Thereupon the god became propitiated and gave them a favor. All this Anargala too beheld. And at dawn as they were going away they saw Anargala. And one among them said: "Good sir, come, and we will go to our city." Saying "Very well," he went with her. Then they entered into the hot water; but Anargala was afraid, and did not enter in.

He returned to his city, and visited his parents and all his kinsfolk. On the next day he went to see the king, and bowed to the king and seated himself there. The king questioned him eagerly and said: "Anargala, where have you been these many days ?" He said: "I left the country to acquire knowledge." The king said: "What were the various strange sights which you saw in foreign parts ?" Anargala told the king the story of the heated water. Hearing this the king went with him to that place. And after the sun had set, in the middle of the night those divine women came out of the fair lake from the midst of the hot water, and went into the god's presence, and performed the sixteen-fold rites before the god, and attended him with dancing and song and the like. And in the morning as they returned one divine woman among them saw the king, and said: "Good sir, come, we will go to my city." Hearing this the king went with her. They all entered into the hot water, and went to their own city in the lower world. And the king also dived into the hot water and went with

them. Then all the women did homage to him with such rites as the waving of lights [nīrājana, here = ārātrika], and said: "Great hero, there is no one so endowed with heroism and courage and such qualities as yourself. Therefore be the overlord of this kingdom, and all we women will wait upon you." The king replied: "I have no use for this kingdom, I have a kingdom already. I came here to behold this marvelous thing." They said: "Great sir, we are pleased; choose a wish." The king said: "Who are your ladyships?" They said: "We are the Great Magic Powers." "Then let the eight Great Magic Powers be given to me." Then the women gave the king eight jewels which were endowed with the eight qualities of minuteness and so forth [for a list of these, see MR's version, below]. The king took these jewels; and as he was returning, on the way a certain aged brahman met him, and first recited a blessing:

5. "May the Four-faced One [Brahmā], sprung from the lotus-
navel of Hari [Viṣṇu], the First Reciter of the Vedas, ever protect
you!"

Then he was asked by the king: "O brahman, whence do you come?" The brahman replied: "I am a brahman dwelling in Campā-town, with a large family, but hopelessly poor. I left home on account of the scoldings of my wife. O king, there is an observation on conduct implied in a popular saying, that when a man becomes poor, his wife and family all desert him. And it is said:

6. When men have lost their money, even tho power might properly be attributed to them, their lord hates them, however well he may have been served on various occasions; good kinsmen desert them; their virtues cease to shine; their sons forsake them, and misfortunes multiply; their wives, even if virtuous and sprung from good lineage, no longer love them; and their friends disappear.

And so:

7. A mortal here in the world of men never possesses completely all the arts unless he be rich; not even were he brave, handsome, and well-favored, eloquent, and exceptionally well versed in the military arts and in the sciences.

Furthermore:

8. What a marvel is this? When a man is deprived of the glowing warmth of wealth, he suddenly becomes another, tho he has the same faculties unimpaired, the same name, the same mind uninjured, the same voice."

Hearing his words the king gave him the eight jewels. And the brahman went to his own city, praising the king. And the king came to Ujjayini.

Having told this tale the statue said to the king: "O king, if you have such heroism and magnanimity, then mount upon this throne." And hearing this the king was silent.

Here ends the twenty-first story

METRICAL RECENSION OF 21

When the king once again approacht to mount the throne, the next statue said to him: "O king, your majesty is unable either to let alone or to ascend this throne of Indra; you are wholly in distress. This great throne does not submit to any man who wishes to mount it, unless he has such magnanimity. If there is in your heart a desire to ask what this (magnanimity) was, then listen to these adventures of (Vikrama) who performed such wondrous deeds. [8]

There was a king named Vikramāditya, who had radiant glory such that it would destroy all the darkness lurking in the world. A small part of his valor was sufficient to protect the whole land, so that neither plagues nor demons were able to molest his subjects. This king had a minister famed by the name of Buddhisindhu ['Ocean of Wisdom'], whose son, named Gūhila, had not even the smallest particle of wisdom. As if possessed by demons or the like, as if gone mad, he lived a very unruly life, and caused great grief to his father. Then Buddhisindhu reproacht his son Gūhila, who was as good as a fool, with certain sayings, intending to control him: "Emptiness is in the house of a childless man; empty is a place where a man has no kinsfolk; empty is the mind of a fool; everything is empty for a poor man. Alas, my son! I have gained evil renown among those who have sons, because of you, since you are an evil, ignoble, and unlearned son. For it were better to have a barren wife, or that one's offspring should die. How comes it that I, who am rich in learning, have such base progeny? Shame, my son! Tho by previous merit you have obtained human birth, your intelligence has been destroyed by fate; you have neither wisdom nor learning." [26]

Struck to the heart by his father's arrow-like words, and much afflicted thereby, he went forth alone by night, unseen by anyone, and came to Kārṇāṭa-land, where by hard study he mastered far-famed Knowledge, that brings intelligence in its train; and so he became happy. Then after a long time he received deferentially his teacher's permission to set out for home. And on the way he came to the Āndhra-land. Here the land was made rich by stores of treasures collected by the victorious expeditions of Kākati kings; and here the river Godāvarī, called Gautamī, the purifier of the world, sprung from the hair-braid of Śiva, flows thru seven mouths into the ocean. Now at this place there is a pure sacred ford called Hot Ford; grains of rice are easily cooked by being sprinkled with its water. Here was found a temple of the god called Uṣṇṣvara [Lord of Heat], in which was displayed the skillful craftsmanship of an earthly Viṣṇvakarman [the divine architect]. The minister's son arrived there dejected by the thought of how far he was from his native land. Then in the middle of the night he saw near at hand eight women (beautiful) as flashes of lightning, with sparkling eyes and radiant as gold. And one, who was endowed with knowledge of the musical intervals and was skilled in the measures of song, filled with wind from her fair lips the kṛhala [some musical instrument]. Another warbled sweet tones with a richly melo-

dious and as it were playful flute that toucht her sweet lip. A drum resounded, beaten in time to the song by the hand of one of them; and other beautifully adorned maidens with melodious voices chanted a melodious song, composed according to the clear fifth mode, and completely entrancing the mind. With limbs intent upon the song and with feet following the time of the measure, another joyously danst a charming dance, arousing exquisite emotions. When they had thus paid homage with musical art to the god Çiva Uṣṇeçvara, smiling they called to the minister's son as he stood near by, and then dived into that same water, the fair-eyed women. The young man, pondering on their gratuitous invitation, was afraid and was unwilling to dive into the very hot lake. [59]

At dawn he arose, and when he had gradually completed the rest of his journey he arrived at the city governed by Vikramāditya. And now he rejoist his parents by his knowledge; for he had faultless understanding. Next he went to see the king, the bearer of the mark of heroism. When he had shown the exuberance of his learning in its full bloom, the king questioned him courteously, and he told him his whole story from the beginning, and also made known the wonderful thing he had seen in the Āndhraland. Upon hearing what Gūhila said, the king straightway went forth, and came to the Hot Ford, and took his stand in the temple. At midnight the goddesses came just as before, and having finisht the dance called to Vikramārka and disappeared. The hero however arose and followed hard after them, and saw just before him the lake of very hot water, on account of the heat of whose waves even birds could not pass by, tho they were high up in the sky; how much less other creatures! [74]

The women lookt upon Vikramāditya with the corners of their eyes smiling significantly with the essence of hidden laughter, and dived into the lake. He also sprang after them into the hot water, and there, following on foot, beheld the mighty spirits of heroes engaged in various sports. The eight long-eyed maidens joyously took the king by the hand, when he arrived in the bosom of the lake, and led him to their city, lofty with many banners, and adorned with a stucco-covered palace of a thousand jeweled columns, lovely with golden portals. Here the women took the king into their own palace and seated him there on a jeweled throne; and the king's two feet, altho constantly bathed in the glory of the head-crests of (subject) kings, were again bathed by the women (with water). He was honored with the customary signs of respect again and again, and the lovely damsels attended him, marching about him with the nīrajana [light-swinging] and other ceremonies. And one fair-hipped maiden said to the king, as he sat upon the lovely throne — and she entranst him with her words, for she showed great skill in the use of language: [90]

"We, O lord of the earth, desire you for our lord, tho Indra and the other gods might well seek us, because we perceive the manliness that adorns you. This magic power named Minuteness, she who possesses the minuteness of very slender form at the waist, wishes to choose you. She who shows the beauty of greatness by reason of the seeming burden of her hips, Greatness by name, desires you, man of great dignity! Look upon this one, named Lightness, by whose favor a man can walk in the sky unsupported, or in a performance of jugglery. And this magic power called Heaviness, having heavy breasts, stands fixing her affection upon you, the Dignitary [literally 'heavy one'] of the world. And this magic power of Acquisition has come here to acquire you, who have acquired abundant heroism; know that the acquisition of her, O king, means the acquisition of everything else. And this Supremacy here, O king, waits your pleasure, by

whose favor a man shall be able to do, to undo, and to do otherwise. Dominion here sues for you, she into whose dominion this whole universe of gods, demons, and men is delivered, when she but casts a sidelong glance at them. Favor this one named Irresistible Will, who controls the winning of the blessings of attainment and irresistible will in all manner of conditions, and who herself wishes [to win you]. Also the magic powers of entering other bodies, and the rest, as many as there are, all attend the glorious feet of these eight Great Magic Powers. With these eight goddesses and their attendants, O king, rule this kingdom in proper fashion without opposition." [112]

When King Vikramāditya heard these words, a smile lent beauty to his cheeks as he answered the maidens: "These words of yours are dependable, and I am exceedingly gratified by them. Gratification is the fruit which men in the world derive from the successful performance of deeds. I did not come hither for this kingdom, nor for enjoyment, nor for the acquisition of magic powers and the like, but simply to see a marvelous sight. Be not angry at me, if without intending offense I fail to do as you say, but pardon me, your ladyships." So since the noble king was thus determined to leave them, they gave him eight jewels, for obtaining their own powers. Then he took leave of them and went out from the hot lake. [123]

And as he was returning to Ujjayini, he saw upon the road an aged brahman, who had reached the great age that makes a man hoary; he leaned upon a staff and walked with tottering footsteps. The king in compassion asked him: "Where do you wish to go, being shattered with old age, O brahman?" Thus questioned he told the king the occasion of his wandering: "I am called Viṣṇuçarman, of the Kāçyapa family, dwelling in Kāñci-city, and continually harassed by misfortune. I have an aged wife, of evil disposition and sharp-tongued, who has borne many children. She has at various times reviled me for my poverty, saying: 'A curse on this life, fool! You are perpetually a pauper, because you have no intelligence in business and are always in trouble. From the time of my marriage down to this very day my garments have always been worn to countless shreds, and my life has been spent in misery. From constantly sleeping on the ground my limbs are all a mass of lumps, and there is not food enough for my belly, not to speak of getting any other happiness. When a man has no money, he comes to be looked upon as dead; even his family depart, unwilling to dwell with him. A girl who is married to a man bereft of knowledge, intelligence, and money, is cast off also by her relations. A woman whose husband dies young is better off than one who is the wife of a pauper, for the latter is held in low esteem.' Pierced by these my wife's evil words as by an arrow, I am now come forth, to find either wealth or destruction." Hearing his words, the king, his mind being like a mirror [reflecting the emotions of others], straightway gave him those eight jewels and told him their powers. Thereupon the brahman, having gained what he desired thru their acquisition, and being freed from his gray hairs, went to his house, in possession of the magic powers. And Vikramārka returned to his own city. [150]

"O king, if you or anyone else on earth has such fortitude, courage, and magnanimity, let him adorn this throne." And the king returned to the inner palace, perceiving that the prescribed time had past by on account of his curiosity to hear the noble tale thus told by the statue.

BRIEF RECENSION OF 21

Again a statue said: O king, listen

Once a certain stranger came to the king (saying): "O king, I have seen a strange thing. There is a city named Yoginipura, where is a shrine of Kātyāyanī. I stopt there, and at midnight from the middle of a lake there came forth eight divine Nāyakās [heroic or semi-divine nymphs], who performed homage with the sixteen-fold rites before the goddess, with dancing and song, and then entered the water again. Such a sight I have seen." Hearing this the king went to the goddess's shrine at that place. And at midnight the eight Nāyakās performed their divine worship, with dancing and singing, and went into the water again. The king also went in after them. There he saw a marvelous palace; and they presented themselves to the king, and offered him hospitality, and said: "O king, take this kingdom." The king said: "I have a kingdom." They said: "O king, we are satisfied with you." The king said: "Who are you?" They replied: "We are the eight Great Magic Powers." So saying they gave him eight jewels, and said: "Know that this is our victorious form; whatever magic power you wish, you shall receive it." Thus address the king went away again. And on the way back a certain brahman blest him (and said): "O king, give me just something to eat." Thereupon the king gave him the eight jewels.

The statue said: O king, let him ascend this throne who has such magnanimity.

Here ends the twenty-first story

JAINISTIC RECENSION OF 21

When King Bhoja again on another occasion had made complete preparations for the coronation-rite and was ascending the throne, the twenty-first statue said: "O king, he who has magnanimity like Vikramāditya's mounts this throne." And when the king askt "Of what sort was that magnanimity?" the statue said: "O king,

In Avantī-city, the noble King Vikrama. His minister Buddhisaṅgara ['Ocean of Wisdom'] had a son Buddhīṣekhara ['Diadem of Wisdom'], but in name alone was he that, not in development. One time his father gave him instruction, saying: "You are born a fool in our family, for you do not study knowledge. For:

1. Knowledge, verily, is man's highest beauty, a secret store of treasure; knowledge is the source of enjoyment, glory, and happiness, it is the Teacher of Teachers [or, revered of the reverend]; knowledge is a friend in foreign lands, it is the supreme Godhead; knowledge is held in honor among kings, rather than wealth; one who has not knowledge is a beast!"

Hearing this he went into a far country, and in a certain place took up the study of knowledge. Afterwards, as he was returning to his own city, on the way he stopt at eventide in a temple in a certain city. There at midnight eight divine women came forth from a lake in front of the temple, and entered into that temple, and paid homage to the Supreme Deity, the glorious Yūgādideva, with lotus-flowers rich in fragrance, and danced before him. In the morning, as they were going away again, they said to Buddhīṣekhara: "Ho there, do you too come." So he went with them to the bank of the pond, and they jumped in and disappeared in the middle of the pond. But he saw that the water was blazing brightly, and was afraid, and remained where he was. This marvel the minister's son saw, and told the king on his arrival. Thereupon the king out of curiosity went to that place, and saw the temple, and the blazing lake

before it. So he remained by night in the temple there, and beheld all the homage and the dancing performed by the divine women. And as they were going away in the morning they said to him: "Do you come too." So the king went with them to the edge of the lake, and they jumped and disappeared in the middle of the lake. The king also jumped after them, and fell in. Then he saw before him a great city; and those divine women met him, and said to the king: "O hero, we are rejoiced that you have come. Take this our kingdom, and enjoy marvelous delights." The king then said: "I have a kingdom already, and by your grace there is nothing else that I need. But tell me this; who are you, and what is this place?" Thus asked they said: "We are the eight Great Magic Powers, and this is our city of amusement in the lower world. We are gratified by the sight of you; take these eight jewels of great power." So he took them, and taking leave of the women set out on his return. On the way a beggar asked the king for alms, saying: "O king, I am a pauper from birth, and having been fiercely reviled by my wife in a quarrel, I reflected:

2. Since such as I are not (created) for religion, because we are not devoted to it, nor for wealth [worldly advantage] either; since love is given to those who have wealth, just on account thereof, and since no one can ever obtain salvation [for the four objects of human desire, compare p. 253, lines 7 ff.]; then who, pray, are we, and for what purpose are we produced? I know the reason! To give a meaning to the words of those who say 'Tho living — dead'!

Thus distressed I have left my home and am wandering. Now I have seen today for the first time your form, which reveals the possession of the eight Great Magic Powers. So now I shall surely receive an inconceivable profit." Hearing this the king reflected: "Ah, because of poverty a man is scorned even by his wife.

3. 'Why, fair one, do you not act fairly?' 'Why do you not yourself?' 'Shame on you, you have a shrewish tongue.' 'Who is more irritable and given to harsh scolding than you?' 'O vile woman, you are quarreling at every step!' 'You're the son of a vile wretch!'—What happiness can there be for a married couple who are ever afflicted with the torment of such fierce quarreling?

What a difference there is in men's actions (and their fortunes as a result thereof)!

4. Some men nourish a thousand, some nourish (only) their own bellies, and some give nourishment not even to themselves alone; so good and evil deeds have their complete fruition."

Thereupon the king's heart was moved with great compassion, and he gave him the eight jewels. In the words of the verse:

5. Who is so generous as Vikrama in this world? For he gave to a man annoyed by misfortune the eight wish-granting jewels, which were given him by the eight Magic Powers in their gracious pleasure.

Therefore, O king, if such magnanimity is found in you, then mount upon this throne.

Here ends the twenty-first story in the Thirty-two Tales of the Throne

22. Story of the Twenty-second Statuette

Vikrama wins Kāmākṣī's quicksilver for another man

SOUTHERN RECENSION OF 22

When the king again attempted to mount the throne, another statue said: "O king, only he who has the magnanimity and other virtues of Vikrama may mount this throne." The king said: "O statue, tell me a tale of his magnanimity." She said: "Hear, O king.

Once while Vikramāditya was king he went forth to travel about the earth. And after visiting all manner of places of pilgrimage, temples, cities, and mountains, he beheld once a certain city surrounded by great jeweled walls, adorned with sky-scraping palaces, and containing various Īiva-shrines and Viṣṇu-houses. He went into a Viṣṇu-house outside this city, and after bathing in the fair pond situated there did homage to the god:

1. "O lord of the world, I know that silence is the only way to sing Thy praise. Not even the supreme Brahmā knows Viṣṇu, who is out of the range of words.

2. No other do I speak of or hear or think on, no other do I call to mind or revere or resort to, save only Thy glorious feet. O glorious Supreme Spirit, who dwellest with Ārī [= Lakṣmī; the phrase may also be rendered 'habitation of glory'], grant that we may serve Thee with homage.

3. Pardon all my sin, whether done by hand or foot, sprung from action, voice, or body, or originating in the ear or eye or mind, accomplisht or unaccomplisht [that is, merely planned]. Hail, hail, illustrious Mukunda [Viṣṇu], Ocean of mercy, Lord of Glory ['husband of Ārī']."

Having offered these and other praises he sat down in the public hall. At this moment a certain brahman came up and sat down near the king. The king said: "O brahman, whence have you come?" The brahman said: "I am a pilgrim, traveling over the earth. And whence have you come, sir?" The king said: "I am a pilgrim like yourself, sir." The brahman lookt at the king closely, and said: "My lord, who are you? You have the appearance of great glory and bear all the marks of kingship; you are worthy of a throne. Why do you wander about the earth? Rather I should say, who can escape the destiny written on his forehead? And it is said:

4. The mark written on the forehead (by destiny) cannot be wiped out even by Viṣṇu, Īiva, Brahmā, or the gods."

Hearing his words the king also agreed to them, because they were of sound sense. And it is said:

5. One should give heed to sensible advice tho it come from a child, and on the other hand one should reject like a worthless blade of grass unreasonable advice, altho it come from a man of glorious lineage.

The king said: "O brahman, why do you appear so worn out?" He replied: "Why should I tell the cause of my weariness? I am in the greatest trouble." The king said: "Tell me the cause of it." The brahman said: "O king, listen. Near here there is a mountain named Nīla, where there is a goddess Kāmākṣī. Here is the entrance to an underground cave, which is closed, and is to be opened by reciting the Kāmākṣī-charm. Inside this cave is a vessel containing quicksilver, by means of which the eight minerals are turned into gold. For twelve years I have recited the Kāmākṣī-charm, but the door of the cave has not been opened. On this account I am much distressed." The king said: "Show me the place, and I will devise some means or other." So he showed the place to the king, and at night they both slept there. The goddess came in a dream and said to the king: "O king, why have you come here? The door of the cave here will not be opened unless it is sprinkled with the blood of a man bearing the thirty-two superior marks." Hearing these words of the goddess the king went to the door of the cave, and as he was putting his sword to his throat, the goddess said: "O king, I am satisfied with you, choose a wish." The king said: "O goddess, if you are satisfied, then give the quicksilver to this brahman." The goddess said: "So be it," and opened the door of the cave and gave the brahman the quicksilver. The brahman went to his own place, praising the king; and the king returned to his own city.

Having told this tale the statue said to the king: "O king, if such fortitude and magnanimity are found in you, then mount upon this throne." And the king was silent.

Here ends the twenty-second story

METRICAL RECENSION OF 22

Then once more the king, desirous of hearing a tale, askt the statue for one, saying: "Tell a tale." And she addressd herself to King Bhoja and began the narration, delighting the hearts of those who sat in his assembly with her smiling glances. "Your desire for a story makes me communicative, O king; do not think scornfully that I am but a wooden image, but give heed. [6]

Desirous of seeing wondrous sights, King Vikramāditya traveled over the whole earth with his sword as his sole companion. One time, when he was wearied and overcome with the burning rays of the sun, he strolled in a certain wood looking for a place to rest. Here a breeze, that carried the fragrance of the many garlands adorning the crest of the goddess Kātyāyanī, dispelled the king's weariness. So he stayed in this wood and bathed in a beautiful lake, and beheld (the image of) Kātyāyanī, and sat down at a considerable distance from her. Now a certain weary brahman came thither from somewhere or other, and looking the king over from head to foot said: "I recognize you, sir, as a person worthy of respect, by the usual marks of hands, feet, and eyes which characterize universal emperors who rule the world. Who are you, O tiger among men, and whence [or, why] have you come to Kuṇḍina, wandering thru the forest to arrive at Kuṇḍina-city? Tell me." Thus prest for an answer the king said: [21]

"I am a kṣatriya, Vikramāditya, come here from the city of Ujjayinī. My business, be informed, is only my own pleasure." Hearing his words the hairs on the brahman's body stood upright from joy; he shook his head repeatedly, and his fingers repeatedly trembled; and again he said to the king, out of curiosity, for he knew well his great power, unequalled by any other: "And where are your chowrie-bearers and tent-carriers gone to? Where is your white parasol, charming as the autumn moon? In what place rest your feet today, whose toe-nails are like touchstones for the rubies in the crests of your throng of vassals [that is, are rubbed by them]? In what sort of an inner harem, proud in the charming beauty and loveliness of divine women, are you abiding here, O lord of the whole earth? A man like myself is not able to enjoy happiness even when he gets it; why are you throwing away wantonly the human happiness which you have obtained? I went to the city of Kāñci and dwelt there attending Kāmākṣī, who dwells in the cave, with constant devotions, to obtain the magic power of quicksilver; but tho I performed many pious exertions, and grew thin from not taking food, the goddess did not become propitiated by me, even after twelve years of ascetic practice. So I cried shame upon the goddess, and left Kāñci and am wandering sadly distressed about the earth, rugged with inaccessible mountains. But as for you, why are you wandering thru forest after forest? Return again to your city; do not needlessly submit to suffering like me." [43]

Hearing his words the king smiled and replied: "This is my mode of conduct, brahman; who can oppose his own nature? But let this matter rest; I will be your helper, O brahman, to get you the magic quicksilver; proceed to the city of Kāñci." Thus urged by the king the learned brahman went, together with him, to the place where Kāmākṣī was. And when he had bathed in the water of the Vegavati river, the king fasted there with the brahman, and gazed upon Viṣṇu, the lord of Hastigiri [the district in which Kāñci is located], and abode there over night. The king arose again early in the morning, and bathed in the large fair lake, and went to abide for three nights by the door of Kāmākṣī's cave, intent on his pious purpose. And in a dream the great goddess appeared to the king, and said: "If you desire to get the magic quicksilver, do as I say. The magic quicksilver shall be obtained when an offering is made to the Directions with blood coming from the neck of a man bearing the thirty-two superior marks." Hearing her words, there being no (other) such man at hand, he started to plunge his sword into his own throat. Then straightway Kāmākṣī became satisfied with the king; and he, being urged to choose a wish, chose with benevolent

purpose: "Give the quicksilver to that noble brahman." Thus implored she agreed, and gave the elixir to the noble brahman, and disappeared. Having performed this great act and achieved for the brahman his soul's desire, Vikramāditya returned to the city of Ujjayini.

At these words of the statue King Bhoja turned back.

Here ends the twenty-second story

BRIEF RECENSION OF 22

Again a statue said: O king, listen.

Once the king went to see what was done in various lands. And as he was going along the road alone, on the banks of the Ganges he saw a brahman of dejected countenance. The king said: "Reverend sir, why so downcast?" The brahman said: "O king, why should I say? My toil has gone for nothing, there has been no fruit of it. In a distant mountain there is a goddess Kāmākṣī; and there is a cave, in which is a jar of quicksilver. The magic power of the quicksilver may be obtained by performing services there. However, I have performed services for twelve years, and still have not obtained it. For this reason I am sad." Then the king said: "Go, show me the place." So they both came to the place at sunset, and rested there. The goddess revealed a dream (to the king): "O king, if a man is offered up here, then the door of the cave will be opened, and the magic power of the quicksilver obtained." Hearing this the king went to the door of the cave, and said: "Let the goddess of this place be appeased with my body." And he started to cut off his head; whereupon the goddess appeared to him and said: "I am appeased, and grant you a wish." The king said: "Let this brahman obtain the magic power of the quicksilver." The goddess agreed, and caused the door to open (saying): "Brahman, the door of the cave is opened, and the magic power shall be yours." So the magic power became his, and he was made happy. The king returned to his own city.

The statue said: O king, let him ascend this throne who has such magnanimity.

Here ends the twenty-second story

JAINISTIC RECENSION OF 22

When King Bhoja again on another occasion had made complete preparations for the coronation-rite and was ascending the throne, the twenty-second statue said: "O king, he who has magnanimity like Vikramāditya's mounts upon this throne." And when the king asked "Of what sort was that magnanimity?" the statue said: "O king,

In Avantī-city, the noble King Vikrama. One time as he was wandering abroad to view various strange sights, in a certain shrine he praised the reverend Ādipurusa ['Primeval Soul', = Yugaḍideva, the First Jina] as follows:

1. "O lord of the world, I know that silence is the only way to sing Thy praise; (only) one who does not know engages in (verbal) praise of the Jina, who is out of the range of words.
2. No other do I speak of or revere or rely on, no other do I hear or sacrifice to or think on. O revered Blessed One, free from passions, bless my heart, as I grasp in adoration Thy glorious foot."

Having offered this praise, as he stood in the temple, a certain foreigner came in, who said, as they conversed with one another: "Noble Sir, you appear to be marked with the signs of kingship; so how is it that you desert your kingdom and wander about? Life when it is once gone does not return, since:

3. The moon rises again and again, and lost riches may return; but youth when it is gone is not given again, and no man once dead comes to life.

Therefore enjoy the happiness which comes easily from the luxurious enjoyment of royal fortune." Hearing this the king said:

4. "Easily obtained are the joys that come from gold, palaces, women, games, and young elephants; easily obtained is youth also; but hard to obtain is the accomplishment of righteousness.

5. Fortune is as fickle as the waves of the sea; youth lasts for but three or four days; life is as uncertain as an autumn cloud; what is the use of riches? Work for spotless righteousness!"

Then the king said again: "But you, sir, seem like a man who desires something." Said he: "O king, you who are clever at interpreting gestures and expressions, what you say is true. Hear the matter which causes me grief. Upon Mount Mahānīla there is a goddess Kāmākṣā, and in front of her temple is a cave, which opens by the Kāmākṣā-charm. There is a vessel of magic quicksilver inside of it. Going thither I recited the charm for twelve years, but the door did not open. Therefore I am exceedingly grieved." Then the king reflected: "There must be some reason; since:

6. There is no word [syllable] that has not its charm, no herb that has not its medicament, no land that has not its treasure; but truly sacred texts are hard to master."

Then the king went thither with him, and remained at night in the temple. And the goddess came to him by night in a dream, and said: "O king, why have you come hither? When a man bearing the thirty-two superior marks is sacrificed here, then this door will open, and in no other way." So in the morning, leaving the man asleep, the king went to the door of the cave; and as he was about to cut off his head, the goddess stayed him by the hand, and said: "O king, jewel of heroes, I am satisfied; choose a wish." And the king said: "If you are satisfied, then give this man the magic power of the quicksilver." So Kāmākṣā opened the door, and gave him the magic power of the quicksilver. But the king went to his own city. In the words of the verse:

7. Who can be compared with this Vikrama, who gave to a seeker-after-magic [sādhaka] the magic power of quicksilver, tho he had obtained it by sacrificing his own head and worshipping the goddess?

Therefore, O king, if such magnanimity is found in you, then mount upon this throne.

Here ends the twenty-second story in the Thirty-two Tales of the Throne

23. Story of the Twenty-third Statuette

Vikrama's daily life: his evil dream

SOUTHERN RECENSION OF 23

When the king approacht once more to ascend the throne, another statue said: "O king, only he who has the magnanimity and other virtues of Vikrama is able to ascend this throne." The king said: "O statue, tell me a tale of his magnanimity." And she said: "Hear, O king.

Once Vikramārka returned to his own city after wandering about the earth, and there was great joy among all the dwellers in his city. The king entered his palace; and at midday he had his body anointed, and straightway made his toilet with sandalwood (perfume) and fine garments and the like, and performed the sixteen-fold service before the God [Viṣṇu is meant], and praised the God, saying:

1. "Thou only art mother and father, thou only art kinsman and friend, thou only art knowledge and wealth, thou only art all to me, O God of Gods!

2. Homage, homage to the Primeval Dwarf, to Nārāyaṇa of infinite might, to the revered Bearer of the bow, the disc, the sword, and the mace; homage to Thee, the Supreme Spirit!"

Having thus praised the God and worshipt him, he gave to the brahmins the regular gifts of brindle cows, land, sesame-grain, and so forth, and next gave rich largess to the poor, blind, deaf, crippled, lame, and helpless. And entering into the banquet-house he first caused the children, daughters living at home, old men, and such (dependants) to eat, and then ate himself with the rest of his kinsfolk. And this is well said:

3. When they have fed the children, daughters living at home, old men, pregnant women, the sick, young girls, guests, and servants, then the remainder of the feast shall be for the husband and wife. And again:

4. Let one who desires his own welfare not eat all alone; a man shall take his meal together with two or three kinsfolk.

5. By eating together with two or three, or many, one attains the successful fruition of his desires, and the fair satisfaction of good fortune.

And after eating he rested a time before arising. And it is said:

6. A man who sits after eating gets a fat paunch; one who sleeps

after eating gets comfort; one who walks after eating gets long life; if one runs, death runs upon him. And again:

- ✓ 7. Sickesses arise in six ways; thru too much water-drinking, and thru eating irregularly [as to quantity or time]; thru sleeping by day and thru staying awake by night; and thru retention of urine and excrement.

After this, in the evening, when he had performed the evening rites and partaken of food, he went to his sleeping-apartment. There he slept upon a bed covered with a coverlet gleaming with light from a flood of moonbeams, and strewn with various jasmine [kunda and mallikā] flowers. Towards daybreak the king in a dream saw himself mounted on a buffalo and riding towards the south [compare the MR parallel]. And awakening with a start he sprang up, calling Viṣṇu to mind. When he had performed the morning rites, he mounted upon his throne and told his dream in the presence of the brahmans. Hearing this Sarvajña Bhaṭṭa [‘ Doctor Know-it-all ’] said: “ O king, dreams are of two sorts, some favorable, and some unfavorable. Now these are favorable:

8. To be mounted on cows, bulls, or elephants, temples, mountain-peaks, or trees; to be smeared with dung; blood, and death, and intercourse with those with whom it is forbidden; all this in dreams is auspicious.

And unfavorable are mounting on buffaloes, asses, or thorn-trees, and the sight of ashes, cotton-cloth, camels, tigers, serpents, boars, apes, and the like. And it is said:

9. Whoever mounts upon an ass, a camel, a buffalo, or a tiger in a dream, certain death awaits him in six months time.

And again:

10. A dream in the first watch of the night has its fulfilment within a year, in the second within eight months, and in the third within three months.

11. (A dream) coming just at dawn comes to fruition within ten days; if it comes at the time when the cows are turned loose, it is regarded as coming into effect at once.

In short, this is an evil dream, O king, and bodes ill for you.” The king said: “ O brahman, what can be done to stop the fulfilment of this evil dream ? ” Sarvajña Bhaṭṭa said: “ O king, put on all your garments and ornaments, and when you have attended to the ghee-offering, then give garments and other gifts to the (officiating) brahman; and again put on new garments and cause the coronation-rite

to be performed for the god, and do homage to him with a gift of the nine jewels; give the ten-fold gifts to the brahmans, and rich largess to the lame, blind, poor, and so forth. By this pious procedure, and by the blessings spoken by the brahmans, the evil results arising from the bad dream shall be averted." Hearing these words of Sarvajña Bhaṭṭa the king did as he said, and for the purpose of giving a great largess left his treasury open for the space of three days. And everyone came and took riches to his heart's content.

Having told this tale the statue said to the king: "O king, if such magnanimity is found in you, then mount upon this throne." And the king was silent.

Here ends the twenty-third story

METRICAL RECENSION OF 23

When the king once more approacht to mount the throne, a statue told him the twenty-third tale.

Once King Vikramāditya, after inspecting this whole earth, returned to the city that was protected by his own strong arm; where caged minas in the palaces, incited to speak by fair houris, were wont to tell of the valor of Vikramāditya. The city was prosperous thru the maintenance of justice [punningly, 'thru being the seat of the assembly of the gods'], and full of gilded houses [probably with punning reference to the heavenly city as 'home of Suvarṇa' = the Garuḍa bird], like another City of the Gods, with its radiant lordly riches [punningly, 'Vasus,' name of a class of gods]. It was adorned with palaces resplendent as the moon, and tall as Kāilāsa-peak, as if with the splendor of conquered enemies. The frequent banners which waved over its streets overcame the sun's heat, and the glory of the rainbow was revealed in the light of its jeweled portals. [12]

The king entered his palace, being welcomed by his courtiers, together with his crowd of kinsmen and his wives, long anxious for his company. Now after several nights had been spent in the enjoyment of many and various pleasures, once the king said to his ministers: "This last night, in the last watch but one, while the house was bright with jewel-lamps, I was sleeping together with my wives, when in a dream I seemed to be smeared with red sandalwood and mounted on a buffalo, which was enormous as a giant boulder fallen from Mount Anjana; and I rusht violently, all alone, in the direction presided over by Yama [the south]. Then I awoke. Now how came this dream, and what manner of result does it forebode?" Hearing these words the ministers and the house-priest lookt sadly at one another, lowering their eyes. For a moment they were modestly silent before the king; for court-followers are right fearful of speaking an unpleasant thing, even tho true. Then they said [27]: "O king, you have accurate knowledge about all things, and yet you wish to hear the meaning of this, which you know already. In general, the dreams of living creatures may come from the gods (in which case they are significant); then besides, their character may be in accordance with what has been seen and heard, and likewise remembered (in which case they are meaningless). The best dreams are declared to be mounting on a bull, an elephant, a palace, or the like, or a tree; also smearing with ordure, and crying, and intercourse

with those with whom it is forbidden. It shall go well with a man if he is bitten (in a dream) by a leech, a serpent, or a lizard. Favorable also is the use of curds, milk, ghee, spirits, and meat; also if a man, simultaneously with the sight of bloody human flesh, is wrapt up in entrails, at the same time eating the head and members, O king. All bright colors in a dream tend to increase prosperity; (yet) objectionable are cotton cloth, salt, and bones, along with ashes. Mounting of asses, camels, buffaloes, and withered trees shall be (regarded as) inauspicious, and the sight of camels and apes. The drinking of oil, honey, and mercury in a dream is objectionable, and the eating of rice, of sesame meal, and of sesame seeds. All dark colors are unfavorable when seen in a dream, except a god, a cow, a city, musk, and sapphire gems. So since you have seen a dream of the unfavorable class, having mounted upon a buffalo, you must institute a great propitiatory rite. Beyond this, you know best." [48]

Hearing their words he began a great propitiatory rite. He gave to the brahmins as much as they wisht of cattle, land, sesame-grain, and money. And opening the door-panels of his treasure-houses, filled with riches, the righteous king proclaimed far and wide over the earth, for the space of seven days: "Whatever wealth anyone wishes, let him take it to his heart's content." Hearing this proclamation all the people of the country took from within the treasure-house riches as much as they desired. And up to the end of the seventh day, there were thirteen arbudās [1,300,000,000] of money taken from the treasure-house by the people. [56]

King Bhoja, if there is found in you such magnanimity as in Vikramārka, then mount this throne of Great Indra.

Both because of what the statue said (enjoining him), and at the same time because of the greatness of his astonishment thereat, he abandoned the throne and went into his own inner palace.

Here ends the twenty-third story

BRIEF RECENSION OF 23

Again a statue said: O king, listen.

Once while Vikrama was king he saw an evil dream, to this effect, that he was mounted on a buffalo and going toward the southern quarter. Thereupon in the morning he told it to the knowers of the Veda and the astrologers. They said:

1. "Mounting on cows, bulls, or elephants, temples, mountain-peaks, or trees; being smeared with dung; lamentation, and a corpse, and intercourse with those with whom it is forbidden; all this in dreams is auspicious.

And mounting on asses, buffaloes, bears, and apes is inauspicious. Bright things are auspicious, except ashes, cotton, cowries, and heaps of bones; dark things are inauspicious, except elephants, horses, cows, and brahmins. So, O king, this mounting on a buffalo means something evil. Therefore let some gold be given away, to destroy the (effects of the) evil dream." Hearing this the king opened up his treasure-stores for a day and a night (saying): "Let anyone take away as much as he has need of."

The statue said: O king, let him ascend this throne who has such magnanimity.

Here ends the twenty-third story

JAINISTIC RECENSION OF 23

When King Bhoja once more on another occasion had made complete preparations for the coronation-rite and was ascending the throne, the twenty-third statue said: "O king, he who has magnanimity like Vikramāditya's mounts upon this throne." And when the king asked "Of what sort was that magnanimity?" the statue said: "O king,

In Avantī-city the noble King Vikrama ruled supreme. His fame was made known to the utmost limit of the horizon, and his glorious feet were illumined by the rays of light from the crown-jewels of thirty-six kings. This king arose from his bed at the brahman-hour [the hour before sunrise], being aroused from sleep by the auspicious sounds of drums and trumpets and the voices of his many bards, and ascended a fair throne. Then he prayed to the Supreme Spirit, and reflected on (the condition and requirements of) his household, his righteous duties, and his religious performances; and at the conclusion of the necessary morning rites he gave some gifts of gold, and set his foot upon the earth. After this he took exercise by practising with the thirty-six kinds of weapons, had his body rubbed down in the rubbing-room, and bathed in royal luxury in the bath-pavilion. Then he put on (ceremonially) pure garments and offered homage and praise to the Supreme Lord, the noble Primeval Soul [= Yūgādideva]. Then in his hall of adornment the king adorned his person with all his body-ornaments and decorations, and took his seat on his throne, in his own royal assembly-hall, surrounded by his retinue of ministers, grand viziers, generals, councillors, and courtiers, and devoted himself to the affairs of his subjects. After this, at noon, the hour being announced by the beating of drums, he performed the midday rites, made provision with gifts for the poor, helpless, and distressed, and then partook of food seasoned with the six flavors, surrounded by a retinue of his own kinsfolk, friends, and attendants. Thereupon he took betel well mixed with camphor-water, and had his body anointed with sandalwood, saffron, aloe, and musk perfumes, and slept for a while, on his left side, upon a golden bed, and on a double-sided pillow of down stuff with goose-feathers. Since:

1. A man who sits after eating gets a fat paunch; one who lies flat on his back (after eating) gets strength; one who lies on his left side, long life; if he runs, death runs upon him.

After this he took up worldly pleasures, now amusing himself with his parrots, minas, swans, and other birds, now enjoying the company of charming women whose conversation was clever with all manner of tricks of speech, now being entertained by the dancing of girls. Finally at evening in the royal assembly-hall he gave the gifts customary for the evening, while the chowrie was waved over him by beautiful women whose arms resounded with the sound of charming bracelets, and his head was adorned with the white parasol, and he was attended by his thirty-six royal entertainers. Hereupon he performed the evening religious rites, and, after completing all the required acts for the evening, lay down to sleep at bed-time, his heart being purified by meditation on God and the persons worthy of reverence [guru]. Thus the time past for the king in the enjoyment of all worldly pleasures.

One time this king saw an evil dream in the last part of the night, and awoke crying "O Supreme God, Most Reverend Jina, Omniscient Lord!" And arising from his couch in the morning he told his evil dream to his ministers. Then the ministers said "O king, this is an evil dream, and forebodes some misfortune." Hearing this the king thought:

2. "Transitory are our bodies, our wealth lasts not forever, and death is always nigh; let a store of righteousness be accumulated."

So the king opened up his treasury for three days, and caused a proclamation to be made in the city: "Hear, ye people! For one time let any and every one take whatever thing he desires and depart with it." Thus he gave great largess for three days, to avert the consequences of his evil dream. In the words of the verse:

3. O the generosity of Vikrama! Who, when he merely saw an evil dream, let his treasury be plundered for three days by the people of the city.

Therefore, O king, if such magnanimity is found in you, then mount upon this throne.

Here ends the twenty-third story in the Thirty-two Tales of the Throne

24. Story of the Twenty-fourth Statuette

A strange inheritance: Çālivāhana and Vikrama

SOUTHERN RECENSION OF 24

When the king was again ascending the throne, another statue said: "O king, whosoever has the magnanimity and other virtues of Vikrama, he and no other is worthy to ascend this throne." The king said: "O statue, tell me a tale of his magnanimity." And she said: "Hear, O king.

In Vikramāditya's kingdom there was a city named Purandarapuri. Here dwelt a certain rich merchant, who had four sons. In the course of a long time this merchant, having grown old, fell sick; and at the time of his death, he called his four sons and said: "My sons, after I am dead, whether you four live in the same place or not, in time there will arise a quarrel among you. Therefore before my death I have made a division of property among you four, in order of age. Right here under the four feet of my bed I have buried the four portions; take them in order, from the oldest to the youngest." And they agreed to do this. Now when the father had departed this life, the four brothers lived in harmony for a month. But then a quarrel arose among their wives. And thereupon they reflected: "Why this quarrel? While our father was still alive he made an allotment for us four; so we will take the allotted property as placed under his bed, and actually getting our parts we shall live in peace." So digging under the bed, they brought forth from under its four feet four copper vessels. Of these there was earth in one vessel, coals in one, bones in one, and straw in one. Seeing these four things, the four brothers were greatly perplexed and

said to one another: "Well! our father has indeed made a complete division! But this way of making it, — who can understand?" Thus speaking they went into the council and told the story there, but the councillors could not understand the way of dividing it. After this the four brothers went to all the cities in which experts were found, and told that matter to them, but even they could not solve it. Once they came to Ujjayinī, and went into the king's council, and told of the matter of the allotment before the king and the council [or, the king's council], but the king and the council did not understand the way of allotment. After this they came finally to the city of Pratiṣṭhāna, and told the nobles of that place; but they also did not know the solution. At this time Çālivāhana was there in the house of a potter. And hearing that matter he came forward and said to the nobles: "Good sirs, what mystery is here, and what marvel? How is it that you do not know the method of this allotment?" They said: "Young man, to us it is a marvel and a mystery; if you know how, tell us the method of the allotment." Çālivāhana said: "These four are the sons of one rich man. While their father was still alive he made an allotment for them in order, from the oldest to the youngest, in the following way. To the oldest he gave earth: that means, he gave (him) all the land which he possessed. To the next he gave straw: that is, he gave (him) all the grain which he had. To the third he gave bones: that is, he gave (him) all the cattle that he had. To the fourth he gave coals: that is, he gave (him) all the gold that he had." Thus the problem of their allotment was solved by Çālivāhana, and they went to their own city content.

But when King Vikrama heard how this allotment had been solved, he was astonished, and sent a letter to the city of Pratiṣṭhāna, saying: "Greetings to the noble folk dwelling in the city of Pratiṣṭhāna, who are devoted to the six sacred duties of sacrificing and conducting of sacrifice (for others), studying and teaching, giving and receiving gifts; and who are intent on all the virtues, including the abstentions and observances (of Yoga?). King Vikrama asks after your health, and says: let the person in your town who solved the problem of the allotment of those four (brothers) be sent into my presence." And when the nobles had read the letter which the king sent, they called Çālivāhana and said: "Çālivāhana, the supreme emperor of emperors, whose feet are worshipped by all his rival kings, Vikrama, king in Ujjayinī, who is a tree of wishes to all suppliants, summons you. Go to him." Said he: "What sort of a king is Vikrama? I will not go at his summons. If he has any business with me, let him come himself; I have no business

with him." Hearing his words the nobles sent back a letter to the king, saying: "He will not go." And when the king heard the purport of what was written in the letter, his body was aflame with the fire of anger; and he went forth attended by his eighteen-fold complete army, and came to the city of Pratiṣṭhāna, and beleaguered it. And he sent messengers to Čālivāhana, who came to Čālivāhana and said: "O Čālivāhana, King Vikrama, the overlord of all kings, summons you; so come and see him." And Čālivāhana said: "Messengers, I will not see the king alone; surrounded by a complete army of the four parts [compare four lines below], on the field of battle will I see Vikrama. Let your honors tell the king this." Hearing these words the messengers repeated them even thus to the king. When he heard this King Vikrama came forth to the battle-field to fight. But Čālivāhana took some clay in the potter's house, and made with it elephants and horses and chariots and foot-soldiers, and brought them to life with a charm; and with this four-fold army he went out from the city and came to the field of battle. And at the time when the two hosts were advancing:

1. The circle of the heaven was confused with alarm, and the ocean became greatly perturbed; in the lower world the serpent-king trembled, and the earth-supporting mountains quaked; the earth was terrified, and the great serpents spewed venom beyond measure; thus the whole universe was variously stirred at the advance of the king's host.

2. The glorious armies shone with endless troops of horses impetuous as gusts of wind, and crowds of impassioned elephants; the entire heaven was hidden by banners, chowries, and pennants, and the three worlds were filled with shrill war-drums and tabors and the sound of kettle-drums.

3. The whole sky was pervaded with the quantities of dust struck up by the feet of the horses; the atmosphere between (heaven and earth) was completely concealed by royal parasols, and the earth was covered with warriors; the sound of the drums could not be heard by the ear for the rattle of the chariots, as the host came forward with shouts of the warriors, inspiring great terror.

Then the two armies clasht. At this time:

4. With clubs, arrows, knives, battle-knives [?], maces, bludgeons, and halfmoon-shaped darts; with iron arrows, javelins, plow-toothed clubs, lances, spears, and daggers; with tridents [like Čiva's], and many other sharp divine weapons, including the

disc (of Viṣṇu) and the vajra-club (of Indra); thus the battle was fought against each other by the brave warriors of the two hosts, when they joined in conflict.

Then in the battle:

5. Some noble warriors were struck down and fell lifeless on the field of battle; some, tho they fell unconscious (from blows), came to themselves and rose up by their own powers; some, mindful of glory as the highest blessing, burst forth in loud laughter, bent on their own destruction, and ran forward overcoming their fear of death, showing audacity in respect to the body.

6. Some were seized with trembling because of fear of conflict with the enemy; some, their bodies pierst with mortal wounds, became the lovers of the heavenly nymphs [that is, died]; some, of dauntless heroism, altho they were smitten in the belly by the enemy, and their entrails hung out, yet with their bodies split open with wounds went forward fearlessly to fight the foe.

7. Then the combatants' heaps of knives and other weapons shone like the sea, while the pile of hair, sinews, heads, and entrails (of the slain) seemed like Mount Čāivāla; the bodies of the noble elephants which were fallen seemed like the dead bodies of such a great ocean of men, and their bones in the blood like (sea-) shells (in such an ocean).

Thus a terrible battle took place, and Vikramārka destroyed the army of Čālivāhana. And Čālivāhana was much dejected; but remembering the boon given him by his father, saying "In time of distress call upon me," he called to mind his father, the serpent-prince Čeṣa. Čeṣa sent forth all his serpents, which stung the whole army of Vikramāditya, so that they were completely paralyzed and fell upon the battle-field. Thereupon King Vikrama returned alone to his city; and in order to bring his army back to life, he stood in water up to the waist for the space of a year, and recited prayers to Vāsuki [another serpent-king]. After this Vāsuki became satisfied with him and said: "O king, choose a wish." The king said: "O serpent-king, if you are propitiated, then give me a jar of nectar to bring to life my army, which is paralyzed by the power of the serpents' venom." Vāsuki consented, and gave him a jar of nectar. And King Vikrama took the jar of nectar; and as he was on the way back a certain brahman came up to him, and recited a blessing:

8. "May the rod-like tusk of Viṣṇu in the guise of a boar protect you — (the tusk) upon which the earth, having the Himālaya for its pinnacle, assumed the majesty of a (royal) parasol." [The

earth, balanst on the top of the tusk of the boar-god, is likened to a parasol, the tusk being the rod or handle, and the Himālaya the crest on the top of it.]

Then the king said: "O brahman, whence have you come?" The brahman said: "I come from Pratiṣṭhāna-city." The king said: "What have you to say?" The brahman replied: "Your majesty is a wishing-stone for all petitioners, since you are able to give any good thing desired. Now I have a desire for a certain good thing; if you will grant it, then I will tell you what it is." The king said: "I will give you whatever you ask." The brahman said: "Give me the jar of nectar." The king said: "By whom were you sent?" The brahman replied: "I was sent by Çālivāhana." Hearing this the king reflected: "Since I first said to him 'I will give it,' if I now do not give it, it will be a disgrace and a sin. So by all means I must give it." The brahman said: "O king, why do you hesitate? You are a righteous man, and a righteous man's promise is not taken back. And thus it is said:

9. Tho the sun rise in the western quarter, tho Mount Meru be moved and fire become cold, tho a water-lily bloom forth on a rock upon a mountain-top, the promises of righteous men shall not be taken back.

And so:

10. Even today Çiva does not give up (the poison) kālakūṭa (which he swallowed at the churning of the ocean); the world-tortoise still carries the earth upon his back; the sea still endures the underworld fire, hard tho it be to endure. The righteous stand by what they have agreed to."

The king said: "You have spoken truly. Take the jar of nectar." So saying he gave it to him; and the brahman went to his own place, praising the king. And the king returned to Ujjayinī.

Having told this tale the statue said to the king: "O king, if such magnanimity is found in you, then mount upon this throne." And hearing this the king was silent.

Here ends the twenty-fourth story

METRICAL RECENSION OF 24

Again choosing an auspicious day, the diadem [that is, best] of kings joyfully came forward to make himself the diadem of the throne [to seat himself upon it], when a statue, perceiving it, address the king with bright-shining words to prevent his action, and said: "O noble king, there was an earth-lord in this universe who slew his foes with the fire of majesty derived from repeated coronation-ceremonies. While this king ruled, the earth was full of grain; rivers flowed with curds and milk, and trees

dript with honey; the subjects under this king had no liking for irreligious things, did not make worldly advantage their sole aim, and were not excessively devoted to love [referring to the three main objects of human desire, religion, worldly advantage, and love]. [10]

While the king, thus entirely devoted to righteousness, was ruling the whole submissive earth, a great quarrel arose among certain brothers. And all four of these, sons of a merchant, came to Vikramāditya for an allotment and the settling of their quarrel. And they said to him: "Attend, O protector of the right. By your favor we would have our inheritance apportioned equitably; let your majesty hear the cause of our quarrel, what it is." And being questioned by the king, they told the story in due order: "There is in the land a certain city named Purandarapura. The city of the gods is not superior to it, but is outstript by its fortune; and even Viçvakarman [the divine architect] is ashamed when he beholds its architecture, for it shuts off the path of the stars [the sky] by the height of its charming palaces. Here our father, Dhana-datta by name, was possesst of a very beautiful residence, built in many stories. He had thousands of cows, which walkt slowly by reason of the weight of their udders; and a hundred burden-yokes bearing (pails of) milk ever came and went to and from them. He had a thousand stores of all sorts of grain, which vied with the peaks of Mount Meru by night and day. [28] In our father's house there was a great quantity of gold, righteously acquired, and as high as the peak of Sumeru. He had also a hundred great villages, so rich in grain that their inhabitants could not be troubled with the afflictions that drought produces. Such a merchant was our father, like the God of Wealth incarnate; the world was pervaded with his glory that swept over the regions like a torrent. In the course of time our father desired to pass into the power of time [that is, to die]. And he said, O king, to his four sons: 'My sons, hear my words; hold them by no means in low esteem. Allotments between brothers were made by the men of old; and I have divided my property for you, under the feet of my bed. Take what is placed there for you, and live thereby, each with his share.' Having thus instructed us, our father, attended only by his karma, went to where we may not see, with the bodily eye at least. Then when we had completely performed our father's obsequies, as is the duty of sons, according to the custom of our caste, we dug down into the earth under the four legs of the bed, and looking eagerly beheld four copper vessels. And in one of these clay was placed; another was filled with straw; in another were worthless coals; and in the last, bones. Seeing these four vessels filled with worthless stuff, we reflected: 'Now what is it that our wise father has done here?' And finding it grievous to dispute with one another, to discover what this means we have come to your majesty; for kings are the refuge of mortals." [52]

Hearing their words the king straightway sent for his ministers and told them to consider the matter. But they, after consideration, said to the vāiçyas [members of the third or merchant caste]: "Since your father was an intelligent man, it was certainly not without a purpose that he deposited these coals, straw, and the rest. Let it be decided by experts." Thus address the vāiçyas departed; but going from one village and town to another, they met only with ridicule, until they came to Pratiṣṭhāna and saw Çālivāhana. Then the vāiçya's sons told him the story. And having heard the ground of the dispute, the son of Çeṣa said: "Hear my words, O vāiçyas, and give up now your dispute. You have received allotments from your father, making specific mention of his (various sorts of) property. In giving you straw, clay, coals, and bones

respectively, he gave to each of you the sort of property denoted thereby. All grain is be understood by straw; earth is indicated by clay; all metals by coals; and property consisting of cattle, goats, and sheep by bones. In property live-stock is one quarter, gold and other metals are thought to make a half, land is assumed to make three-quarters, and grain makes property complete. Thus token-wise your father the merchant disposed of his wealth among you, in order of age; even thus do you take it." "So be it," said the merchants, and returned to their home, and made their families prosperous with the fortunes given by their father. [73]

When King Vikramāditya heard of this circumstance, he sent men to bring Čalivāhana to him. But when the youth heard the command, even tho it was from the king of the whole earth, he made a discourteous answer, offensive to the ear. And the messengers returned again and told the lord of Ujjayini: "O king, there is a very strange condition of things at Pratiṣṭhāna; the people there all look upon this boy as king, and, tho we bore your orders, he attackt us and cast us forth." Hearing these words the king's eyes were straightway inflamed with anger, and he went forth with his army to destroy Čalivāhana. Arriving at Pratiṣṭhāna, while King Vikramāditya halted still for a moment, the rings of gates were broken down by his army. Then the youth, surrounded by the citizens who quickly collected, prayed to his father Čeṣa, having no other refuge. And a toy army of elephants, horses, and infantry, which the boy had made in play, was all (animated and) armed with all the terrors of the great World-destruction; and all the mighty buildings which were in the city of Pratiṣṭhāna were animated by the power of Čeṣa, and moved forward to battle. And when the boy Čalivāhana mounted the wall which surrounded the city, it also received the power of motion, and he moved forward with it. Then there ensued a battle of the two hosts, and serpents sent by Čeṣa came against the army of Vikramārka; his human army was burnt up by the venomous fire of the serpents. What comparison is there between serpents, of divine nature, and short-lived men? [97]

When his army was thus destroyed, the majestic King Vikramārka was eager to revive his host, being bent on saving his followers. So he went to Mount Mandara, and, with his mind wholly bent on this one purpose, propitiated Vāsuki, the overlord of the eight tribes of serpents. Having obtained from him, his enemy, the gift of a jar of nectar, as he was on the way back, intending to bring the army to life, he saw two brahmans. They were like the Aṇvins for beauty, like the sun and moon for majesty, like two Maruts for courage, like two Pāṇastya princes for grace. Raising their right hands, the two false brahmans conferred upon the king blessings auguring happiness, and then said to him: "You are kind to the wretched, O king; it is only in you that the prayers of suppliants find their fruition. You have made Dadhīci, Čibi, Jīmūtavāhana, Aṅgeṣvara, and other (givers of old) to be forgotten, O king, by your gifts, surpassing the suitors' desires. Coming from the lower world after getting a potion and an elixir from Bali, you gave them to two brahmans [see Story 19]; there is nothing that is grudged by a noble man (like you). Having gained from Trikālanātha [see Story 20, where MR calls the ascetic Trikalajāta; but the other recensions have Trikālanātha!] upon the Himālaya a cloth, magic wand, and chalk, you gave them to a king exiled from his kingdom. Even the Thousand-mouthed [Viṣṇu] is unable to tell you far-famed, marvelous, superhuman deeds; how then could anyone else tell them?" [117]

By these pleasing words his heart was gladdened, and he said: "Choose whatever you wish, good sirs." Thus address the two brahmans further said to the king: "Your

majesty ever strives only to benefit others; give us, O king, this jar-full of nectar. What you have once promised must be kept; do not take back your words." Reflecting on these words of the brahmins, who spoke with the insistence of pent-up excitement, he asked: "Who are you?" "Know that we are servants of the Couch of Viṣṇu [the world-serpent Čeṣa, upon whom Viṣṇu rests], on whose single head the world-egg rests as a grain of mustardseed; and we are coming to you, O king, who are bent on slaying his own son, and who are coming (even now for that purpose) after having obtained nectar from the propitiated Vāsuki. 'My friends, ask King Vikramārka for the nectar; he is kind to brahmins and cannot refuse a request;' thus knowing your abundance of virtue and incomparable heart, Čeṣa sent us forth. Consider now and do what is right." When he heard these two serpent-youths, wearing brahmin-forms, telling him the truth frankly, he reflected for a moment: "If it should be said that Vikramāditya ingloriously refused a gift asked for by two brahmins, the disgrace thereof could not be wiped out. I will give them this nectar, tho I obtained it by ascetic toil; so let righteousness prosper, even tho the desires of my enemies prosper with it." So the king gave the nectar to the two deceptive brahmins, retaining his self-composure, and remembering the matter of the boon he had obtained from the Great Lord [see Section IV, page 23]. "Even the immortals cannot escape destiny; how then can others?" Thus making up his mind, he went to fight against Čalivāhana. [143]

O king, if there is anyone upon earth who is able to do thus, he alone were worthy to mount upon this king's throne.

And King Bhoja, hearing this story as told by the statue, went into his house reflecting on the glorious Vikramāditya.

Here ends the twenty-fourth story

BRIEF RECENSION OF 24

Again a statue said: O king, listen.

In a certain city there was a merchant, who was endowed with great wealth and high in the favor of the king. His time of death approacht (?), and he reflected: "There will be a quarrel among my sons on account of this; so I must make an assignment of the property." So he made four vessels of copper, and in the first he put straw, in the second bones, in the third earth, in the fourth dead coals. Thus he deposited things in each of the four vessels, and sealed them. And to his sons he said: "My love to you is not uniform; take what I have divided and given to you." And he showed them the four vessels. Then they looked and saw how it had been deposited, and showed it to everyone, but no one could solve it. After this they came into Vikrama's presence, but even the king did not understand it. So wandering about from place to place they came to Pīṭhasthāna. There Čalivāhana said: "He who has bones shall take the livestock; he who has clay, the land; he who has coals, the gold; he who has straw, the grain." Vikrama heard of this matter, and summoned Čalivāhana, but he did not come. After this the king marched against Pīṭhasthāna, and a battle took place. Čalivāhana called upon Čeṣa, and the army of the king was stung by many serpents. Thereupon the king was very eager to bring his army to life, and worshipt Vāsuki; and he being propitiated gave him a jar of nectar. Then, as the king was going along the road, a certain brahmin blest him, and the king said: "Ask for what you wish." Said he: "Give me the jar of nectar." The king said: "Who are you?" Said he: "I am

sent by Çalivāhana." The king reflected: "This man is sent by my enemy, but since I have promised to give it, I must not break my word. And it is said:

1. In this wholly unprofitable round of existence (a plighted) word is the only thing of importance. Whosoever breaks his word loses his acquired merit."

Thus speaking he gave the brahman the jar of nectar.

The statue said: O king, let him ascend this throne who has such magnanimity.

Here ends the twenty-fourth story

JAINISTIC RECENSION OF 24

When King Bhoja once again on another occasion had made complete preparations for the coronation-rite and was ascending the throne, the twenty-fourth statue said: "O king, he who has magnanimity like Vikramāditya's mounts upon this throne." And when the king asked "Of what sort was that magnanimity?" the statue said: "O king,

In the city of Purandarapura there was a merchant Dhanapati, who was enormously rich and had four sons. Once, as it came time for him to die, he said to his sons: "My boys, you should stand together; but if you cannot, then by my bed there are four vessels inscribed with your names. Take them, one each." So saying he died. Now one time, when the sons had quarreled with one another, they took these vessels, and when they looked, behold, in one there was earth, in the second coals, in the third bones, in the fourth straw. Not understanding the meaning of this, they asked many people, but no one understood it. One time they asked in the council of Vikrama, but even there the solution was not found. Then they went to the city of Pratiṣṭhāna, but there also the solution was not found by anyone. [13]

At this time there were a couple of brahmins in Pratiṣṭhāna city, whose sister, a beautiful widow, was enjoyed by a certain serpent-prince, and became pregnant. Seeing her in this condition, they both became suspicious of each other, and both left the country. But she remained, to be near the serpent-prince. And she brought forth, and a son was born, who was named Çalivāhana. And he lived with his mother in the house of a potter. Now when he heard the matter of the dispute, he went into the assembly and said: "Councillors, I will solve this discussion." And all looked at him in amazement. But he said: "All the land goes to him who was given earth by his father; all the grain to him who was given straw; all the livestock and servants to him who was given bones; all the seven metals including gold to him who was given coals." Hearing this all were delighted, and the discussion was ended, and all those four went to their own home. [22]

Hearing of this solution, the noble Vikrama sent to the city of Pratiṣṭhāna a summons for that boy. But he would not come, and said: "Why should I go to him? If he has any business with me, then he can come here himself." Hearing this King Vikrama with his army marched against Pratiṣṭhāna. And even then he would not come to him, though urged to by the people. Thereupon the city was beleaguered by Vikrama. And certain clay figures of elephants, horses, and foot-soldiers, which the boy had made in play, were animated by the power of the serpent-prince, and marched forth to battle. But even they could not conquer Vikrama. After this the serpent-prince, taking sides with his son, stung the army of Vikrama in the night, and they fell to the ground paralyzed. Seeing this Vikrama performed a charm to King Vāsuki, who was pro-

pitiated, and gave the king nectar. When Vikrama had received this and was returning to his army, two men came up to him and begged of him. He asked them: "What shall I give?" And they said: "Give us nectar." Thereupon the king asked: "Who are you two?" They said: "We are sent by Çālivāhana." Then the king reflected: "Even tho these two are sent forth by my enemy, nevertheless, since I consented, I must give it." So he gave them the nectar; whereupon the nāga [serpent-prince] Vāsuki, pleased with his nobility, raised his army up again instantly, and praised the noble King Vikrama. In the words of the verse:

1. Surely the noble Vikrama is the first of all generous men. For the sake [at the request] of two men, he gave to his enemy the nectar given him by the propitiated Prince of the Serpents, and neglected his own serpent-stung army. Therefore, O king, if such magnanimity is found in you, then mount upon this throne.

Here ends the twenty-fourth story in the Thirty-two Tales of the Throne

25. Story of the Twenty-fifth Statuette

Vikrama averts an astrological evil omen

SOUTHERN RECENSION OF 25

When the king was again ascending the throne, another statue said: "O king, he is worthy to ascend this throne who has the magnanimity and other virtues of Vikrama." The king said: "O statue, tell me a tale of his magnanimity and other virtues." And she said: "Hear, O king.

While Vikramāditya was reigning, one time a certain astrologer came to him, and recited a blessing:

1. "May the sun grant you heroism; may the moon also grant you the station of Indra; may Mars grant you fortune; may Mercury grant you wisdom; may Jupiter grant you dignity; may Venus grant you happiness; may Saturn grant you peace; may Rāhu [the dragon's head, the demon of eclipse, regarded as a planet] grant you always strength of arm; may Ketu ['the dragon's tail,' the ninth planet] grant you increase of family; may all the planets be kind and favorable to you forever." [All the boons mentioned contain puns on the names of the planets.]

Then he expounded the almanac. And having heard the almanac, the king asked the astrologer: "O soothsayer, what fruitage will there be in this year?" The soothsayer said: "In this year the sun is king, Mars is minister, Saturn is ruler of the harvest, and Mars is ruler of the clouds. Moreover, Saturn, Mars, and Venus will pass thru (the constellation of) Rohiṇī's car, cutting it. Therefore there will certainly

be a drought. And it is said by Varāhamihira [author of a famous book on astrology]:

2. When Saturn, Mars, and Venus pass thru the car of Rohiṇī cutting it, then for twelve years the rain-cloud inevitably sends no rain. And so:

3. If Saturn cuts the car of Rohiṇī, the earth receives fiery-red floods (of sun's rays, instead of water); need I say what happens? For it is not in a sea of *water* (but of fire) that the whole world goes to destruction. And in another saying:

4. When this Saturn cuts the car of Rohiṇī, then for twelve years the rain-cloud sends no rain upon earth."

Hearing these words of the soothsayer the king said: "O soothsayer, is there no means of averting this drought?" The soothsayer said: "There is no other than this; if a performance of offerings and the like to the planets is made, there will be rain." So the king summoned the brahmans learned in scripture and told them the whole story, and caused them to commence a sacrifice. All the preparations for the sacrifice were brought together, and the brahmans performed the sacrifices to the nine planets in the manner prescribed in the ritual books, and a full-offering was made for the purpose of perfecting the virtue of the sacrifice. The king gratified the brahmans with money, food, garments, and the like, and gave the ten regular gifts, and then gave contentment with a great largess to the poor, the blind, the deaf, the deformed, and so on. But still it did not rain.

Because of the lack of rain the whole people were famine-stricken and in great distress. And the king himself was distressed because of their sorrow. One time when he had entered into the sacrificial house and was deep in meditation, an immaterial voice was heard: "O king, if a man bearing the thirty-two superior marks is offered before the wish-granting goddess who dwells in the temple before you, rain will certainly come." Hearing this the king went into the temple and made obeisance to the goddess, and when he put his sword to his throat, the goddess checked him and said: "O king, I am propitiated by your heroism; choose a wish." The king said: "O goddess, if you are propitiated, then ward off the drought." The goddess said: "I will do so." Thereupon the king went to his own house.

Having told this story the statue said to the king: "O king, if such magnanimity is found in you, then mount upon this throne. And hearing this the king was silent.

Here ends the twenty-fifth story

METRICAL RECENSION OF 25

When the king once more advanst to ascend the throne, a statue spoke to stop him, with seemly words: "Hear, King Bhoja, the story I will tell you today, and then decide and do what is proper for you in this case." When she said this, he again askt in return: "What, pray, is it?" And to the Prince of Bhojas she again spoke in clear language. [6]

There was in olden time a King Vikramāditya, an ornament to the earth-circle, who offered up (like a sacrifice) in the fire of his majesty all the circle of his enemies. Once when he had taken his place upon his judgment seat, attended by his ministers, he was visited by a brahman skilled in the science of astrology, who first gave him a blessing, and then expounded the conjunctions of the lunar days and the asterisms and so on. And further he said: "What can I say to you who stand mounted upon the topmost eminence of blessings? Why should I say 'long life to you'? This would be superfluous, since long life is always assured to one who walks in righteousness." Hearing his words, the king askt the noble brahman: "Tell me the nature of righteousness, since your worship knows it well." Thus urged, the brahman said to the king, who was wholly devoted to his own morals: "Reverence for the gods and brahmans, generosity according to one's means, devotion to the service of others, and compassion for all creatures; steadfast meditation on the supreme Godhead, unswerving truthfulness in speech, giving food to the hungry and water to those who have it not, also giving security to living beings that are in danger; thinking of strange women as one's mother [without lust], of one's guru as the god Ćiva, of other men's property as poison, of great men [or, saints] as gurus; boundless magnanimity, unfearing readiness to give aid, manliness without offensive actions, ascetic practice undisturbed by lust; dread of doing wrong, a heart bent upon charity, hospitality to guests, constant attachment to righteous men; permanent devotion to acquiring knowledge, eagerness in righteous actions, friendship without guile, avoidance of offense on all occasions; these numerous virtues are the members ['limbs'] of righteousness, O king. They abide permanently in you, and never depart elsewhere. Your majesty's conduct alone, O king, is a lesson for men. Therefore I have come to behold you, in order to satisfy myself." [34]

Hearing his words, which seemed to derive their fragrance from a shower of the moon's own nectar, and which were most pleasing to the ear, the king rejoist. And once more he askt the astrologer-brahman as to the fruitage of the year, knowing how to perform whatever acts should be suited thereunto. Thereupon he said to the king: "Under your watchful care the season brings only favorable fruit to you, with all good fortune. Nevertheless there is coming a condition hostile to prosperous years, a wretched condition of hostile planets and of calamities. There will be no water upon earth, because Saturn, coming out of the house of Venus, will choose an extraordinary course, and pass into the house of Mars, cutting the car of Rohiṇi. Because of this planetary transgression, for twelve years the time shall pass upon earth unto the destruction of throngs of living beings. Let an offering to the planets be undertaken in regular form, to propitiate them. Plagues may generally be averted by paying honors to the gods and the brahmans." The king so resolved and called his house-priests and made them perform a great sacrifice, as urged by the soothsayer. And in the courtyard of [Ćiva's?] Energy [Ćakti], called Granter of Wishes, he had an offering made according to the prescriptions of the astrological books. But tho he did all this, Parjanya [the rain-god] did not rain anywhere at all. Then, dejected at heart, he was

at a loss to know what to do next: "I have paid honors to the Wish-granting Goddess and offered the various fire-offerings, and have propitiated the planets with complete ceremony, but for some reason the god does not rain upon earth." While the king was thus given over to sorrow, an immaterial voice was heard: "Put away your grief, O king, first among great men! Since the Wish-granting Goddess has really been propitiated by you, therefore she is graciously disposed and will give you her divine car, filled with divine weapons, which is able to go anywhere. Do you mount it quickly, O hero, and travel, with drawn bow, irresistible with divine weapons and flames of fire, to the car of Rohiṇī, and block the crooked course of Saturn." Thus urged by the voice, he thereupon blocked the course of Saturn by the power of the divine weapons, even as Daśaratha of old. And Saturn, pleased by the very great heroism of King Vikramāditya, gave him a boon: "In your land there shall be no drought." Having obtained this boon from Saturn, he descended and returned to his city.

If you are able to act thus, then adorn this fair throne.

His desire being diverted by these words of the wooden statue, the king returned again, disappointed, into his inner palace.

Here ends the twenty-fifth story

BRIEF RECENSION OF 25

Once more a statue said: O king, listen.

While this Vikramārka was ruling his kingdom, a certain astronomer came in and gave the king a blessing. The king asked: "How are the planets now?" Said he: "Sire, rain will be slack. And it is said:

1. If Saturn cuts the car of Rohiṇī, then on this earth also for twelve years Mādhava [Indra] will not rain upon the land."

The king said: "Is there any way to prevent this?" Said he: "You may perform a ritual-ceremony to propitiate Varuṇa, and largesses, and meritorious deeds such as feeding of brahmins, to propitiate Indra." So the king offered homage and satisfaction (by gifts) in the shrine of Candikā to worthy persons, to brahmins, and to all the crowd of spirits [bhūta], but in spite of this the rain did not come. As the king was filled with grief, a voice in heaven said: "When the sixty-four witches have been given satisfaction with the flesh of a man, then the god will send rain." The king reflected: "If all the world, which without water is in distress, can be made happy by a single life, what more could be desired?" So saying he started to cut off his head before the goddess. Then the goddess appeared and checked him by the hand (saying): "Choose a wish." The king said: "Let the rain fall, and let the people be made happy (thereby)." The goddess agreed, and the rain came, and boundless crops of grain resulted. The king went to his city.

The statue said: O king, let him ascend this throne who has such magnanimity.

Here ends the twenty-fifth story

JAINISTIC RECENSION OF 25

When King Bhoja again on another occasion had made complete preparations for the coronation-rite and was ascending the throne, the twenty-fifth statue said: "O king, he who has magnanimity like Vikramāditya's mounts upon this throne." And when the king asked "Of what sort was that magnanimity?" the statue said: "O king,

In Avantf-city the noble King Vikrama enjoyed the luxurious and sumptuous pleasures of empire, surrounded by thirty-six royal entertainers, while his glorious feet were worshipt by thirty-six princes. One time a certain astronomer, who knew all the four hundred thousand luminaries, came into the assembly announst by the usher, and having blest the king was given a suitable seat. And when the king askt him what various arts he knew, he said: "O king, I know all about the past, present, and future, by means of the course, rising, setting, crooked wandering, accelerated motion, fixation, condition, appearance, friendly or unfriendly nature, strength, and weakness of the moon, sun, planets, constellations, and stars; also by means of auguries [divya], portents in the air, earthly bodies [?], sounds, signs, prodigies, and the other forms of divination in its eight branches." Then the king, desiring to know what the future would bring forth, askt him, and he replied: "O king, there will be a famine for twelve years." Hearing this the king said: "Sir, in my kingdom there is no transgression of sound royal policy, no teaching of unrighteousness, no oppression of the subjects, no disturbing of pious undertakings, no hatred of religion [or, of brahmans], no quarreling with the defenseless, no persecution of those who have no support, no revealing of other men's secrets, no teaching of wickedness, no inclination to sin, no taxing of the untaxable, no destruction of divine images, no affliction of great seers, no transgression of the ordinances of caste. How then can there be a famine?" Thereupon the astrologer said: "O king, if Saturn cuts the car of Rohiṇī and goes into the mansion of Venus or of Mars, then there comes a twelve years' famine. Since:

1. If Saturn cuts the car of Rohiṇī, then on this earth also for twelve years Mādhava [Indra] will surely not rain upon the land.

This conjunction takes place this year." Hearing this the king, for the sake of his subjects, undertook prayers and religious works, with gifts, pious practices, sacrifices, and propitiatory and auspicious rites and the like. But Parjanya [the rain-god] did not rain. And seeing the suffering of his own subjects, the king was very sad, and reflected: "If a family is afflicted before the eyes of its head, and he does not have a care for it according to his ability, that is sinful of him. And if a village-chief does not care for his village in affliction, that is sinful of him. And if the lord of a country accepts the country's taxes, but does not protect it in affliction, then that is sinful of him." Thus the king was at a loss to know what to do. Then a divine voice in the air was heard, saying: "O king, if any man bearing the thirty-two superior marks shall sacrifice his own body as a gift of honor to Parjanya, there shall be no famine in that man's land." Hearing this, the noble king, devoted to the service of others, started to sacrifice himself for his subjects. As he put his sword to his neck and was about to cut off his head, the youthful Cloud-god stayed him by the hand and said: "O king, I am satisfied, choose a wish." Then the king said: "If you are satisfied, then from now on let there be no more famine in my land." And the god agreed to this. And for this reason even today there is, generally speaking, no famine in the land of Mālava, and so no one finds it necessary to give gifts of food. In the words of the verse:

2. Hearing it said by an astrologer that there was to be a very serious famine lasting for twelve years, the noble Vikrama then made an offering of his own body to the Rain-god, for the sake of his subjects.

Therefore, O king, if such magnanimity is found in you, then mount upon this throne.

• Here ends the twenty-fifth story in the Thirty-two Tales of the Throne

26. Story of the Twenty-sixth Statuette

Vikrama and the cow that grants every wish ("Wish-cow")

SOUTHERN RECENSION OF 26

When the king once more was ascending the throne, another statue said: "O king, only he is worthy to ascend this throne who has the magnanimity and other virtues of Vikrama." The king said: "O statue, tell me a tale of his magnanimity." She said: "O king, listen.

There is no king like Vikramāditya in the virtues of courage, magnanimity, compassion, discrimination, firmness, and the like. Moreover, his words never proved false; what was in his heart, just that he said, and whatever followed from his words, even that he did. Therefore he was a righteous man. And it is said:

1. In righteous men there is uniformity of thought, word, and deed. As their thought is, so is their word, and as their word is, so is their deed.
2. This is the inborn nature of righteous men, to be kind, to speak pleasantly, and to show boundless affection; did anyone *make* the moon cool?

Once Indra sat upon his throne in the city of the gods. In his assembly there were seated the crowd of the eighty-eight thousand seers, and the thirty-three crores of deities were seated there; also the eight World-protectors [leading gods], and the throngs of the forty-nine Maruts, and the twelve Ādityas, and the moon, and Nārada [compare page 19, line 9] and Tumburu; also the apsaras and divine nymphs were seated there, Urvaṣī and Rambhā and Menakā and Tilottamā and Miṣṛakeṣī and Ghṛtācī and Mañjughoṣā and Priyadarṣanā and the rest. And all the band of the gandharvas were seated there. At this time Nārada said: "In the whole world there is no king so glorious, benevolent, and heroic as Vikrama." Hearing his words all the assembly of the gods were much amazed. But the Cow of Wishes said: "What reason for doubt is there here? This is no cause for amazement. And it is said:

3. No one need be astonished at generosity, asceticism, heroism, learning, moral discipline, and prudent behavior; the earth is full of gems. And so:
4. There are great differences to be found in different horses, elephants, and metals, woods, stones, and garments, men, women, and waters."

Thereupon Indra said to the Cow of Wishes: "Do you go to the world of men and examine the compassion, benevolence, and other virtues of Vikrama, and report to me." Thereupon the Cow of Wishes took the form of a very feeble cow, and went to the world of men. And when Vikramārka came along the road, she was sunk into an impassable swamp there; and seeing the king she cried out piteously. But the king went up to her and looked, and saw that she was sunk in a very difficult and impassable swamp; and a tiger had come up near to her. The king strove to pull the cow out, but she did not come forth. And the sun set; and at night a rain fell. He however remained on the spot, guarding the helpless cow. Finally the sun arose, and the cow, having made proof of the king's compassion, firmness, and other virtues, came forth (from the swamp) of her own accord, and said to the king: "O king, I am the Cow of Wishes, come from heaven to make trial of your compassion and other virtues. Now I have seen the proof of them; there is no king on earth so full of compassion as you. I am propitiated; choose a wish." The king said: "By your grace I am in need of nothing; what is there for me to ask?" She said: "It is impossible that my words should bear no fruit. So I will remain in your very presence." So she went along with the king. Now when the king came to the highway with her, a certain brahman came up, and first recited a blessing:

5. "Frightened by the war-god's peacock, who was summoned by the sounds of the tambourine joyously struck by Nandi at the dance of the Club-bearer [Çiva], the serpent-king [Vāsuki] contracted his coils and crept into the nostril of Gaṇeṣa; whereat the latter, with cries of alarm, shook his head so that the regions of the air were made resonant by the swarms of bees that flew up from his [elephantine] temples. May those head-shakings of his long protect you!" [This is the first verse of Bhavabhūti's play, *Mālatīmādhava*.]

And then he said: "O king, by reason of my poverty I am become a magician; since tho I can see all people, no one can see me. And it is said:

6. Hail to you, Poverty! By your grace I am become a magician. For tho I can see everybody, no man can see me at all.

Now if one is sealed with the seal of poverty, there is always in his house the (ceremonial) uncleanness of childbirth.

7. 'Give me, a wayfarer, a bite to eat, fair lady.' 'Alas, your words are fruitless.' 'Tell me why.' 'My friend, there is the

uncleanness of child-birth here.' 'Is there no time-limit to it?' 'For life this lasts, and there can be no further birth; this is because of the power of my son. (You ask) who was born to me in this dearth of all property? A son named Poverty!'"

The king said: "O brahman, what do you ask for?" The brahman said: "O king, your majesty is a tree of wishes for your suppliants. Bring it about that my poverty shall be destroyed for the rest of my life." The king said: "This Cow of Wishes here will give you what you wish; take her." So he gave him the Cow of Wishes. And the brahman, feeling as if he had gained the bliss of paradise, took the Cow of Wishes and went to his own place. And the king returned to his city.

Having told this story the statue said to King Bhoja: "O king, if such magnanimity is found in you, then mount upon this throne." And hearing this the king was silent.

Here ends the twenty-sixth story

METRICAL RECENSION OF 26

When King Bhoja once more came forward to ascend the throne, the well-formed words of a statue were heard: "If such courage, magnanimity, and firmness bloom forth in you, O king, then seat yourself upon this his throne." And when he, being anxious to hear, asked her to tell a tale, she related a story belonging to the Adventures of Vikramāditya. [6]

There was in olden time a king of the whole earth, Vikramārka, in the abundance of whose glory the fame of the kings of former time was lost. While he was ruling the earth and protecting it from any shock of violence, and was delighting the gods with the numerous sacrificial festivals which he constantly engaged in, the King of the Immortals [Indra] once entered into the divine assembly-hall with the immortals. He was attended by many princes and lordly seers, along with the countless throngs of gods and Candra [the moon] his minister, and with the overlords of the gandharvas headed by Viçvāvasu; also (the heavenly nymphs) Ghṛtāci and Menakā and Rambhā and Sahajanyā and Tilottamā and Urvāci and Sukeci along with Priyadarcanā were at hand, and the eight Magic Powers, and the eight supreme deities of the Directions; all these came together and attended the glorious feet of Great Indra. And (the seer) Nārada and others who stood in this so great assembly, being given leave, engaged in the praise of virtuous men. Then Nārada said to Indra: "All the virtuous kings together cannot surpass King Vikramāditya. Abounding in nobility and courage, endowed with manliness and magnanimity, he alone protects the people of the world, with unimpaired valor." Indra was amazed at the words of Nārada, and looking at the Cow of Wishes who stood by his side, he said: "Do you go and examine his virtues." [26]

Receiving the command of Great Indra, the Cow of Wishes went to the earth, and fell into a difficult pit, and floundered there, like an ordinary cow. Now the king,

after wandering about the regions in disguise, was returning again to his city, when he heard the distress cries of the cow. "Whence comes this cry as of a cow, in this forest full of flesh-eating beasts? I must look into this." So thinking, he went to the place where she was. And when he saw the wretched cow, fallen into the pit, with streaming eyes, and feebly striving to get out of her difficulty, then he reflected compassionately: "If a man capable (of helping) passes by without aiding a distinguished man who has been robbed of his property by others, or a friend who has got into trouble, or a guest coming to his house, or a lord in desperate straits, or a brahman who has been enslaved by violence, or such a cow as this; such a man even Yama [god of death] does not respect." So deciding the mighty king took her by the tail, but could not pull her out, for she was very heavy. And the sun, thinking "Let not Great Indra suspect that I am helping the king," concealed himself in the water of the western ocean. And as if grieved because their lord [the sun] had sunk and past away to regions unknown, the quarters of the sky [harit, also used of the steeds of the sun] no longer shone, but put on dark garments. Thinking "The sun left all the rest of the sky and came unto me, and now he has gone into the other world," the west (like a widow) entered the evening fire as if wishing to die (as a sati). Then darkness overspread the sky, like a herd of bears, black as a tamāla-tree, coming out of a mountain thicket. And the loud cries of owls sounded like the drums of the vanguard of the brigand Darkness, coming forth in a world [or, among the people] left kingless [without protection; also, punningly, 'without light'] by the overthrow and destruction of the sun [also, punningly, of its (the world's) friend]. Stirred up by sudden fierce winds, storm-clouds lighted up the heaven round about (with lightning), sending forth a sound of a thundering roar. And the flashes of lightning shone against the huge dark clouds, like rows of forest fires on the peaks of Mount Añjana. And rain-clouds came out on all sides, and filled to the brim the earth's hollows with streams of rain as large as pillars. Thruout the night the king stood quite alone and unafraid, shielding with his own person the cow, which shivered in the cold and windy rain. Thinking "It is impossible for me, deprived of allies [punningly, 'of the sun'], to hinder the course of majestic men," the night slowly slunk away as if in fear. And the birds cried out loudly in applause: "Marvelous! Yon king has easily withstood the strategem of Indra." The mountains became like the Golden Mountain, and the birds became like the (gleaming) garuḍa-bird, as the world became pervaded by the gold-ruddy rays of the dawn; the darkness disappeared, dispelled by the yellow sun. Whose sorrow would not be brought to an end by him [the sun] who puts a check on all things? [66]

Now at daybreak the king once more made a great effort to pull her out; but she did not stir in the slightest degree. At this moment a great tiger burst into view, with crashing limbs, roaring loudly, and lifting his great tail like a staff high in air. When the king saw this ferocious beast approaching, he fearlessly put himself between him and the cow, whose eyes rolled in terror. But the mighty beast, with empty belly and yawning jaws, straightway lifted up his feet and sprang at the cow, falling like Mount Meru. And the tiger, roaring fearfully, struck the king a mighty blow with his claw-nailed paw. Withstanding his fierce attack, hard tho it was to withstand, the king smote the attacker of the cow with his sword, like a thunderbolt. But the tiger kept on making strenuous efforts, striking ferociously at the king, in his desire to get the cow; but his fierce attacks were repelled by the king's knife. [80]

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Such was the course of the event. And after this a plentiful rain of flowers, thrown down by the hands of the gods, fell upon the king. And satisfied by his behavior, the cow, shining in divine radiance, said to the king, as he stood with head respectfully lowered: "My son, I am the Cow of Wishes, sent to investigate your conduct by the Lord of the Gods. I am satisfied; choose a wish." Hearing these words of the Cow of Wishes, urging him to choose, he prostrated himself and spoke thus: "O mother, hear my words. I have no desire for glorious possessions, for my heart is completely satisfied by obtaining the bliss of looking upon you." Hearing the king's uncovetous words, and perceiving his steadfastness, the cow was amazed, and said to him: "I am yours!" Then the king, going along to his own city with the cow, gave her to a poor brahman who begged of him. And the cow fulfilled all the desires of the brahman, and returned to heaven. [95]

If there is anyone superior in virtue to this Vikramāditya, whose conduct was so marvelously noble, name him, King Bhoja! For this throne of Indra is unworthy of anyone else than such a one. So give up your desire for it, and live in peace, King Bhoja.

Having told this tale she ceased from her words, and the noble king ceased likewise from his desire for the throne.

Here ends the twenty-sixth story

BRIEF RECENSION OF 26

Once more a statue said: O king, listen.

One time the king [!] went to the assembly-hall of Indra in heaven. The gods, gandharvas, and so on came together to pay their respects. At this time a question was raised there: "In the world of men there is no one more courageous and magnanimous than Vikrama." Then Indra looked at the Cow of Wishes; and she said: "What is there strange in this?" Indra said: "Go to earth and make trial of his courage." So she went to the earthly world. And the king was returning to his city after wandering about the country, when he beheld in the middle of a wood an old and infirm cow, stuck in the mud. He tried to draw her out, but she could not be extracted. Then the sun set; and the masses of clouds darkened, and it rained. At this point a tiger came thither. The king wrapt the cow in his own clothing, and himself stood there stark naked. Then the sun arose; and having perceived his resolution, the cow spoke to him: "O king, I am pleased, choose a wish." The king said: "I have no wish." The cow said: "If you have no need, then I will remain in your presence as in the presence of a god." So the king departed on the road with her. On the way a certain brahman gave the king a blessing (and said): "O king, give me food." The king gave him the Cow of Wishes.

The statue said: O king, let him ascend this throne who has such magnanimity.

Here ends the twenty-sixth story

JAINISTIC RECENSION OF 26

Once more on another occasion when King Bhoja had made complete preparations for the coronation-rite and was ascending the throne, the twenty-sixth statue said: "O king, he who has magnanimity like Vikramāditya's mounts upon this throne."

And when the king askt "Of what sort was that magnanimity?" the statue said: "O king,

In Avantī-city the noble King Vikrama held complete sway. One time the noble Purandara [Indra], whose glorious feet are worshipt by the thirty-two lacs [a lac is 100,000] of gods and divine nymphs, said in the heavenly assembly: "Hear, ye gods! At present in the world of men there is no other blessed man, eminent in devotion to saving the lives of others, than Vikrama." Hearing these words of the king of the gods, all the gods and divine nymphs reflected in their hearts, their eyes smiling in astonishment: "Ah, blessed indeed is this King Vikrama, since the king of the gods himself praises him thus." At this time a certain god said to his friend, not believing the words of the king of the gods:

1. "Rumor and argument should in every case be accepted only subject to a review of the real facts, even as life is declared to be first in importance, rather than the fortunes of kingship."

Hearing this the second god, his friend, said: "Then let us two go down there ourselves and investigate." Thus determining, both the gods came to the earth to make trial of Vikrama. At this time Vikrama was wandering alone in the forest, carried astray by his horse. Then one of them took the form of a cow, lean of body, and went and stood in a swamp, sunk in the mud, and at the sight of the king began to bellow. Hearing this sound the king went thither, and dismounting from his horse compassionately tried to pull the cow out of the mud. Thereupon the second god took the form of a lion, making the earth-circle tremble with the strokes of his tail, and hurting the ears of all animals with his lion's roar. And seeing this seeming lion the king reflected:

2. "There are thousands of beasts of prey in the forest, pufft up with arrogance and prowess; but this lion alone do we praise for his majesty, that is superior to all. At his haughty roar the crowds of boars quit their play, the passionate elephants their intoxication (of lust), wild men [? nāhala] their chatter, and buffaloes their jealous rivalry.

Therefore if I abandon this feeble bellowing cow and go away, this lion will kill her in a minute. So this night I shall stay right here and guard her. For if a man has the power, and does not perform his duty to his lord, or prevent a misfortune to a friend, or save the helpless, or keep his own word, or grant a favor askt, or help others, no one is so foolish as he." So the king, sword in hand, guarded the cow thru the night. And in the morning the two gods appeared before him, and told him of Indra's eulogy and the reason for their own coming, and being gratified gave him a boon. The king said: "By your grace I have everything; there is nothing that I need." Then they two said: "The sight of a deity is never in vain; so take this Cow of Wishes [!] here." So the two gods gave her to him, and departed. But the king took the Cow of Wishes, and as he was returning to his own city he was askt for alms by a certain beggar. And fearing to refuse a request he gave him the Cow of Wishes. In the words of the verse:

3. Ah, this Vikrama is the (only) generous man upon earth; upon request he gave away the Cow of Wishes, given him by gods who had heard him praised by the king of the gods, and had tested him.

Therefore, O king, if such magnanimity is found in you, then mount upon this throne.

27. *Story of the Twenty-seventh Statuette***Vikrama reforms a gambler****SOUTHERN RECENSION OF 27**

When the king once more attempted to mount the throne, another statue said: "O king, he who has the magnanimity and other virtues of Vikrama may mount upon this throne." Bhoja said: "O statue, tell me a tale of his magnanimity and other virtues." And she said: "Hear, O king.

King Vikramārka went forth from his city to travel about the earth, and came to a certain city. The princes of this place were very righteous, and devoted to performing the prescriptions of the sacred word and learned tradition; and they gave complete protection to the brahmins and the others, the four castes of the place. And all the people were righteous in conduct, hospitable, and full of compassion. King Vikrama thought: "I will stay here five days." And he went into a certain very beautiful temple, where he paid his respects to the god and sat in the assembly pavilion. At that time a certain man came in there, in appearance as handsome as a king's son, clad in garments of dukūla [a very fine cloth], adorned with many ornaments, his body anointed with sandalwood mixt with various perfumes such as camphor, saffron, aloe, musk, and the like, and attended by harlots. And after amusing himself in company with them with various love-tales, eulogistic odes, and such pastimes, he went out again in their company. And the king, when he had seen him, sat wondering who he might be. Then on the next day the same man came in alone, with dejected countenance, stript of his garments and so forth and clad only in a loin-cloth, and threw himself upon the ground of the assembly-pavilion of the temple. And seeing him the king said: "Sir, whoever you are ['Devadatta'; cf. page 156, line 17], yesterday you came in here with your body adorned with garments and ornaments and so on, like a king's son, and attended by harlots; how is it that today you have come into such a wretched plight?" He replied: "My lord, why do you speak thus? Yesterday I was even as you say, and now by the power of fate I am become as I am. For thus it is said:

1. Bees which were nourisht by the rutting-fluid upon the cheeks of elephants, and whose bodies were made fragrant by the pollen of full-blown lotuses, now pass their time every day upon (bitter) nimba and arka flowers, by the power of fate.

2. The bee that was once given to sporting in the fragrance of juicy mango and tāli flowers, now on the other hand, by the power of fate, wanders in an arka-grove filled with grasshoppers.

3. The royal swans which were nourisht in the midst of the dust from golden lotuses in the middle of the waves of the clear water of the Mandākinī, now every day sit in water that is choked by a net of çāivāla weed. And again:

4. This poor luckless swan, which was once brilliant with the tawny cosmetic of pollen that fell from lotuses stirred by the wind, and which was rejoist with great joy at hearing the gentle murmur of the bees, and which was (so delicately nurtured that it was) not even able to seize a bit of grass-stalk hanging from the pocket of its beloved's beak, now begs for grass, alas, in the wilderness.

Moreover, if a man is opprest by (the result of his own previous) deeds, what misery does he not suffer ? And thus it is said:

5. Homage be to Deed [karma], which like a potter holds Brahmā fast in the pot of the universe; which has thrown Viṣṇu into a very strict confinement, from which he cannot escape because of his ten incarnations; which makes Çiva go a-begging with a skull in the hollow of his hand; and which causes the sun to wander eternally in the sky."

The king said: "Who are you, sir ?" He replied: "I am a gambler."

The king said: "Do you understand the game of dice ?" He said: "In the matter of dice I am decidedly proficient, and I also know sārī-kṛīḍā [a game related to chess], but fate alone controls. And it is said:

6. When I see how elephants, serpents, and birds are caught, how the sun and the moon are subject to eclipse, and how wise men are paupers, my thought is: 'Ah, how powerful is fate!' And so:

7. Fair form has no effect, nor noble origin, nor good character, nor even knowledge, nor divine service paid with however great zeal. The merited good fortune which a man accumulates thru the penance he has performed, bears fruit for him in time, like trees."

The king said: "Sir, whoever you are, you are certainly a very intelligent man; how is it that you are so devoted to the serious vice of gambling ?" Said he: "Even an intelligent man will do anything when driven by (the fatal power of his own past) deeds. And it is said:

8. What can even an intelligent man do, when driven by the power

of his own deeds ? For the minds of men are above all determined by their past deeds."

The king said: " Good sir, gambling is the source of great evils; all the vices rest upon devotion to gambling. And it is said:

9. This house (of gambling) is a disgrace, an abode of thieves and harlots and the like; it is the chief of all the vices, a treasure-house of great disasters, the seed of evil, the first among the rough roads to hell; knowing this, what man of clear mind will engage in gambling ? And so:

10. (To a gambler) of what account are disgrace, poverty, misfortunes, anger, covetousness and so on, theft, and the other vices; yes, of what account are the tortures of dead men in hell ? — since gambling is the whole soul of him who gets no rest from its terrible infatuation. Thus the noble declare; for an intelligent man (who gambles) is mentioned everywhere upon earth among rogues and abandoned characters.

Therefore a wise man should shun the seven vices, as being very evil. And it is said:

11. Gaming, meat(-eating), strong drink, harlotry, hunting, theft, and adultery, even these are the seven very deadly sins; a wise man should avoid them.

Moreover, a man who is attacht to one of the vices is surely bound for perdition; how much more one who is subject to all seven ? And it is said:

12. Since men are laid low even by one single vice, as Yudhiṣṭhira by gambling, the demon Baka by flesh-eating, the son of Yadu (Kṛṣṇa) by strong drink, Indra by lust after women, the king Brahmadatta by animal-slaying, Yayāti by theft, the great Rāvaṇa by adultery; who can escape destruction from (addiction to) all of them ?

Therefore you also should shun these vices." The gambler said: " My lord, this is my only means of livelihood; how can I give it up ? If you will have compassion on me and tell me some means of obtaining wealth, then I will give up gambling." At this moment two brahmins, dwellers in another country, drew near and sat down in a part of the temple, conversing with one another. And one of them said: " I have read all the books of the goblin-writings, and in them it is written: ' In the Lord's [Çiva's] part [the northeast] of this temple, which is five cubits in extent, there are three jars filled with dīnāras [coins]; and near by is an image of Bhāirava [Çiva]. By sprinkling

(the image of) Bhāirava with one's own blood a man may obtain them.'" Hearing his words the king went thither, and as he was about to sprinkle Bhāirava with blood from his own body, Bhāirava became propitiated and said: "O king, I am propitiated, choose a wish." The king said: "If you are propitiated by me, then give this gambler the three jars filled with dīnāras." So Bhāirava gave the treasure to the gambler, and the gambler went to his own place, praising the king. And King Vikrama returned to his own city.

Having told this tale the statue said to the king: "O king, if such magnanimity and other virtues are found in you, then mount upon this throne." And hearing this the king was silent.

Here ends the twenty-seventh story

METRICAL RECENSION OF 27

When the king once more approacht to ascend the throne, one of the statues standing on the throne said to him: "King Bhoja, if there is in you such benevolence on all occasions, then ascend this great throne of Indra." "What was this compassionate benevolence of his? Tell me, sweet-voist one, for I am eager to hear." Thus urged by him, she told for him to hear the twenty-seventh tale of Vikramārka and his benevolent disposition. [8]

Once King Vikramāditya, wandering alone incognito over the earth, came to a city named Candravatī. It was thronged with many people, formidable with its various defenses, and shone like the World-egg, gleaming in the path of the moon and sun. And here arriving at a restful wayside temple, pleasing to the eyes by its great art of construction, he rested there. At this time there came in a man, carrying a dagger and wearing ornaments of sounding gold, and gleaming like a sandalwood-tree, along with five or six loose characters, making loud noises with the clapping of hands, and laughing with one another; and he amused himself for a time with them, all chattering to their hearts' content. And having entertained himself as much as he pleased with these loose fellows, stupid in their vanity, and having past the time of the fiercest heat of the day, the man returned home. And on the next day the king saw the same man come in there again, with very wretched expression of countenance, with his two eyes overflowing, with colorless lower lip and dry throat and palate, wearing a girdle of rags, and with unclean body. And when he sat down, sighing, not far off, the king, in pure compassion, askt him, seeming to remove his sorrow: "Fair sir, you came here yesterday wearing very shining garments, and today you come fallen into such a plight; tell me the reason." Hearing his words he replied to the king: "What good will it do for this to be heard? But nevertheless I will tell you. Where the gamesters congregate, there I play at dice by day and night. I know (the game of) backward-and-forward, and am marvelously skilled at dice. And I know 'strength of wit' [a variety of chess] in the four-membered game (of chess), strong-armed with its array of elephants [bishops], horses [knights], ministers [queens], and chariots [rooks]. And I am skilled at (the game called) winning-of-wealth; even strong players have been worsted by me. But tho I continually possess such ability,

I am today cast down by divine will; and arriving at such a plight as you see, I am wandering, stricken by fate. Divine will is the supreme power in the world, and human endeavor is vain. If one lives neglecting this saying, his manly endeavor is of no avail." [39]

Hearing these words of the downhearted man, the king replied to him in turn, compassionately, as if giving him instruction: "My friend, do not destroy your pride, wealth, virtue, and position by playing any longer with the dice. It is thru them that this your condition has been brought about." Hearing this, the excellent gambler replied to the king: "Sir, you are mistaken in saying that this is an evil. For the triple musical arts [song, dancing, and instrumental music] and poetry and science and piety and contemplation and even knowledge of the Supreme Soul — all these do not compare at all with (the pleasure of) gaming. The life of those creatures of this round of existence who do not know gambling is lost in their folly, and worthless, even as the life of beasts. You do not know the joy that arises from gaming. Do not tell me not to play; if you are my friend, give me friendly help. Whether this playing at dice be a blessing or a curse, I am not minded to give it up; therefore do not forbid it to me. Since you call me 'friend,' I throw myself on your mercy; assume the role [literally, adopt the marks] of a friend and remove my distress. By instruction alone even a friend cannot give success; be my supporter by aiding me with a gift of money." Hearing these words of the chief of gamblers, and saying with a smile "I will do what is proper in this case," the king became silent. [59]

At this time two travelers came from a foreign country, and stood in the temple, and conversed with one another. "There is a goddess Manasiddhi ['Winning of Desires'] in a cave on Mount Indrakila; and there, in a temple, are the eight Bhāiravas [forms of Śiva], set out towards the eight directions. If a man first pays honors to the eight Bhāiravas with blood from the eight parts of his body, and then makes an offering to the goddess with blood from his neck, the goddess will be satisfied with that man, and being propitiated will give him what he wishes. We are not able to behold this goddess." Aroused by their words the king went to Indra's mountain, and saw Manasiddhi, who grants the 'winning of desires.' At the sight of her the darkness of his ignorance was dispelled, and the lotus of his heart blossomed forth, like the world at the sight of the sun. The king first performed with due ceremony all his daily duties, and then started to pay homage with his blood to her and the Bhāiravas. And as he was about to cut his own members with his sword, straightway she checked him by the hand and said to the king who sought a boon: "Choose your boon." Then fixing his mind on the goddess he chose a boon: "Give the wealth I have wished for to that man who previously made a request of me, (knowing me to be) a protector to a friend." Saying "So be it," and pleased at heart at the kindness of Vikramārka, the goddess Manasiddhi straightway gave him a marvelous pellet, which yielded every day as much wealth as was desired; and then she disappeared. And King Vikramāditya, having performed his severe task, gave the pellet in compassion to the gambler, and went to his city.

Thus the statue told this famous story to King Bhoja, and he gave up his desire for the throne.

Here ends the twenty-seventh story

BRIEF RECENSION OF 27

Once more a statue said: O king, listen.

One time as the king wandered over the earth, he came to Yoginipura. Here in a shrine of Great Kalikā was a penance-grove, charming with eight round windows (in its temple), and a fair lake. Viewing the arrangements here, the king sat down for a moment. At this time a certain glorious-looking man, adorned with fine sandalwood (perfume), garments, and ornaments, with betel in his mouth, and accompanied by two other similar men, came in and stood a while at one of the round windows, and went out again. And the king, wondering who he was, remained there until sundown. Then the same man came in with dejected countenance (like) a ravenous demon [or, wild beast], girt up high at the waist. The king said: "Noble sir, yesterday your appearance was handsome and glorious; why have you now come to such a state as this?" He said: "My karma is such." The king said: "Who are you?" Said he: "I am a gambler. O king, I know how to play sārīphala [a kind of chess], and sot-kaṇṭha [?], and 'four-membered' [another sort of chess], and 'cowrie-shells,' and 'raised fist,' and 'backward-and-forward,' and 'ten-times-four,' and ciraṇīya [?], and dhūlikā ['powder' ?]; but words and vows are all fallible, infallible is nothing but fate." The king said: "If you know this, and if you have now had a reverse, and lost (even) your garments, then why do you play?" Said he: "O king, there is in this gaming a supreme joy that is more pleasing even than Indra's heaven or than nectar." Hearing this the king smiled and made no reply. Said the man: "Look now, friend; if you will do a kind action in my behalf, then I can obtain good luck." The king said: "I will do as God commands." As they two were conversing thus, two great men [saints ?] came into the temple, and talkt with each other in this manner: "If blood from the eight limbs (of a man) be given to the eight Bhāiravas, and blood from the neck to Kalikā, the deities will be appeased thereby and will grant any wish." Hearing this the king gave blood from his eight limbs to the eight Bhāiravas, and from his neck to Kalikā; and the goddess said: "O king, I am appeased, choose a wish." The king said: "If you are appeased, then let this gambler not suffer loss." The goddess agreed, and the king departed, having given the gambler good luck [?].

The statue said: O king, let him ascend this throne who has such magnanimity.

Here ends the twenty-seventh story

JAINISTIC RECENSION OF 27

When King Bhoja again on another occasion had made complete preparations for the coronation-rite and was ascending the throne, the twenty-seventh statue said: "O king, he who has magnanimity like Vikramāditya's mounts upon this throne." And when the king askt "Of what sort was that magnanimity?" the statue said: "O king,

In Avantī-city, the noble King Vikrama. One time as he was traveling to see the strange sights of the world, in a certain city he entered a temple. Then a man wearing very handsome garments came in there. And seeing him the king thought: "This must surely be some rascal; for:

1. Generally a great noise comes from a worthless object; for no such sound is made (by striking) on gold as on brass."

Then, after waiting a moment, the man went out. Again on the next day he came

back, with dejected countenance and wearing only a loin-cloth made of old, tattered rags; and being asked the reason by the king, he said: "Noble sir, why do you ask? I am a gambler, and in playing today I have lost all, and have come hither, fearing the necessity of giving up something else. For:

2. O pale man with face scratched by your finger-nails, is the play, characteristic of good and bad men alike, which is practised alike in slaughter-houses and in temples, favorable to you?"

Then the king, beholding his misery, said with his unequalled compassion: "Hear, my friend!

3. Fate tricks those who seek money by gambling, honor by service, and enjoyment by begging."

Hearing this he said: "Sir, you do not know the joy of gambling. For nectar [or, immortality, heaven] is nothing but a name; food is attended by pain [or, punningly, digestion]; ornamentation gives pleasure to nothing but pride; the pleasures of women are unsatisfactory because undependable; the trio of song, dance, and (instrumental) music is dependent on other people; and the pleasure of the Supreme Soul is unattainable; therefore in this unprofitable round of existence the cream of all is the joy of the play, so that even ascetics cherish the desire to become absorbed in it. For:

4. As the gambler meditates on the game, as one separated from his mistress meditates on her, as an archer who shoots from the *rādhā*-position meditates on the mark, so I meditate on you, O God!"

Hearing this the king thought: "Alas!

5. Ignorance surely is an evil even greater than all the vices of anger and so on; a man enwrapt in it does not know a good object from a bad."

Then the king gave him instruction. And he said: "If you are devoted to the service of others, then do a certain thing for me." The king said: "If you will give up the vice of gambling, then I will do it." He said: "So be it." Then he said: "On Mount Ratnasānu there is a goddess *Manāsiddhi*. Before her shrine there is a spring, and its door shuts one instant and opens the next. Whoever is clever enough to get in there, if he takes water from the spring, and performs a bath for the goddess ('s statue), and paying homage to her offers his own head as a sacrifice, to him the goddess gives whatever boon he desires. But I cannot do this." Hearing this the king went thither, and by his dexterity brought out some water, and having performed the homage and the bath was about to make an offering of his own head, when the goddess appeared before him and gave him a boon. But the king caused that boon to be given to the gambler, and returned to his city. In the words of the verse:

6. Having first performed a bath for the goddess with water from her spring, and offered homage and his own head as a sacrifice, he gave the boon obtained to a gambler; ah, truly generous was this *Vikrama*!

Therefore, O king, if such magnanimity is found in you, then mount upon this throne.

Here ends the twenty-seventh story in the Thirty-two Tales of the Throne

28. Story of the Twenty-eighth Statuette

Vikrama abolishes the sacrificing of men to a bloody goddess

SOUTHERN RECENSION OF 28

When the king once more was ascending the throne, another statue said: "O king, one who is endowed with magnanimity and other virtues like Vikrama is worthy to mount upon this throne, and no other." And Bhoja said: "O statue, tell me a tale of his magnanimity and other virtues." And she said: "O king, listen.

King Vikramāditya went forth to travel about the earth and came to a certain city. Near that city there flowed a river of pure water. And on the bank of the river was a grove adorned with various flowers and fruits, in the middle of which was a very charming shrine. The king bathed in the water of that river, and then made obeisance to the god and sat down in the temple. At this time four strangers came in and sat near the king. And the king asked them: "Sirs, whence do you come?" And one of them said: "We come from the east." And the king said: "What strange thing have you seen there?" He replied: "My lord, we have seen a very strange thing; in fact, we barely got away with our lives." The king asked: "How was that?" And he said: "In that country there is a place called Vetālapurī, where a goddess *Çoṇitapriyā* ['Fond of Blood'] dwells. The people of that place and the king offer a human sacrifice to this goddess every year, to obtain fulfilment of their desires. If some stranger arrives on that day, even him they slay and hand over to the goddess, like a sacrificial animal. And on our journey we arrived at that city on that very day. And the people of the place came together to destroy us, but we heard of it and came away in flight, barely escaping with our lives. This very astonishing thing have we seen." Hearing this King Vikrama went thither, and saw the terrible temple, and made obeisance to the goddess, and praised her:

1. "May *Brahmāṇī*, whose face is kindly as the lovely moon, and *Māheçvarī*, with her grace, and *Kāumārī*, who causes destruction to the pride of the enemy, and *Vāiṣṇavī*, armed with the disc, and *Vārāhī*, roaring with a deep and terrible rumble, and *Āindrī*, armed with the club (of Indra), and *Cāmuṇḍā*, joined with *Gaṇeça* and *Rudra* — may these Mothers [the Energies or female counterparts of seven principal gods] protect me!"

With this verse of praise he entered into the assembly pavilion. At this moment a certain man of wretched countenance came in, attended

by a crowd of the people, and preceded by musical instruments. And seeing him the king reflected in his heart: "This is the very man who is being led hither for a sacrifice to the goddess by the people. That is why his countenance looks so downcast. At this moment I will give my own body, and cause him to be releast. Even if this body lasts a hundred years it must in any case come to destruction after all. Therefore one should acquire virtue and glory even at the expense of the body. And it is said:

2. Unstable is fortune, unstable is life, unstable is the body, and youth likewise; wholly unstable is the round of existence; and stable are (only) glory and virtue. And again:

3. Transitory are our bodies, our wealth lasts not forever, and death is always imminent; let a store of righteousness be accumulated. And so:

4. Wealth is like the dust of the feet; youth is like the rushing torrent of a mountain stream; human affairs are as uncertain and wavering as a drop of water; life is like sea-foam. If a man does not with steadfast purpose practise virtue, which unlocks the bolts of heaven, when bent with old age he is overcome with remorse, and burns in the fire of anguish."

Thus reflecting the king said to those people: "O people, whither are you taking this wretched-faced man?" They said: "We are going to give him to the goddess as an offering." The king said: "Why?" They replied: "The goddess will be propitiated by this human offering, and will grant our desires." The king said: "O people, this man is very small of stature, and exceedingly afraid. What pleasure will the goddess derive from the sacrifice of his body? So let him go, and I myself will give my body for this purpose. I have a well-developed body, and the goddess will be pleased with the offering of my flesh. Therefore have me killed, and let the sacrifice be made to her." Thus speaking the king set the man free, and went himself in front of the goddess; and as he was about to let his sword fall upon his throat, the goddess stayed the sword and said: "Great hero, I am appeased by your fortitude and benevolence; choose a wish." The king said: "O goddess, if you are propitiated, then from today on relinquish the sacrifice of human flesh." The goddess said: "So be it." The people said to the king: "O king, you bear suffering just for the sake of others, like a great tree, giving up all desire for your own happiness. For thus (it is said):

5. Renouncing desire for your own happiness, you suffer day after day for the sake of others. But this is only your natural behavior. For a tree endures the fierce heat with its crest, and with its shade relieves the burning of those who take refuge there."

And the king, taking leave of them, returned to his own city.

Having told this story the statue said to the king: "O king, if such fortitude and magnanimity are found in you, then mount upon this throne." And hearing this the king was silent.

Here ends the twenty-eighth story

METRICAL RECENSION OF 28

When the King of Bhojas once more had performed the morning rites and approacht the twenty-eighth statue, the statue, looking upon the king, said to him: "Hear, O king. That king who has the courage of Vikramāditya may sit upon this noble throne." Hearing this King Bhoja said to the statue: "Of what sort is the story of the praise of Vikramārka's courage and boldness? Tell it to me." When he had spoken thus, she said to the king: "Listen, and I will tell a charming tale about him. [9]

One time Vikramāditya, protecting his vast empire, traveled about the earth to see wondrous sights. Going from one lovely island to another, from one city to another, and from one mountain to another, he viewed the various marvels. Now in the neighborhood of a certain city he saw a grove of all kinds of trees, and a thicket of young mangos. Here he entered to rest into the dense mango-shade, which was full of the song of bees enjoying the nectar of the flowers, which resounded abundantly in the fifth note (of the scale) as sung by flocks of wanton cuckoos [whose cry is said to be pitcht on that note], and which was closely filled with hundreds of branches crested [as if with a cūḍā or forelock] with young sprouts and flowers. Just then four men, dwellers in a foreign land, arrived and approacht that tree. And the king entered into virtuous conversation with them, and skillful in questions askt of them, after first inquiring about their health: "From what country have you come to this land, and why? What strange thing is there to say about the land you dwell in?" Thus askt by the king they replied: "O king, we will tell your majesty a certain tale. Desiring to see various countries, we have come here to a foreign land. We happened to arrive at a strange land, of far-famed marvels. There we came near being killed, and fled in fright, and barely getting out of that country came to this land." Hearing their words the adventurous king said to them: "How was it that death came near to you?" And they said to the king: "We will tell you all. [34]

There is a great city named Vetālanagara, thronged with hundreds of formidable gates, watch-towers, and pennants. There lives a certain goddess named Çoṇitapriyā, armed with the dart, sword, spear, ax, snare, hook, and bow, and fond of human flesh. And the people of the place pray to her, saying: "O goddess, fulfil our desires, and we will give you a man as an offering." Thus entreated, when she fulfils their desires, then these cruel men take whatever man they chance upon, going along the road, and slay him before the goddess. Thus every day many men are slain there. We, as strangers, knowing nothing of these facts, arrived there; and the men of the place

came together quickly and wanted to seize us; but perceiving their purpose we came away hither, O king. Such was the goddess, Sire, whom we saw there." [48]

Thus address by the strangers Vikramārka left them, and went to that country in zealous haste to see this wonder. There he entered into the shrine of Caṇḍikā [an epithet of Īṣa's wife, with whom any bloody goddess may be identified], situated near a palm-tree sprout[?]. It was distinguished by hundreds of pictures, carvings, and banners; it was adorned with a circle of lofty rooms resounding with crickets; it was full of the juice of human marrow and fat, sought after by crowds of ghouls and herons; it was terrifying by reason of the hand-claps of crowds of dancing vetālas [vampires]; it was heaped up on all sides with human skeletons, mountain high, at which throngs of howling jackals bellowed, while flocks of crows and herons crowded about; and it was made slimy with the brains and flesh of dead men. Men had been frightened away from this place; but King Vikrama, intending to enter there forthwith, then gazed upon the goddess and did reverence to her. And her eight arms were adorned with a row of skulls, with a bloody food-bowl, with the noose and hook and sword, and with the citron and the abhayā-plant. And the king praised her, and sat down right there. [63]

At this moment there appeared a number of those people from another direction, filling all the ten regions of the sky with the sounds of musical instruments and drums, and pervading the whole horizon with the swelling splendor of the drum-beats. These people, lacking in the least sign of mercy, came into the temple of the goddess bringing bound a man, stained from bloody garlands. Seeing this wretched, wizened-faced man there in bonds, the self-subdued King Vikramāditya was moved to pity. And the brave king reflected thus in his intelligent heart: "'Unstable is fortune, unstable is life, unstable are pleasure and youth; existence is always unstable; virtue and glory are always stable.' 'Transitory are our bodies, our wealth lasts not forever, and death is always nigh; let a store of righteousness be accumulated.' So now with my own body I will cause this wretched man to be released." And he said to those mighty men: "Ho there, why have you, so many of you, bound this man and brought him here?" Thus address by the king they answered him briefly: "Why, to offer him to the goddess." "Then let the poor wretch go, and cut off *my* head." Thus he caused the man to be released, and put the sacrificial garland from the man's head upon his own, and with loud laughter, tho tied fast, with his hair bound back, he took his place upon the solemn seat and offered his head for the goddess. Then quickly raising the sword they started to kill him, but halted, embarrassed by the courage of Vikramāditya. Thereupon the gods rained flowers upon his head, and the goddess appeared and said to the king: "O king, I am propitiated by you, choose a great boon." Thus commanded by the goddess the king said: "If you are propitiated by me, O goddess, then, with compassion in the future, do not after today accept human sacrifices, O mother." Saying "So be it," the goddess respected his words; and all the people were amazed and praised the king. Then the king, the best of conquerors, returned to his own city.

If such courage and fortitude are found in you, O king, then you are worthy to ascend this noble throne.

Here ends the twenty-eighth story

BRIEF RECENSION OF 28

Again a statue said: O king, listen.

Once the king askt for a story from a stranger. Said he: "Sire, as I was wandering I lost my way. In the eastern region there is a city named Çoṇitapura [city of blood], where is a goddess Māṇsapriyā ['Fond of Flesh']. Whenever any one in this place vows a man or a couple [man and wife] to the goddess, to obtain his heart's desire, upon the fulfilment of the desire he either buys victims, or seizes them as they go along the road, and offers them to the goddess. Such is the custom of the place. By good luck I escaped." Hearing this the king went to that place and beheld the temple of the goddess; and having bathed and offered obeisance and praise, the king sat down there. At this moment he saw a crowd approaching, with sounds of various musical instruments, songs, and dancing, as well as lamentations and cries of 'shame.' The king was filled with compassion, and said: "Ho there, something beautiful should be given to the goddess, and this man appears feeble; so let him go, and let the goddess be pleased with my sound body." So saying he caused the man to be releast, and, after the death-song and dance, started to cut off his own head. Then the goddess was propitiated by his courage, and said: "Choose a wish." The king said: "Do not take human offerings." The goddess consented, and the king returned to his city.

The statue said: O king, let him who has such courage ascend this throne.

Here ends the twenty-eighth story

JAINISTIC RECENSION OF 28

When King Bhoja again on another occasion had made complete preparations for the coronation-rite and was ascending the throne, the twenty-eighth statue said: "O king, he who has magnanimity like Vikramāditya's ascends this throne." And when the king askt "Of what sort was that magnanimity?" the statue said: "O king,

In Avantī-city, the noble King Vikrama. Once as he was traveling about the earth out of curiosity, he stopt in a mango grove outside of a certain city. Four men, dwellers in another country, came in there, with whom the king conversed about the lands, and askt them what marvels they had encountered. They said: "What a question! It is only by God's grace that we are alive." Thereupon the king askt: "Wherefore?" And they said: "In the eastern region there is a city Vetālapura, where there is a goddess Çoṇitapriyā. She is fond of human flesh, and very mighty. And whoever pays devotions to her offers her a human sacrifice. And for this purpose either a man is bought for a price, or a stranger is taken by violence. We arrived there, and were seized by the men of the place for an offering, and with great difficulty got away in flight to this place." Hearing this the king out of curiosity went thither. And as he came to the goddess's temple, a certain stranger had been seized by the men of the place. And the poor trembling wretch, after being bathed and having a garland of flowers thrown on his head, was just being led into the goddess's house, with great pomp, to be offered up. Seeing him the king's heart was moved to compassion, and he thought: "Shame on these wicked men, who just for the sake of their own earthly affairs are killing a man; and shame on this deity too, who makes it her sport to injure living creatures. For:

1. All living creatures desire their own happiness and shun their own misery; all of them love life and fear death.

2. Those who subject to suffering many crores [a crore is 10,000,000] of living beings for the sake of their own lives alone — how selfish are their lives!

So if this man's life is lost today with me looking on, then what sort of compassion have I? What sort of power, and courage? Therefore by some means or other I will save him." Thus meditating in his heart, the king said: "Ho, ye people! Let go this feeble and wretched man, and take me with my vigorous body, that the goddess may more easily be propitiated by you." Hearing this they were all amazed, and thought: "Well! In general the fear of death in all creatures is a great fear, since:

3. For the sake of a family an individual shall be sacrificed; for the sake of a village a family shall be sacrificed; for the sake of a country a village shall be sacrificed; for the sake of one's self the whole world shall be sacrificed.

But this man for the sake of others sacrifices his life as if it were a blade of grass; he must be some great hero." Then the king scattered those who stood in front, and freed with his own hand the man who had been previously bound; and as he took his sword and was about to cut his own throat, the goddess appeared and stayed him by the hand, and said: "O compassionate hero, choose a wish." Then the king said: "O goddess, if you are propitiated, then give up the injury of living creatures." So she gave up the injury (of living creatures). Thereupon the people, smiling in amazement, praised the king; and the king returned to his city. In the words of the verse:

4. No one other than Vikrama is a benefactor of others; for, having set free by the gift of his own life a miserable wretch who had been brought in for sacrifice, he caused the goddess to give up the slaying of living creatures.

Therefore, O king, if such magnanimity is found in you, then mount upon this throne.

Here ends the twenty-eighth story in the Thirty-two Tales of the Throne

29. Story of the Twenty-ninth Statuette

Vikrama's lavishness praised by a bard

SOUTHERN RECENSION OF 29

When the king again approacht the throne, another statue said: "O king, only he is able to ascend this throne who has the magnanimity and other virtues of Vikrama; no other." Bhoja said: "O statue, tell me a tale of his magnanimity and other virtues." And she said: "O king, listen.

Once King Vikramārka, attended by the princes, was seated in his assembly, when a certain panegyrist came in, and recited a blessing:

1. "As long as the Ganges, the divine river of holy water, sweeps along with its rippling waves; and as long as the Sun, the light-giving protector of the earth, burns in his course thru the heavenly path; and as long as the peak of Mount Meru lasts, with the diamond and sapphire and crystal gems of which it is formed; so

long, O king, enjoy your kingdom, surrounded by your family of children and children's children."

Then he praised the king, thus: "O king,

2. As the peacock, overcome with heat, goes to the cloud and in its thirst calls upon it for water, so do I come to look upon you.

Tho I dwell on the slope of the Himālaya, even from there I have heard of your glory and have come from afar. The earth with its seven seas is adorned with your glory. For thus (it is said):

3. The earth with its seven seas is made completely luminous by your majesty, which is more resplendent even than the white camphor plant, or the white lotus, or the budding jasmine, or the waves of the heavenly river, or the ketaka tree, or the coquettish glance of a beautiful woman, or the quantity of cooling rays sent forth from afar from the (moon-crest on the) head of the Remover of Blemishes [Çiva].

O king, you are a tree of wishes to your suppliants; today I am freed from my poverty. And furthermore, at this time I would make mention of a certain king; even as you in governing your kingdom here treat all suppliants as your own self, so in the north country, in Jambīra city, in the Lord's [Çiva's] quarter [the northeast] of the Himālaya, there is a king named Dhaneçvara ['Lord of Wealth'], who averts from his suppliants the grief of their poverty and makes them lords of wealth. One time this Dhaneçvara celebrated the spring festival on the seventh day of the light half of the month Māgha. And all the beggars even of foreign countries came together. At that time this king gave away in gifts eighteen crores of gold; so eminent was the king in the virtue of liberality. Yet even in this region I had eyes only for you." [9]

Hearing his words the king called his treasurer and said: "O treasurer, take that panegyrist into the treasury and show him the precious stones of great price, and let him take from thence as many jewels as he shall pick out." And immediately the treasurer took him to the treasure-house, and showed him the many beautiful jewels; and the panegyrist took whatever jewels he desired. And when his wishes were completely satisfied, he returned to the king's presence and said: "O king, by your grace I am become a Lord of Wealth [title of Kubera, god of wealth]; for all his [Kubera's] nine treasures have come into my hands. Now even the gods, Brahmā and the rest, do not possess such a boundless scope as you; since they all are blemished by serious humiliations or the like, but you are glorious perpetually. Therefore they are not to be compared with you. For thus (it is said):

4. Çiva was thrown out upon his head [punningly: 'wears the half-moon']; Viṣṇu's bravery is tempered by fear of Kaṇsa [uncle and enemy of Viṣṇu incarnate as Kṛṣṇa]; even Brahmā is of ignoble origin [punningly: 'is born from (Viṣṇu's) navel']; with whom shall we compare your majesty, O king ?

5. Brahmā is tormented with pain [punningly: 'is filled with knowledge']; Viṣṇu has a sore lip ['carries a club']; Çiva has colic and is subject to despair ['carries a dart and swallows poison']; with whom shall we compare the king ? "

Having thus praised him, he blest him with the words "Live forever," and went to his own place.

Having told this story the statue said to the king: "O king, if such magnanimity is found in you, then mount upon this throne." And the king was silent.

Here ends the twenty-ninth story

METRICAL RECENSION OF 29

When King Bhoja once more desired to ascend that fair throne, he approacht the twenty-ninth of the ancient statues. And the statue then said to the king: "O king, if you have magnanimity and generosity like King Vikramāditya's, then mount upon this fair throne." Then Bhoja spoke a word in reply to this statue: "Tell me, of what sort were the virtue and magnanimity of this king ?" Thus askt the statue replied to the king: "Hear, King Bhoja. [9]

While Vikramārka was ruling the earth, his kingdom was free from calamities, and all its enemies were overcome. The subjects were happy, the land increast in riches and grain and was filled with all fortune; it was glorious as if it were another kingdom of heaven come down to earth. And the wealth which that Vikramāditya gave away then to the dumb and other afflicted was even in excess of a crore in number. Ever watchful, he reflected thus about all things: "How great is my kingdom, how great the treasury, its income and expenses ? What should be done and what left undone, what is proper and what improper ? What ought to be given and what taken, and what occasion have we at present ? What seasonable topic is there ? Where is there (an instance or object of) affection or friendship or love ? To whom ought little to be given and to whom much ? Where is there a marvel ?" If a man possesses these choice virtues, even if he be weak and powerless, his life is fruitful; he verily is a noble man. And these stores of virtues were found in Vikramāditya. [23]

Now when this king entered his assembly-hall, he was like Indra in bodily presence entering the assembly of the gods. For he was accompanied by all his vassals and ministering attendants from far and near, by wise men skilled in the measures of poetic utterance and familiar with the Vedas, by poets and singers and companies of elegant bards, by men who had attained the highest excellence in all instruments of music, the stringed and the fluted instruments and those that are beaten, and by leaders in all manly accomplishments. At this time a certain bard came thither from another land, and delivered a eulogy with diffuse verses of praise: "O King Vikramāditya, you who

have overthrown the circle of your enemies, live long — live in joy — live together with those you love. O ornament of the world, you who completely outdo the tree of wishes, thruout the world at the soma-festivals the mendicant bards praise your generosity. O Sun of Glory, I am honored today. Listen attentively to my good fortune, O king, jewel of generous givers. In the northern quarter, on the northeast of the Himalāya, there is a city Daçapurāmdama, like unto the city of the gods. Here a righteous hero named Vijayasena was king; and now his kinsman Rājaçekhara rules the land. With regard to him I can tell you of something that was a marvel to see. On the seventh day of the light half of the month Māgha, being surrounded by his vassal princes, this leader of the generous held a spring festival. And all the men of exceptional wisdom who came thither, and the many poets, and the poor, wretched, and feeble beggars, all of them this noble prince gratified with gold, jewels, garments, and ornaments, according to their deserts, knowledge, capacities, virtues, and desires. And they granted all his desires in return. So generous was this Rājaçekhara, whom I saw there. But even there the wise praise only your majesty's magnanimity. Therefore, O Vikramāditya, you are Purūravas ['Far-sounding,' name of an ancient hero] here upon earth; there is no king like you for generosity, honor, and valor." [53]

And when the mendicant bard had praised him with many such eulogies, the king stopt him, saying: "You exceed all bounds." Then the king called the overseer of his treasury, and said: "O treasurer, take this bard into my treasury, and show him its riches, and whatever riches he sees there that he wants, let him take as much as he likes." Thus the king loaded him with wealth. And then the overseer of the treasury said to the king: "Hear, O king; I will tell you how large a sum of money was found here yesterday; give careful heed to me. If any king upon earth is not devoted to evil ways, his wealth must always be reported to him daily, reckoning up income and expenses. And those who are skilled in polity ever condemn a minister who reports to his master without taking careful account. And whoever writes what he composes in his report to deceive his master, shall certainly go to hell for as long as the sun and the moon shall last." Hearing this the king said to the overseer of the treasury: "How great has been the expenditure of money?" And he then reported: "O king, I report that on the auspicious day, the ninth of the light half of the month Māgha, not counting the expenses of your personal adornment and consumption and the wages of your servants, the religious expenses were of this extent: thrice fifty crores of *ṭaṅkaas* [a weight] of gold, and furthermore sixty lacs and five hundreds (in fees) for those who officiated. This is what is written in your religious accounts, O king."

If such righteousness and such magnanimity reside in you, O king, then you are worthy to mount upon this throne.

Here ends the twenty-ninth story

BRIEF RECENSION OF 29

[This, in mss. of BR, is 12

The twelfth statue said: O king, listen.

While Vikrama was king there was a king named Virasena. One of his panegyrists came and spoke to the king (Vikrama) the usual word of blessing. Then he praised Virasena: "There is no one so noble as Virasena. In former time at the festival in honor of spring he gave a crore of money. Such is the king, a destroyer of poverty." Then Vikrama was pleased, and summoned his treasurer; and the king said: "Take

this bard into the treasury, and give him wealth until he is satisfied." Then (the treasurer) said: "Sire, let the king be informed of the expenses that have been met, besides the money given away and spent on enjoyment." So speaking he showed him a paper: "Fifty crores." All this money was spent on the seventh solar day of the light half of the month Māgha.

The statue said: O king, let him ascend this throne who has such magnanimity.

Here ends the twelfth story

THE JAINISTIC RECENSION has here "Sign-reader." See below, p. 256

30. Story of the Thirtieth Statuette

The clever mountebank

SOUTHERN RECENSION OF 30

When the king once more was ascending the throne, another statue said: "O king, let him ascend this throne who is endowed with magnanimity and other virtues like Vikrama." The king said: "O statue, tell me a tale of his magnanimity." And she said: "Hear, O king.

Once King Vikrama, attended by all his vassal princes, had ascended his throne. At this time a certain magician came in, and blessing him with the words "Live forever!" said: "Sire, you are skilled in all the arts; many magicians have come into your presence and exhibited their tricks. So today be so good as to behold an exhibition of my dexterity." The king said: "I have not time now; it is the time to bathe and eat. Tomorrow I will behold it." So on the morrow the juggler came into the king's assembly as a stately man, with a mighty beard and glorious countenance, holding a sword in his hand, and accompanied by a lovely woman; and he bowed to the king. Then the ministers who were present, seeing the stately man, were astonished, and asked: "O hero, who are you, and whence do you come?" He said: "I am a servant of Great Indra; I was cursed once by my lord, and was cast down to earth; and now I dwell here. And this is my wife. Today a great battle has begun between the gods and the Dāityas [demons], so I am going thither. This King Vikramāditya treats other men's wives as his sisters, so before going to the battle I wish to leave my wife with him." Hearing this the king also was greatly amazed. And the man left his wife with the king and delivered her over to him, and sword in hand flew up into heaven. Then a great and terrible shouting was heard in the sky: "Ho there, kill them, kill them, smite them, smite them!" were the words they heard. And all the people

who sat in the court, with upturned faces, gazed in amazement. After this, when a moment had past by, one of the man's arms, holding his sword and stained with blood, fell from the sky into the king's assembly. Then all the people, seeing it, said: "Ah, this great hero has been killed in battle by his opponents; his sword and one arm have fallen." While the people who sat in the court were even saying this, again his head fell also; and then his trunk fell too. And seeing this his wife said: "Sire, my husband, fighting on the field of battle, has been slain by the enemy. His head, his arm, his sword, and his trunk have fallen down here. So, that this my beloved may not be wooed by the heavenly nymphs, I will go to where he is. Let fire be provided for me." Hearing her words the king said: "My daughter, why will you enter the fire? I will guard you even as my own daughter; preserve your body." She said: "Sire, what is this you say? My lord, for whom this body of mine exists, has been slain on the battlefield by his foes. Now for whose sake shall I preserve this body? Moreover, you should not say this, since even fools know that wives should follow their husbands. For thus it is said:

1. Moonlight goes with the moon, the lightning clings to the cloud, and women follow their husbands; even fools know this.

And so, as the learned tradition has it:

2. The wife who enters into the fire when her husband dies, imitating Arundhati [a star, regarded as the wife of one of the 'Seven Rishis' (the Dipper), and as a typical faithful spouse] in her behavior, enjoys bliss in heaven.

3. Until a wife burns herself in the fire after the death of her husband, so long that woman can in no way be (permanently) freed from the body.

4. A woman who follows after her husband shall surely purify three families: her mother's, her father's, and that into which she was given (in marriage).

And so:

5. Three and a half crores [a crore is 10,000,000] is the number of the hairs on the human body; so many years shall a wife who follows her husband dwell in heaven.

6. As a snake-charmer powerfully draws a snake out of a hole, so a wife draws her husband upward (by burning herself) and enjoys bliss with him.

7. A wife who abides by the law of righteousness (in burning herself) saves her husband, whether he be good or wicked; yes, even if he be guilty of all crimes.

Furthermore, O king, a woman who is bereft of her husband has no use for her life. And it is said:

8. What profit is there in the life of a wretched woman who has lost her husband? Her body is as useless as a banyan tree [? a cake ?] in a cemetery.

9. Surely father, brother, and son measure their gifts; what woman would not honor her husband, who gives without measure?

Moreover:

10. Tho a woman be surrounded by kinsfolk, tho she have many sons, and be endowed with excellent qualities, she is miserable, poor wretched creature, when deprived of her husband. And so:

11. What shall a widow do with perfumes, garlands, and incense, or with manifold ornaments, or garments and couches of ease?

12. A lute does not sound without strings, a wagon does not go without wheels, and a wife does not obtain happiness without her husband, not even with a hundred kinsfolk.

13. Woman's highest refuge is her husband, even if he be poor, vicious, old, infirm, crippled, outcast, and stingy.

14. There is no kinsman, no friend, no protector, no refuge for a woman like her husband.

15. There is no other misery for women like widowhood. Happy is she among women who dies before her husband."

Thus speaking she fell at the king's feet, begging that a fire be provided for her. And when the king heard her words, his heart being tender with genuine compassion, he caused a pyre to be erected of sandalwood and the like, and gave her leave. So she took leave of the king, and in his presence entered the fire together with her husband's body. And the sun set. On the morrow when the king had performed all his morning duties and ascended upon his throne, attended by all his vassal princes and other attendants, that same prince came in, sword in hand, tall and with shining form as before, and put upon the king's neck a garland woven of flowers from the heavenly Tree of Wishes, which was thick with a swarm of bees delighting in their fragrance. And conveying to the king the greetings of Indra he began to converse with him variously about the fight. And seeing him arrived all the council was amazed, and the king was amazed also. And again he said: "O king, I went from this place to heaven, where there was a great battle between Indra and the Dāityas, in which many demons were killed, while some got away in flight. After the battle God Indra said to me graciously: 'O prince, it is a long time

since I have seen you. Where have you been this long time ? ' Then I said: ' My lord, because of your curse I have been dwelling these many days upon earth. Hearing that today a battle was in progress between my lord and the Dāityas, I came hither to help.' Thereupon Great Indra's heart was much pleased, and he said: ' O prince, from today on go no more to earth; your curse is lifted, I am satisfied with you. Take this golden bracelet, studded with the nine jewels.' So speaking he took his bracelet from his own hand and himself put it upon mine. And I replied: ' My lord, at the time when I came hither I left my wife in charge of Vikramārka; so I will fetch her and return immediately.' Thus speaking to Purandara [Indra] I came hither. Now you treat other men's wives as your sisters; so give me this my wife, and I will go with her again to heaven." When the king heard these words he was amazed, and did not reply. And again he said: " O king, why do you sit silent ? " The people who stood about the king said: " Your wife has entered the fire." He said: " Why ? " Then they also were silent, knowing not what to reply. Thereupon he said: " O king, jewel of kings, you who treat other men's wives as your sisters, tree of wishes for all suppliant-folk, Prince Vikrama, live forever! I am the magician, and this that I have shown you was a trick of juggler's art." The king was astonished. And at that time the treasurer came in and said: " O king, the king of Pāṇḍya has sent his tribute to your majesty." The king said: " What has he sent ? " And he said: " Lord, listen attentively.

16. Eight crores of gold, ninety-three weights of pearls, fifty burden-bearing elephants, the perfume of whose rutting-fluid is the delight of bees; three hundred horses, and a hundred courtezans skillful in manifold arts; all this, O most noble King Vikrama, the king of Pāṇḍya has sent to your majesty."

Then the king said: " O treasurer, let all this be given to the magician." So he gave him all of it.

Having told this tale the statue said to King Bhoja: " O king, if such magnanimity is found in you, then mount upon this throne." And the king was silent.

Here ends the thirtieth story

METRICAL RECENSION OF 30

When Bhoja again approacht to mount the fair throne, the thirtieth ancient statue addressd a word to him: " O king, if Vikramāditya's magnanimity is in you, then you are worthy to mount upon this excellent throne." " Of what sort were his actions, so interwoven with the virtue of magnanimity ? " Thus King Bhoja askt the statue,

whereupon she told to King Bhoja the story of that king's actions, pervaded with righteousness and with the virtue of magnanimity. [8]

While Vikramāditya, the knower of truth, was protecting the earth and keeping it free from distress, one time he stood alone in private and reflected: "When genuinely pure consciousness, so hard to obtain, is produced in a mortal who dwells in the truly unprofitable round of existence; when Viṣṇu, who destroys the dangers of existence, is worshipt, or when the realization is born in a man that 'Kṛṣṇa is all'; when satisfaction with money is given to beggars according to their full desires; in these ways only is produced the fruitfulness of existence which men esteem. So, as I have enjoyed worldly delights which are hard to obtain upon earth, from now on I will strive to obtain the fruits of the other world." Making up his mind thus, the steadfast king, who always made good his words, unselfishly built in the neighborhood of towns and cities, and also in various desert places, ponds and wells and pools, adorned with groves of trees. He also built cottages and halls [for wayfarers], and temples for the gods, and placed food and drink for all who might come in the forests. And the poor and afflicted beggars he gratified likewise with manifold food and drink, with wealth, garments, and ornaments. [25]

Now one time when the Great Solstice had arrived the king came into a temple of Īiva, the lord of the immortals. Then, having bathed in the water of the Ganges and paid homage in due form to the god, he gave away to everyone wealth to the extent of each man's desire. Having thus satisfied all the beggars assembled there, and having gratified his ministers and generals and other followers according to their merits with garments, ornaments, camphor-perfume, betel, and so on, the king dismissed them, having made his subjects glad. Having thus gratified all people, he reflected that according to the best of his judgment his life had that day become fruitful; and he was exceeding glad. At this time a great minister spoke thus to the king: "Sire, even in this way your majesty should continue to accumulate a store of righteousness. 'As long as this body is whole and in good health, and old age afar off, and as long as the power of the faculties is unimpaired and one's life is not spent, even so long a prudent man should make great efforts for his soul's welfare. But when your house is in flames, why try to stop it by digging a well?' " Much pleased with these words, the king said to the minister: "Well said, minister! You show love for me without any guile. 'Easy to find, O prince, are men who will always say pleasant things; but it is hard to find one who will either speak or hear that which is unpleasant but wholesome.' " [45]

At this time there arrived from some place a certain magician, who said "Hail!" and then address the king: "O Vikramārka, your majesty's glory has become the crowning splendor [literally, ear-ring] of all creatures in the world; therefore I have come hither to see you. O king, even tho no one may have the power to gratify you by any art [sc. because you are adept in all of them], nevertheless give your attention to this one (attempt)." Saying "Very well," the king set a certain time for him. and the magician departed, saying: "I will straightway get all my implements, and will immediately return to your presence." Then shortly a certain man appeared, bearing a sword and shield; and after him followed his wife, who appeared to be a young woman of lovely form, clad in silk, with her veil embroidered with pictures, with sweet camphor and betel perfumes sprinkled over her tunic. These two took their stand before Vikramārka; and all their actions were frank and open, conform-

ably to their seeming rank. And then the king askt him: "Who are you?" He replied to the king: "I am a servant of Indra. And because I was once curst by him, I wander about here on earth. At present a war has arisen between the gods and the demons, and the King of the Gods has called me thither to help. So I am going thither, O king; let this woman remain in your presence until my return. The great treasure called Woman ought not to be trusted to anyone's power; but your majesty has a stainless reputation for treating other men's wives as your sisters, and so I have determined to leave her with you, O king." [71]

Thus speaking he departed, taking his arms; and the king beheld him flying up to heaven. Then straightway there were heard in heaven great shouts, such as this: "Now take, take him! Smite him! We are going to kill him! Crush him! Strike him! Fell him!" It was terrible to hear. Then in one place a severed hand fell, holding a shield; and elsewhere fell from heaven an entire body, struck down and cut to pieces. Thereupon that fair woman straightway said to the king: "O king, this my husband has fallen down, slain in battle. In all probability my beloved will be wholly disappointed by the throngs of nymphs in the heaven of heroes, and will wait for *my* arrival. Therefore I will enter the fire; let your majesty now give your permission." Thus address the king repeatedly tried to dissuade her, but the fair-formed woman would not stay, being passionately devoted to her lord. And she straightway had constructed there a pyre out of hundreds of fagots, and gave her personal ornaments to worthy individuals, and eagerly entered the fire along with the body of her beloved. [88]

Then as the king was mourning for the dead couple, suddenly from somewhere or other that warrior came swiftly in, and bowed to the king, saying that he had come from heaven. He gave him a garland of the heavenly coral-tree, and told him the news of the heavenly world, and said to the king: "Sire, God Indra has accepted my service, and has bade me remain even there, the King of the Immortals. And promising definitely that I would fetch my wife and return, swiftly I have come into your presence, O king. I would leave this very day; so give me my wife." Hearing this the king was astounded and remained silent. But the people surrounding the king said to the magician: "She has entered the fire along with her husband." Thereupon he said: "I am alive; with whom then was she allowed to enter the fire? You are courtiers indeed; for they simply reflect the king's mind in their words. And appropriately has this saying been said, by men well-versed in the subject: 'Whatever kings say, be it right or wrong, their followers like echoes straightway say the same.' " When he spoke thus, the king had no answer at all to make. But after a moment the wise King Vikramārka, pondering and reflecting on the matter, uttered this verse: "Ah, cleverness in the performance of magic, even tho false, gives the impression of truth." And all the assembly was thrown into the greatest consternation, not understanding the facts of the case, and wondering: "What do the king's words mean?" Then the magician, rejoist at heart, praised the king highly; and the fair woman suddenly stood forth by his side. Then he said to the king: "I am the magician, returned again here. I have exhibited in your presence an extraordinary trick of my art." And when the magician said this, the king also was pleased. At this moment a tax-collector reported the treasure sent as tribute by the King of Pāṇḍya, writing it down in the king's presence:

Eight crores of gold, ninety-three weights of pearls, fifty elephants of unrestrained

fury, whose rutting-fluid is the delight of bees; three hundred horses, and a hundred courtezans skilled in manifold arts; all this, given as tribute by the King of Pāṇḍya, he gave to the magician.

If such magnanimity is found in you, King Bhoja, then mount upon this fair throne without delay.

This tale of Vikramāditya, distinguisht by magnanimity, the statue told to King Bhoja.

Here ends the thirtieth story

BRIEF RECENSION OF 30

Once more a statue said: O king, listen.

One time a certain juggler came into the king's presence (and said): "Sire, give me an occasion (for an exhibition)." "Well," said the king. And the man himself went forth, saying that he would bring the articles for the conjuring trick. Thereupon there came into the king's presence another man, Kirtimant ['glorious'] by name, armed with sword and shield, and accompanied by his wife; and making obeisance in a manner suitable to his noble origin, he said: "King Vikrama, a battle between the gods and the Dāityas [demons] has begun, and I have been sent by the gods to summon you. Now I will go to aid the gods. Since you are a pure king, do you guard my wife in your own presence until I return; I will come back quickly." Then he flew up and went to heaven, and became invisible, being watcht by all the people as he disappeared. Then a shouting was heard in the sky: "Here, here! Seize him, seize him! Smite him, smite him!" Then after a moment a body, dismembered by wounds, fell in front of the assembly. Thereupon that woman said: "Sire, my husband has perisht in the service of the gods; I will enter the fire and follow him." So saying she made preparations to die. The king caused the holy rites to be performed, and she entered the fire. And all the people were amazed. Then a certain man, bearing jewel-studded ornaments and wearing beautiful garments, came in, and made obeisance to the king, and said: "Sire, the battle has taken place between the gods and the Dāityas, and the gods have conquered. And they have given me garments and ornaments and sent me away. By your grace I have become victorious; give me my wife, and I will return to my own place." Then the king made no reply. (After a moment) the king said: "You fell down, dismembered in battle; your wife has entered the fire." Thereupon he laught, and said: "O king, you are a clever man; why do you say such a thing? How shall a wife enter the fire while her husband is alive?" The retinue of the king said: "O hero, this was just as the king says." Then seeing the king consumed with grief, the juggler bowed, and his wife came in. "Sire, I have shown you a conjurer's trick." Then the king was much pleased, and gave him a reward:

1. Eight crores of gold, ninety-three weights of pearls, fifty elephants of unrestrained fury, the perfume of whose rutting-fluid was the delight of bees; three hundred horses, and a hundred harlots skillful in manifold arts; all this was brought by the Pāṇḍu-king as tribute, and given (by Vikrama) to the magician. The statue said: O king, let him ascend this throne who has such magnanimity.

Here ends the thirtieth story

JAINISTIC RECENSION OF 30

When King Bhoja again on another occasion had made complete preparations for the coronation-rite and was ascending the throne, the thirtieth statue said: "O king, he who has magnanimity like Vikramāditya's mounts upon this throne." And when the king asked "Of what sort was that magnanimity?" the statue said: "O king,

In Avantī-city the noble King Vikrama held complete sway. One time a certain juggler, being announced by the usher, came in, and speaking the words "Live forever!" said to the king: "Sire, I will exhibit a wonderful marvel of art, if your majesty will take your place in your royal palace and watch attentively." So the king, attended by his vassals, who had come together to pay their respects, went to the assembly. Now while the juggler stood there before them, being watched by the people of the court, who smiled in astonishment, wondering what great marvel of art he would show, a certain (other) man came in. He held a sword in one hand, and by the other held a woman brilliant with great beauty and loveliness, like a heavenly nymph. And as the men in the assembly regarded this man with astonishment, he bowed to the king and said: "O king, in the unprofitable round of existence I hold that only two things are of value, fortune and woman. Some have regard for knowledge also, but it does not appeal to me. For:

1. Even a little drop of fortune gives splendor and happiness to those who enjoy it; but this knowledge, because incomplete, is not heard from at all [literally, 'does not cause anyone to make a loud noise'].

Therefore, O king, one should not leave his fortune nor a woman in anyone's care, nor trust anyone. For:

2. Those among men whose thoughts never depart from the vulgar pleasures of women have lost even the semblance of wise men in the world.

Therefore, O you who look not (lustfully) upon other men's wives, I entreat you: hear my words! I am a servant of Indra, dwelling in this world. Whenever any occasion arises, I go to heaven. Now today a battle has commenced between the gods and the Dānavas [demons], and therefore I also am going thither. But do you, as a deed of benevolence, carefully guard this my wife until I return." So speaking he went to heaven in the sight of all. But the juggler still stood right there before them. In another moment battle-cries of warriors were heard in the air; and shortly thereafter that man's severed arm fell. And again a moment later his leg fell, and then his head and his trunk. Seeing this his wife said: "O king, you are a brother to me, so bring it about that I may enter the fire." Then, tho the king would have restrained her, she entered the fire together with the fragments of her husband's body, before the astonished eyes of all the people. But as the king returned filled with grief on this account, that man came in and said: "O king, by your grace I have performed my lord's business in heaven, and the gods have conquered. Now I have been greatly honored by Indra and sent away again. So do me the favor of giving me back my wife." Thereupon the king and the people were helpless with astonishment and dismay. And the man said: "O king, my wife is in your harem; give the word that I may bring her forth." The king said: "Bring her." And he brought his wife forth from the harem, and stood before the king, who hung his head. Thereupon the juggler said: "O king, be not downcast; this was my juggler's art only, and not real." Then the king was pleased, and caused to be given to him the tribute from the Pāṇḍya-land, which at that moment was announced by an official. And the amount of it was as follows:

3. Eight crores of gold, ninety-three weights of pearls, fifty elephants of unrestrained fury, the perfume of whose rutting-fluid was the delight of bees; a hundred harlots, possessing glances diversified by their great store of loveliness; all this was presented by the King of Pāṇḍya as tribute, and given (by Vikrama) to the magician.

Therefore, O king, if such magnanimity is found in you, then mount upon this throne.

Here ends the thirtieth story in the Thirty-two Tales of the Throne

31. Story of the Thirty-first Statuette

Vikrama and the vampire (vetāla)

SOUTHERN RECENSION OF 31

When the king once more was ascending the throne, another statue said: "O king, only he is worthy to ascend this throne who has the magnanimity and other virtues of Vikrama." The king said: "O statue, tell me a tale of his magnanimity." And she said: "Hear, O king.

While Vikramārka was ruling, one time a certain naked ascetic came in, and blest the king, saying:

1. "May the reverend Lord of Fortune [Consort of Āṇḍī, that is Viṣṇu] prosper the purposes of you his devotee; that God, devotion to whom is as the nuptial gift at marriage to the maiden Salvation.

2. May the Divine Conqueror [Buddha, or Mahāvīra, the founder of Jainism] protect you, whom once in jealousy the Tempter's women thus address: 'What woman are you thinking on, sunk in pretended meditation, but opening your eye momentarily? Behold, tho called Savior, you do not save us, who are tormented by the darts of the love-god. Falsely are you said to be compassionate; how could any other man be more hard-hearted than you?' "

Then he gave a fruit into the king's hand, and have taken a seat he said: "O king, on the fourteenth day of the dark half of the month Mārgaśīṣa I intend to perform a sacrifice in a great cemetery. Now your majesty is both a benefactor of others and a great hero; so be my assistant thereat." The king said: "What must I do?" Said the ascetic: "Not far from this graveyard there is a ṣamī tree, upon which hangs a vetāla [vampire]. You must bring the vetāla to me, in

silence." The king promised that he would do it. On the fourteenth day of the dark half of the month the ascetic took his stand in the great cemetery, with the articles for performing the sacrifice. And at dead of night the king too went to the cemetery, and the ascetic showed him the way to the *ṣamī* tree. Coming to the *ṣamī* tree by that path he took the *vetāla* on his shoulder; and as he was returning on the way to the cemetery, the *vetāla* said: "O king, to relieve the weariness of the road let some tale be told." The king made no reply, fearing to break the silence. The *vetāla* said again: "O king, you will not tell a story thru fear of breaking the silence. So I will tell a story; and at the end of the story, if you know the answer to the question I shall ask, and yet do not speak thru fear of breaking the silence, then your head shall be split into a thousand pieces." So speaking he told a story: "Hear, O king!

Embozt story: The prince who insulted a brahman

On the south slope of the *Himālaya* there is a city named *Vindhya-vatī*. Here dwelt a king named *Suvicāra*, who had a son *Jayasena*. One time the prince went into the forest to hunt. And in the forest, seeing a certain elephant, he pursued after it, and entered the jungle. And when by some means or other he arrived at the road to the city, and was coming back upon it alone, he perceived a certain river in the middle of the forest; and there on the bank of the river a certain brahman was performing a religious ceremony. The king's son went up to him and said: "Brahman, hold my horse there while I take a drink of water." The brahman replied: "Am I then your servant, that I should hold your horse?" Then the prince struck him with his whip; and the brahman ran howling into the king's presence and told the king. And the king's eyes were inflamed with anger, and he commanded to expel his son from his dominions. At this juncture a minister said: "Sire, why do you cause your son, who is well fitted to assume the responsibilities of kingship, to be expelled from your dominions? This is not seemly." The king said: "Minister, this is seemly; since he struck with his whip the person of a brahman, therefore he is not a fit person (to rule). A prudent man should not incur the enmity of brahmins. And it is said:

3. A wise man should not eat poison, nor play with serpents, nor revile the companies of ascetics, nor antagonize brahmins.
O minister, have you not heard the *purāṇas* [ancient histories]? In

olden time thru the curse of a brahman Çiva suffered a loss of his sectarian mark [liṅgapāta]. And so (it is said):

4. Even tho a man may have attained high position, let him not by any means insult the reverend (brahmans). Nahuṣa, who had attained to Indra's place, fell because he insulted Agastya.

Therefore one must by all means pay respect to all brahmans. And it is said:

5. Brahmans must not be treated with disrespect, for they are revered by the Powers of the three worlds; they are to be worshipt like gods with gifts, honors, and praise. And so:

6. Who would not be destroyed by the anger of those who have made the fire to be the destroyer of all things, the sea to be undrinkable, and the moon to be subject to waning? Moreover:

7. What being is greater than that [the brahman], from whose hand the gods ever eat their sacrifices, and the fathers [manes] their oblations? And so:

8. Who would not honor those persons in the world, O Bhārata, who maintain the practice of asceticism and are honored by all the gods and men as well?

9. What being is greater than those (brahmans), who of old drank up the ocean, restrained in bonds the Vindhya Mountain, and created the gods also? And so:

10. If one desires to worship the eternal God, let him simply propitiate the brahmans zealously and by all possible means.

And so, Kṛṣṇa himself at Dvārāvātī has also said:

11. 'Whosoever does not worship a brahman as I do, even if the brahman were to smite him, curse him, and speak harshly against him, that man is a criminal and is to be chastised and punished in the blazing world-fire; he is not of mine.' Moreover:

12. 'Whosoever wishes to worship me with supreme devotion must always revere the brahmans; in this way I am satisfied.'

O minister, let the hand by which the brahman was struck be cut off." So as he was about to have his son's hand cut off, just then the brahman came in and said: "O king, your son acted thus because of his ignorance, and from now on he will commit no further impropriety of this sort. For my sake let yon youth be spared; I am now appeased." Hearing his words the king releast his son; and the brahman returned to his own place.

End of emboss story: The prince who insulted a brahman

Having told this story the vetāla said: "O king, of these two which was the more virtuous?" King Vikrama said: "The king was the more virtuous." Hearing this, because the silence was broken, the vetāla returned to the caml tree. But the king returned thither again and put him upon his shoulder; and as he was coming back the vetāla again told a story. In this way twenty-five stories were told by the vetāla. Thereupon the vetāla became propitiated, perceiving his clever wit, skill in the arts, compassion, courage, magnanimity, and other virtues. And the vetāla said to Vikramāditya: "O king, this naked ascetic is endeavoring to kill you." The king said: "How?" The vetāla replied: "When you shall bring me thither, he will say to you: 'O king, you are very tired, so now turn your right side to the sacrificial fireplace (and pass around it so), and make a complete prostration, and then go to your own place.' And when you are bent over making the obeisance, then that naked ascetic will slay you with a sword, and will make a sacrifice with your flesh. And in this offering he will make me into a brahman, and by so doing will obtain the eight Magic Powers of minuteness and so on [see pages 178 and 179]." Vikrama said: "What shall I do?" The vetāla replied: "Do thus. When the naked ascetic tells you to make obeisance and go, this is what you must say: 'I am a universal emperor; all the kings make obeisance before me, but I have never made obeisance at all. So I do not know how to make obeisance. You do it first, and show me, and when I have seen it, afterwards I will do it.' Thereupon when he bends over to make obeisance, do you cut off his head. I will make an offering for you, and the eight Magic Powers shall be yours." Thus instructed by the vetāla King Vikrama did even so. And the vetāla, becoming himself a brahman, had an offering made, and made the complete oblation with the head of that naked ascetic. And the king received the eight Great Magic Powers. Then the vetāla said: "O king, I am satisfied with you, choose a wish." The king replied: "If you are satisfied with me, then raise up that naked ascetic from the dead; and whenever I shall call upon you, do you come." The vetāla agreed, and raised up the ascetic, and went to his own place. But King Vikrama gave those eight Great Magic Powers to the ascetic, and went to his own city.

Having told this tale the statue said to King Bhoja: "O king, if such magnanimity, courage, and other virtues are found in you, then mount upon this throne." And the king was silent.

METRICAL RECENSION OF 31

Once more King Bhoja, who held the earth under his sole sway, desired to ascend the fair throne, and approacht the thirty-first statue. "King Bhoja, if the courage of Vikramārka is found in you, then mount the throne at your pleasure!" said the statue. In return the king, of glorious renown, askt the statue: "Tell me, fair-hipt one, of what sort was his courage?" "Directly I will tell you this tale of Sāhasānka [Vikrama]; hear, O king, best of princes. [8]

While this king, with firm-fixt sway, having a store of valor, and possest of glory like Indra, was ruling the ocean-girdled earth, once he was visited in the assembly by a certain naked ascetic. This ascetic's whole body was sprinkled with ashes; there were sandals of real gems on his feet; and he was a treasury of all knowledge, like a second Supreme Lord [Çiva, the divine ascetic] in person. And (the king) saw upon his forehead the three-line (çivaitic sectarian) mark in ashes. And when the high-minded king saw this great ascetic, in amazement he graced him with radiant (words of) homage. And he, decorating the hall on all sides with jasmine-flowers brilliant with their tooth buds, said to the king: "Wandering about in the confines of all countries and in all the islands, great king, I have acquired a certain magic. With this I desire to make a sacrifice within a wood at dead of night. If your majesty will be my sole assistant, then it will be fruitful." Vikramāditya agreed to the ascetic's words, saying "So be it;" and he departed. And the king visited him at dead of night in the wood. "What must I do now, wise sir? Instruct me." "There is nothing for you to do except to bring hither a vetāla. Such a courageous deed as this can be performed by you, Vikramārka; quickly bring the vetāla, since you are pure and your soul is composed, and so make my sacrifice fruitful, O King Sāhasānka ['Markt by Daring']". [29]

Hearing his words the wise and intelligent king set out, full of courage and daring, eager to bring the vetāla. In the night, whose darkness was so dense that a needle would have pierst it, he went out fearlessly, with his sword as his sole companion, in a southerly direction. He came into a wood which could hardly have been pierst by the rays of the sun. It was infested by crowds of hyenas, and full of elephants mad with passion; it failed to reveal the objects of the sense of sight; it was full of ravenous rākṣasas and infested with quantities of ferocious çarabhas [a mythical beast], serpents, and lions; it contained many kapittha, bread-fruit, and other trees [the text is here unintelligible]; in it were thickets that were the scene of the play of crowds of boars and buffaloes; it was a very abyss of an abyss, a terror of terror, a bewilderment of bewilderment, a death of death, in very truth; it was indescribable, terrible, beyond the range of speech and thought. And the king, like unto Smara [Love], took thought of [amar-] the (magic) art of raising up vetālas. And when the vetāla had been transferred from the stem [literally, shoulder] of a çinçapā-tree to the king's shoulder, he said to the king: "O king, listen to this tale, which will while away the time; for agreeable conversation is an ever-recurring provision for a journey." [46]

Embozt story: The prince who insulted a brahman

In this northern country there was a city rich in luxury, named Viçrāntā, like a second Amarāvati [city of the gods]. In its palaces lovely houris, weary from (amorous) delight, as they enjoyed the water of the slow-moving Ganges, were rejoist by kādamba-birds with the winds from their flapping wings as with fans; while the heavenly river

[Ganges], full of *çāivāla* and lotus plants, *çaphara* fish and *cakravāka* birds, was a cause of delight by reason of the reflected faces of courtezans going into their palaces. In its streets, where day and night seemed alike because of the rays from the jewels of its pinnacles, an amorous woman scarce dared go forth to an appointment (with her lover, because of the light). In this city there was a king far-famed under the name of *Vicārapara*, in might like a second *Indra*, in whom the earth enjoyed a truly great ruler. He made the world glorious, and made the fame of King *Yayāti* of old seem stale. This victorious king, ruling continuously over all this earth, had a son named *Jayasena*, who, when he reached the period of ripening manhood, the cause of manifold wickedness, became entirely devoted to vices, and bereft of insight. He was bent on slaughter, and his bow thirsted ever after the flesh of deer and other beasts. One time he went into a wood ever filled with animals, where his mind became intent upon the swiftness of a fleeing gazelle, so that by the swift legs of his horse he traversed a long distance. The gazelle then eluded the range of his eyes and disappeared, while the king's son turned back, disappointed by the failure of his attempt. The evil prince was distressed and tormented with hunger and thirst; and as he came out from the wood he saw in front of him a great river, like the Ganges. [70]

There the youth saw a brahman, who had been performing his midday rites, and insolently, because his mind was evil, he said to him: "Brahman, you hold this horse at once, and when I have drunk of the water I will be back immediately." Thus addressed by him the brahman, filled with anger, replied: "Am I your servant, king's son, that I should hold your horse? Do you say this thru ignorance, or arrogance, or presumption, or just youthfulness, or thru childish depravity due to passion?" When the brahman spoke thus the king's son became very angry, and beat him with his whip, being led astray by the presumption of youth. The noble brahman's heart was troubled by the distress caused by the whip's strokes, and he went to the king's courtyard and made an outcry. The king, being on his seat of judgment, summoned the brahman, and listened to the whole story of what his evil-minded son had done. And by various actions of reverence he managed to quiet the wrath of the noble brahman who had been insulted by his son's evil deed. But to his son the king spoke, with his eyes inflamed with anger, and said: "You have defiled my fair fame, in that you have insulted a brahman. Evil boy, the very tale of your action is the cause of great distress to me; nay more, even your very name is a thorn in the side of my renown to-day." Thus rebuking his son with many harsh words, he instructed his minister, who knew his duties and performed the king's commands well: "Expel from my kingdom that boy who has done violence to a brahman; give heed to this injunction which I give you, it admits of no altering. This verse is well known among the people, from the ancient conversation between *Kṛṣṇa* and *Yudhiṣṭhira*, which eulogizes all good conduct, righteousness, and generosity: 'One who has lost his fortune hates astrologers, one who has lost his vital powers hates physicians; (only) one who has lost both fortune and vital powers hates brahmans, O *Bhārata*.' 'A wise man should not eat poison, nor play with serpents, nor eat forbidden food, nor antagonize brahmans.' 'Of old, because of the anger of brahmans, *Çiva* lost his sectarian mark, the family of the *Yadus* was destroyed, and the sea was dried up.' This principle has been tried and accepted, and spread abroad thruout the three worlds; therefore one should never at any time insult brahmans. If mercy is shown him on the ground that he is a boy, then my family will be destroyed without any doubt; so I have no desire for

that. There are many such reports of similar sayings upon earth. You must without fail expel him from the kingdom." [108]

Thus instructed by the king, who walkt in the path of good conduct, the minister arose deferentially and said: "O protector of the people, this is your only son whom you are casting out; how can the sole support of your kingdom be exiled, my lord? The noble brahman was completely satisfied and showed great lenience; my lord, do you also be prudent and forgive this single exhibition of passion." Thus urged by his minister, the duty-knowing king merely replied: "Then let his hand be cut off." When the king had given this command to his minister, the brahman address him, restraining his purpose: "O illustrious king, restore this youth, the last of your line, to your affection as before, and be gracious to him, if you have any love for me. If you do not abandon your displeasure and show favor to him, I will slay myself; have no doubt of it, O king." Thus by that same brahman the king's son was saved. [123]

End of embost story: The prince who insulted a brahman

Telling this story, the vetāla askt: "Tell me, O king: of the brahman and the king which one was (the more) praiseworthy?" Vikramārka said: "I think the king was (the more) praiseworthy." And hearing his words the vetāla went back again. Once more King Vikramārka fetcht him, and again, having told a story, he went back to the forest. Twenty-five times he fetcht him in this manner; and then the vetāla became propitiated by his courage, and gave the eight Great Magic Powers to the Sun of Valor. Such is the story of King Vikramārka, who was full of manliness and courage.

Thus the statue related to Bhoja.

Here ends the thirty-first story

BRIEF RECENSION OF 31

Again a statue said: O king, listen.

While the king was reigning, one time he became graciously disposed to an ascetic, and said: "Reverend sir, ask for what you wish." Said he: "I will make a sacrifice; do you be my assistant at it." So the king was sent by the ascetic to bring a vetāla ['vampire'] in silence. The vetāla devised a means to make the king speak; and when the king spoke, the vetāla went back again. Having done this twenty-five times, tho he had to keep going back and forth again and again, he was not disheartened. Seeing this the vetāla became appeased, and gave the king the eight Great Magic Powers; and the king askt him for a boon, saying: "Come into my presence when I summon you."

The statue said: O king, let him who has such magnanimity ascend this throne.

Here ends the thirty-first story

THE JAINISTIC RECENSION has here "Haunted house." See below, p. 257

32. Story of the Thirty-second Statuette

Vikrama's power and magnanimity

SOUTHERN RECENSION OF 32

When the king once more was mounting the throne, another statue said: "O king, only this Vikramārka and no other is worthy to mount upon this throne.

There is no king in the world like this Vikrama. He traversed the earth subduing all his rival kings with a mere wooden sword, and ruled with undisputed sway. Subduing the powers [çaka] of others, he extended his own power; he was thus a veritable Çaka [see note in my Critical Apparatus]. All the kings which are on earth he reduced under his sway; he put down all evil men, removed the poverty of all beggars, and put an end to all famine and grief and the like. All this Vikrama did. Therefore there is no king like Vikramārka.

If such courage, bravery, fortitude, magnanimity, and other virtues are found in you, then do you mount upon this throne." And hearing this the king was silent.

Here ends the thirty-second story

THE METRICAL RECENSION has here "Bhaṭṭi as minister." See below, p. 247

BRIEF RECENSION OF 32

Again a statue said: O king, listen.

Such was the courage of Vikramāditya. To serve others he did not spare even his own body. By the might of his sword he enjoyed [possest] the earth. How can his heroism be adequately praised? He had magnanimity like that of Yudhiṣṭhira; his power [çaka] was established everywhere. He made the whole earth free from distress, and banished misery and poverty.

O king, let him ascend this throne who has such magnanimity.

Here ends the thirty-second story.

THE JAINISTIC RECENSION has here "Poverty statue." See below, p. 259

Conclusion [33]

The thirty-two nymphs, curst to be statuettes, releast from the curse

SOUTHERN RECENSION OF 33

Once more the statue said to King Bhoja: "O King Bhoja, such a king was *Vikramāditya*. But you also are no commonplace man; both you and he are incarnations of Nara and Nārāyaṇa [both forms or emanations of Viṣṇu as Supreme Spirit]. At this present time there is no king superior to you, since you are very pure of conduct, skillful in all the arts, and distinguisht by magnanimity and other virtues. By your grace we thirty-two statues have now been releast from trouble; our curse has been lifted." And Bhoja said: "How did your curse occur? Tell me the story of its origin." When he said this the statue replied: "Hear, O king. We were thirty-two divine nymphs, companions of Pārvatī, and were placed very high in her regard. Hear our names one by one. [10-17]

[For the names, see page 261.]

One time as we were seated upon a priceless throne, the Supreme Lord [Çiva] glanst at us with wanton affection. The goddess Pārvatī saw him, and in her anger she curst us, saying: 'Become lifeless statues and be attacht to Indra's throne.' Then we fell down before her and begged for a release from the curse. The goddess's heart became moist with nectar of pity, and she said: 'When this throne shall have been brought to earth by *Vikramāditya*, and when he, after ruling upon the throne for many years, shall have died, this throne will be buried in a certain pure spot of earth. And after this it will come into the hands of King Bhoja. He will take it to his city and have it set up; and when he tries to mount it he will enter into conversation with you. And then you will tell to Bhoja *Vikramārka's Adventures*, whereupon there shall be an end to your curse.' Therefore we are pleased with you; choose a wish." King Bhoja said: "What is there lacking to me? I have a complete store of riches. Nevertheless for the sake of others I will choose something. Whatever mortals shall hear or recite *Vikramārka's Adventures*, let their might, majesty, glory, fortitude, magnanimity, and the like be increast. Let these *Adventures* be eternal and indestructible upon the surface of the earth. To those who hear them, let there be no danger from spirits, ghosts, goblins, female vampires and hobgoblins, pestilences, demons, and the like. Let there be also no danger to them from serpents and other (reptiles)." The statucs said: "King Bhoja,

be it just as you say." Thus granting him his wish they all went to their own abode. And King Bhoja placed that throne upon a shrine inlaid with bright gold and the nine priceless gems, and upon it set up (a statue of) Maheçvara [Çiva], and worshipt the god and the throne with the sixteen-fold oblations. And he ruled the earth, protecting by his righteous laws all the castes and the āçramas [the four stages of human life, see page 82, lines 13-17].

Hearing this tale as told by Parameçvara [Çiva], Pārvatī was greatly delighted.

This is the end of the stories of the thirty-two statuettes

METRICAL RECENSION OF 33

"You also are a Vikrama, in that your courage and magnanimity are equaled by no other [punningly: 'your courage, magnanimity, and valor (vikrama) are equaled,' etc.]. There is no king like you upon earth, O best of princes. Therefore you are an incarnation of Nārāyaṇa [Viṣṇu] come to save the world. By your grace we are freed from a curse." "Tell me how that was, O statue; I am very curious." Thus askt the statue said: "King Bhoja, hear the list (of our names). [6-14]

[For the names, see page 261.]

All of us were attendants of the goddess Pārvatī, high in her favor, and our hearts were filled with bliss. One time, seeing the god [Çiva] seated upon his jeweled throne, we became desirous of union with that so handsome deity. Seeing him and seeing us, the goddess Pārvatī was as it were aflame (with jealousy), and curst us: 'Become lifeless statues upon earth, and receive dexterity of speech just like men.' Thus the goddess curst us. When we entreated her she said: 'When the gallant Adventures of Vikramārka shall be told by you to King Bhoja, then you shall be releast from the curse. For this reason we have prevented you from mounting the throne, that we might be releast from our curse, the accomplishment of which depended on your favor. Choose a wish, King Bhoja; we grant your desire.' Thus address by the group of statues, King Bhoja replied: "Statues, by your grace I have everything that could be desired. What greater boon could I ask for than the sight of you? Nevertheless let all the (magic) powers be granted to the men who shall hear these Adventures of Vikramārka which you have proclaimed to me." Saying "So be it," they praised King Bhoja, the crest-gem of heroes of fair renown; and all the statues were greatly pleased with him. And Bhoja mounted that throne, famed upon earth, and ruled this world devoted to the worship of Çaṁkara [Çiva].

*Here ends the thirty-second story in Vikramāditya's Adventures, or the
Thirty-two Tales of the Throne*

This is the end of the Stories of the Thirty-two Statuettes

BRIEF RECENSION OF 33

Such were the stories told by the thirty-two statues, one by one. "O king, why praise Vikramāditya? You also are no commonplace person; you also are a divine incarnation. And it is said:

1. The person of the king is formed by taking lordliness from Indra, majesty [heat] from Fire, anger from Yama [god of death], wealth from Vaiṣṇavaṇa [Kubera, god of wealth], courage and steadfastness from Rāma and Janārdana [Kṛṣṇa = Viṣṇu].

Therefore the king's person is a divine incarnation. By your grace we are freed from a curse." Then the king, King Bhoja, said: "Who are you, and by whom [or, why] were you cursed?" They said: "King Bhoja, we were all companions of Pārvatī. One time the Lord [Śiva], the slayer of [the demon] Andhaka, approacht us, making love to us. And we desired him in our hearts. Bhavānī [Pārvatī] learned of this (and said): 'You shall become lifeless statues.' Thus we were cursed. But then she granted us mercy (saying): 'You shall have the power of speech in the world of men, and when you shall tell Vikramāditya's Adventures before King Bhoja, you shall be releast from the curse.' So by your grace we have been releast from the curse. Now we are pleased with you; O king, choose a wish." King Bhoja said: "I have no desire for anything." Thereupon the statues said: "Whoever shall listen to this tale with intelligent and conscious purpose he shall possess lordliness, heroism, dignity, majesty, fortune, sons and grandsons, gl'ory, victory, and all such boons." Having given this boon they were silent. King Bhoja placed (images of) Gāurī [Pārvatī] and the Lord [Śiva] upon that throne, and held a great festival; and he continued his reign happily.

This is the end of the Thirty-two Tales of the Throne

JAINISTIC RECENSION OF 33

When the thirty-two statues made of moonstone gems had thus praised the virtues of the noble Vikramāditya in thirty-two tales in the assembly of the noble King Bhoja, they appeared before him as thirty-two divine nymphs of glorious beauty, wearing resounding rings and ornaments, and said: "O king, by your grace we are releast from a curse." The king then askt: "Who are you, and whose was this curse, and how are you releast?" They said: "O king, we are thirty-two divine nymphs, body-servants of the noble Purandara [Indra]; and our names are:

[For the names, see page 261.]

One time in the heavenly grove we saw a certain great saint, with lean body and limbs defiled with filth, and laught insolently at him. Finding this out, the noble Purandara was angry, and cursed us, saying: 'Shame, you evil and wicked women! You shall become immovable like stones!' Thru his divine power we became such, and were placed by Indra upon his own throne. And when Indra in his pleasure gave this throne to the noble King Vikrama, he said: 'When in the assembly of King Bhoja in the world of men you shall truthfully praise the virtues of the noble Vikramāditya, then you shall receive again divine bodies and be permitted to come to heaven, and not otherwise.' Therefore, O king, by your grace we have today obtained a release from our curse. So we are pleased with you; choose some wish." Thereupon the king said: "I will make no request, for I am in need of nothing." The statues

then said: "O noble King Bhoja, whoever shall read, hear, recite, or apply [that is, imitate in his life] these 'Vikramāditya's Adventures,' adorned with the words of (us) divine nymphs, shall be blest with fortitude, glory, fortune, and the attainment of all happiness." Having given this boon the divine nymphs went to heaven. But the noble King Bhoja long ruled in royal majesty over the ocean-girt earth, with unimpaired power.

This is the end of the Thirty-two Tales of the Throne

Sections peculiar to individual recensions

See page xii of my Introduction for an explanation of the position of these sections.

Metrical Recension, Story 32

Bhaṭṭi becomes Vikrama's minister

Once more King Bhoja, desiring to ascend the great throne of Indra, approacht the thirty-second statue. And she, surpassing all men in her marvelous insight, clapt her hands and smiled, and straightway said to him: "Great king, you must have extraordinary persistence in daring, since you would mount the throne of such a prince." "Of what sort was he? Tell me, fair one." Thus enjoined by the king, she spoke again, shining like white camphor with the loveliness of her gleaming teeth: "O king, listen to a tale of that treasure-house of the arts, a tale lofty with virtues. [9]

After Bhartṛhari, weary of life, departed and voluntarily gave up his kingdom rich in grain and treasure, and went into the forest, King Vikramāditya, adorned with rare virtues, succeeded to his kingdom with the consent of all the ministers. And he ruled the land well, extending his fame among the people, exhibiting constant righteousness, and pleasing all his subjects. Once this most glorious, noble-minded, and prudent prince went forth alone by night in Ujjayini to examine the city. He carried his sharp thin [literally, 'creeper-'] sword, like a tongue-envenomed, coiled serpent; and he was provided with a dark coat, turban, and girdle, and perfumed with musk. Then slowly, in the mass of darkness black as a tamāla tree, darkness which had become so dense that it blockt the range of the eyesight, the king, a store-house of extraordinary magnanimity, fortitude, and manliness, wandered over all the streets, both long and short. And observing one after another all the things that happened in each of them, for some time that prince wandered about thus. After this, in the heavenly pond [the sky], whose lotuses are gleaming stars, cloud-elephants began to come up and to cross it in play; like lotus-buds [saṁvartikā] cast up by them, flashes of lightning gleamed, and then like water spouted from their trunks the drops of the rain-storm fell. [29]

Then the king went into a certain pavilion, one of the city's ornaments, and while the great storm raged stood there cheerfully. And perceiving by sound (since the darkness prevented sight) the presence of a certain man, he asked him, graciously: "Tell me, who are you, fair sir, and why are you standing here?" Thus asked the man said: "I am a chance arrival; I am staying in this sheltered spot solely to rest." As they were thus conversing agreeably with pleasant questions, at that time somewhere a certain Gāulī [= the more usual Gāurī, a name of Īva's consort] cried out with a loud voice. Then the king asked him: "What does the Gāulī say?" And he answered: "The Gāulī says that in the north-flowing river a corpse is approaching, in water up to the navel." A moment later, in another place, a certain Īvā [= Gāulī] cried out; and being again asked by the king the man said: "A great loin-cloth containing ten thousand gold coins is coming down (the river), tied about the hips of that same corpse." Hearing his words, and bent on proving them, that Sāhasāṅka [Vikrama] straightway went out fearlessly in the night. When he got to the terrible torrent, with its great waves of many billows, swelling high with crowds of ghostly beings, and with its deep pits and whirlpools, he dived into it without fear, in spite of the flood of water, and stood there waiting for the right moment, banishing all dread. Then, when the corpse caught against his feet, he laid hold on it violently and dragged it to the bank. And perceiving the loin-cloth he seized it, and returned again. But the golden coins the king counted one by one and cast away; for he regarded clods of earth, stones, and gold as all alike. [54]

And returning to that pavilion again he complimented highly the man who stood there, and told him the whole story. Hearing all the king's words, that sharp-witted man said: "Of a surety your worship must be a kṣatriya, noble sir." Then the king, the noble ornament of the earth, laid this all up in his heart, and returned to his own palace. In the morning, when the glorious king had arisen and performed all his religious duties, he took his seat upon his state throne, attended by his chief ministers. And then straightway, thru his officers who did his bidding, he caused the stranger whom he had met at night in the pavilion to be brought in. And when the wise man arrived in the assembly, the king questioned him, with marked signs of affection and respect: "Who are you? Tell me truly; I am curious to know." Thus asked, he answered clearly, delighted at heart: "Hear, great emperor, whose sway has made ordinary kings the ornaments of its crest! Make your mind attentive for a little, O treasure-house of mercy! Bhaṭṭi am I; long ago I went out from this very city, to travel about the whole ocean-girt earth. I dealt much in commerce, and then bestowed on worthy persons the great wealth I obtained thereby, losing all desire for the attainment of riches. And in the various countries I inspected the manifold wonderful things, and studied the marvels, and learned the secrets of knowledge [magic art?]. And as I journeyed from the north, I arrived at the auspicious shrine of Hingula, which is a market for both virtue and commercial wares; it is the mother-of-pearl for the two pearls of enjoyment and salvation. Here, in a field that had magic properties and was full of all manner of marvels, I praised the Supreme Goddess Hingula, Granter of Wishes, who was attended by sorcerers seeking the magical accomplishment of various objects. Some of them sought magic powers of the body, others magic elixirs, others knowledge; others were desirous of wealth, and still others longed for the (eight) Great Magic Powers [see Story 21] and the subsidiary Magic Powers. Having worshipped her with ascetic practice, by her favor I obtained clear insight, that

reveals the truth of things, and another boon. Returning thence I worshipt at various glorious places of pilgrimage, and gradually came at my leisure to this city." [88]

When he had spoken thus in the midst of the assembly, the king was pleased, and told of his own adventures. "When you, Sir, had gone forth from this city, your mind being filled with a desire to see the wonders of the earth, O best of wise men, after that I entered into a temple of Mahākāla [Śiva], and attended the Overlord of all the earth, the moon-crested god, whose evening dance-revel, as if by infuriated bees, whirls the circle of the constellations about, so that it gets no rest at all from its wanderings. This compassionate god I propitiated by ascetic practice, and he appeared to me and graciously gave me any boon I might wish for. I obtained two boons from the god; one, that my death should be at the hands of no other than the son of a girl a year and a day old; and again, that I should have knowledge of the language of all creatures. And so I returned to my own city. After this I was once summoned by the lord Indra, and visited Sudharmā [the gods' assembly-hall], the home of happiness [su-kha] and righteousness [dharma]. There I beheld the Thousand-eyed [Indra] in person, the Wise One, casting his eyes upon the skillful dancing of Rambhā and Urvagī. At this time the god, wishing to establish a distinction between them in cleverness of dancing, askt me, and I told him just how it was. So, pleased by my excellent knowledge of the art of dancing, the lord of the worlds gave me his great throne of state. 'Sitting upon this throne, rule the world in happiness for a thousand autumns, O king.' Thus he blest me; and I took that throne, adorned with thirty-two statues endowed with eloquent speech, and came back from heaven to this city. Thus, O blameless one, I have told you of my adventures. But from now on, all this my kingdom and my life shall be in your care; I shall lay down the burden and seek a rest." [117]

Thus respectfully address by the noble King Vikramāditya, the excellent Bhaṭṭi was delighted, and said: "Great king, who can have such ability, abounding in all marvelous qualities, as you? You are surely an incarnation of Viṣṇu. Now I will this day give unto your majesty, simply by my wisdom, O king, another thousand years upon earth, without any doubt." When he said this, the king askt him: "How can this be?" And the wise and noble minister spoke again to the king: "Spend six months sitting upon your throne, giving your mind to your kingdom; and spend the other six months (of each year) in travel abroad; thus you shall live for two thousand years." Hearing this the king, supreme in praiseworthy virtues, applauded the idea, together with his councillors and ministers. So the king, with Bhaṭṭi's aid, ruled his kingdom with care, and continually gave satisfaction in gifts to both plain-tiffs and defendants (in suits brought before him). He wore out his own body in the service of others; and he made this entire circle of the earth free from distress. He was refreshed by the nectar of the clusters of flowers on the glorious ['lotus-'] crests of the circle of vassal kings surrounding his foot-stool. His glory, like a female ascetic, had Mount Cakra for her robe of meditation, Mount Meru for her professional staff ['staff of livelihood'], heaven and earth for her black bodice. The fire of his majesty increast mightily, even along with [that is, in spite of] the falling of floods of tears from his enemies and from fair-eyed women [for love of him; or, perhaps, '... tears from his enemies' fair wives']. By the greatness of his generosity Da-dhici, Ābhi, Jīmūta, Kārṇa, and Jīmūtavāhana [famous givers of old] obtained glory like the sun. His swift horses choked the oceans completely, as with a mighty dam, with the dust of the earth that arose from their feet. His army, boundless like the

ocean, in full battle array [literally, with mouths (faces) on all sides], swallowed up the noble kings his rivals on every hand. Lakṣmī [Fortune] washt off in the pure water of his sword-blade [a poor pun; the word for 'blade' also means 'stream of water'] the impure stain of her association with base princes. At the resounding rattle of his magnificent [? laṭaha] drum of attack, lions and noble kings were frightened into leaving their secret hiding-places. As at the frown of Yama [god of death] appearing at the time of the end of the world, even so with the mere sound of his bow-string he threw his enemies into terror. The Tortoise, the serpent Ṣeṣa, and the Great Mountains (who normally support the earth) cast upon his pillar-like breast this whole burden of the world, and enjoyed a long rest. The eight Magic Powers, permanently acquired by the possession of the six imperishable virtuous qualities, and yielding all desires, were constantly with him. Out of his heart there shone forth with constant and abundant glory the sixty-four arts and the fourteen sciences, attended by rare virtues. I believe that probably not even the Lotus-born [Brahmā] or the Lord of Serpents would be able to define the multitude of his virtues. This Vikramāditya dimmed the glory of the perfume of the rutting-fluid that drips from the temples of the world-elephant; how can he be described by the speech of such as me? With rescuing the poor and helpless, with deeds of compassion, mercy, and prowess, with seizing all the possessions of his foes, with protection of all the four ācramas [stages in the life of man], and with excellent virtues, this king increast the devotion of all his subjects and brought contentment to the universe. [165]

King Bhoja, if you are like unto him in courage, daring, valor, fortitude, magnanimity, and other virtues, then enjoy this throne, my lord.

Jainistic Recension, Section V

Vikrama wins the kingdom from Agnivetāla

Then that kingdom of Avantī, being rulerless, was infested by a certain deity named Agnivetāla ["fire-vampire"]. And every time the ministers created a new king, in each case he would kill him by night. And he could not be appeased by any means, so that the court officers were at a loss to know what to do. At that juncture Vikramāditya came back from abroad; he was not recognized, because he took on the guise of a common man. He said to the ministers: "Why is this kingdom without a head?" They told him about the matter of the vetāla. Said he: "Then make me king today." And thinking "he must be a hero" they made him king. And after enjoying the pleasures of royalty all day long, at night-fall he caused an offering, with all manner of oblations, to be placed beside his own bed, and himself sat down upon the bed and kept awake. Then there came the vetāla, of black and fearful aspect, and stood upright, looking the offerings all over carefully. Then drawing a sword he was going to kill the king, when he was address by Vikrama thus: "First take the offering, and afterwards I am at your service." Then he took the offering, and was pacified, and said: "O hero, I give you the kingdom; but you must give me an offering every day." So speaking the vetāla went away. Then in the morning the ministers, seeing the king alive, were delighted and said: "This is certainly a rare hero." [14]

Thus every day the vetāla came and received an offering. One time the king askt

him: "Vetala, how much power have you, and how much knowledge?" Said he: "Whatever comes into my head I can do, and I know everything." Then the king said: "What is the extent of my life?" And he replied: "Your life shall be a hundred years." Said the king: "A gap has occurred in my life; so do you make it either longer or shorter by one year." Then he said: "No one can make your life either longer or shorter." Then the vetāla took the offering and was gone. But on the next day he found the king standing there without having made any offering, and was angry, and said: "Wretch, why have you made no offering today?" Said the king: "If no one can make my life either longer or shorter, why should I make an offering every day? Stand forth to fight with me!" So speaking the king took his sword and stood forth. Then the vetāla was propitiated by his courage, and said: "O king, great hero, choose some wish; for the appearance of a god is never without result." Then the king said: "If you are appeased, then whenever I appeal to you come to me and do my service." This was agreed to by the god, and he went to his own abode. Then in the morning the ministers with great pomp performed the coronation ceremonies of Vikramāditya. [28]

Jainistic Recension, Section VII

Vikrama's conversion to Jainism by Siddhasena

Now while King Vikramāditya was thus ruling his kingdom, there was once among the noble Vidyādhara-race a sūri [title of religious teachers and saints, especially Jains] called the reverend Vṛddhavādin. He was the pupil of the reverend teacher Skandila, and belonged to the family of the reverend sūri Pādalipta, who converted his majesty King Maruṇḍa, the emperor of the thirty-six hundred thousand people of Kanyakubja. One of his pupils, the reverend Siddhasena Divākara, famed under the name of Sarvajñaputra [Son of the Omniscient], was wandering about once over many lands, and came to the outskirts of Avantī. [5]

And as the sūri Siddhasena came along, and the Sarvajñaputra panegyric was proclaimed before him, he was seen by his majesty Vikramāditya, who had gone out (from the city) on a royal pleasure-trip. To test him he made a mental obeisance (only) to the sūri. But the sūri raised his hand and spoke a benediction. The king said: "Why is a benediction given to us, when we rendered you no obeisance? Is this efficacious when received?" The sūri said: "This is given to one who made obeisance; and you did not fail to greet us. For the mind is always supremé, and to test our omniscience you greeted us mentally." Then the king, delighted, dismounted from the back of his elephant, and greeted him, and had a crore of gold brought to him. The teacher would not accept the gift thru lack of avarice, nor would the king take it back, because it had been once given. Therefore with the permission of the sūri it was applied by the men of the congregation to the repair of ruins [broken-down temples?]. And in the king's record-book this entry was made:

1. "Upon the pronouncing of a benediction from a distance with outstretched hands, the king gave a crore to the sūri Siddhasena."

Then the king went on to his amusements. But the sūri entered the city with great pomp. At this time the reverend congregation of Avantī said: "Lord, here in the

temple of Mahākāla [Çiva] the Image of the Holy Jina has been taken down and a symbol [liṅga] of Çiva has been set up by the brahmans, acting by authority of the king. So do you devise some plan. For:

2. For the sake of a god, a guru, or a congregation, even the army of a world-emperor may (without sin) be shattered by a noble saint in anger, who possesses the (magical) power of swift motion [pulāka]."

Hearing this matter of concern to the church [or, to religion] the sūri composed four stanzas to promulgate the doctrine; and then he went to the palace, and recited a stanza in the presence of the king, using the door-keeper as his mouthpiece [that is, he had the door-keeper announce his coming to the king by means of this stanza]:

3. "A monk has come desiring to see (the king), and stands halted at the door, holding four stanzas in his hand. Is he to come in or go?"

Hearing this verse Vikramāditya caused the following verse to be said to him in reply:

4. "Let him be given ten lacs (of money) and fourteen royal grants, and let him that holds the four stanzas in his hand either come in or go."

Then hearing this verse the sūri went into the royal audience-chamber, and seeing the king in the eastern quarter spoke a verse to him, as follows:

5. "Where did your majesty learn this unheard-of science of archery? A quantity of arrows [the word may also mean "beggars"] approaches near at hand, while your bow-string [also means "virtue"] flies to a distance [that is, is renowned afar]."

Then the king left the eastern quarter and stood in the southern. Thereupon the sūri recited the second verse:

6. "Falsely are you praised by the wise, saying that you always give everything; for your enemies have never been given (the sight of) your back, nor other men's wives your embraces."

Then when the king took his stand in the western quarter, he recited the third stanza, as follows:

7. "When you set out on the march, O king, the hearts of your enemies, like jars, are crackt (with fear); but it is the eyes of their fair women that pour forth (water of tears of sorrow)! A great marvel is this!"

Then when the king took his stand in the northern quarter he recited the fourth stanza, as follows:

8. "Wise Eloquence hangs on your lips, O king, and Fortune clings to your glorious hands; is Fame angry with you, that she roams abroad [that is, that your fame is spread abroad far and wide]?"

Hearing these four stanzas the noble Vikrama arose from his throne and made obeisance to the reverend sūri Siddhasena, and said: "Lord, I give your reverence the rulership over the four quarters of the heaven." Then the reverend sūri said: "O king, what is rulership to us great seers, who know no difference between a blade of grass and a gem, between a clod of earth and a piece of gold? This that I have undertaken to do was for the purpose of converting you to (the true) religion, not of obtaining riches. For:

9. We are weary with praising the king for virtues that are after all [api] unreal, eloquent here out of avarice, zealously active tho speaking lies; truly if this power of desire is unimpaired, just as in the case of others [non-ascetics], then the prince of ascetics is as much an object of contempt as a grass-blade.

10. Shame on you, debased kali-age! Go to destruction! What a perversion is this? Alas, the behavior of the learned in the scripture appears like that usual among barbarians! Some bring the blessed goddess of eloquence into market to sell her, and others pitilessly expose her whole body for inspection."

Hearing this the king was amazed at heart; and he placed the sūri upon a throne at his own right hand, and then mounted himself upon his throne. Thus every day the time past in faultless conversation upon the Fourfold Knowledge [the knowledge of dharma, religion; artha, worldly success, wealth; kāma, love; and mokṣa, final salvation; these are the four objects of human desire].

One time the king said: "Reverend sir, you must pay homage to the reverend Great Lord [Çiva], the Lord of the Gods, who is revered by all the gods and demons, and who has his seat in the Mahākāla temple." Then the sūri said: "If I do homage to the god, his symbol [līṅga] will be cleft, and that will displease your majesty." Then the king said: "Never mind, perform the homage." Said he: "Then listen." Then placing himself in the lotus-seat position, he began to praise God with the Thirty-Two (Hymns of Praise), beginning thus:

11. "(I praise) the Self-existent, the Thousand-eyed One [the Indra, or cryptically King] of (all) Beings, the manifold, who yet bears the single mark of imperishable being; the imperceptible, unimpeded All-world, who has neither beginning, middle, nor end, and knows neither good nor evil."

At the very first verse a column of smoke arose from the līṅga. Then the people spoke thus: "The revered Rudra [Çiva] is now going to reduce the monk to ashes with the fire of his third eye (for his blasphemy)." Then first a light came forth, like a flash of lightning; and next the image of the reverend Pārçvanātha [the twenty-third Jain or saint-hero of the Jain cult] appeared. Then the king asked: "Reverend sir, what miracle is this that we see? Who is the new god that has appeared?" Then Siddhasena said: "In olden time there lived in this city of Avantī the son of the noblewoman [çreṣṭhīnī] Bhadrā, named Avantisukumāla [= Avantikumāra? see page 12, middle], who like Çalibhadra [see Bloomfield, JAOS. 43.257-316] enjoyed to the full the youthful embraces of thirty-two wives. Once when he heard the text of the Nalinigulmavimāna [Lotus-Cluster-Car, a Jain text] read by the lips of the noble sūri Suhasatin, he was awakened to a recollection of his previous existences, and entered the (Jain) order (of monks) by night. Because he had connexion in a cemetery with a she-jackal, who had been his wife in a former birth, he died, and attained the Lotus-Cluster-Car. His son had the Mahākāla temple built on the spot where his father died. And in time this was taken over by the brahmins, and a symbol of Çiva was set up there; but now the revered Pārçvanātha, pleased by my hymn of praise, has made his appearance." Hearing this the king in an edict gave a thousand villages to the god, took upon himself in complete and regular manner in the presence of his guru the twelve vows (of the Jain faith), and praised the reverend Siddhasena, his religious instructor, saying: "How great is the Master's intellectual power!"

12. Words of gleaming brightness, as it were just past over a whetstone; a combination of sounds [bandha] that is a swift messenger of both praise and reproach at the same time, like the Bisexual God [Çiva, in his form as half-man, half-woman]; the meanings coming out clear as a creeper thrown up against the sky; flavor charming as nectar oozing from the moon's disk if it were slightly flaked off; this certainly is the vital secret of poetic art, and not a resonant beating of verbal drums.

13. Whose foot does not dance at once, when it is scorcht with hot gravel ? Who has not the power of speech when drunk [sekima; cf. English slang 'soused'] with mango-juice? But he who can to some extent stir into motion both these powers by (artistic) elixirs that gush with torrents of nectar, he is truly without a peer at all times.

14. There are many poets, each brilliant in his own way, who busy themselves at their own pleasure with the art of poetry, which is the refuge of the wise in this unprofitable round of existence. But 'tis rare to find some genuine poet, who can produce or speak milk-sweet words, exquisite in composition."

Thus the king praised his reverend guru Siddhasena. Once upon a time, in the noble Vikrama's assembly hall, which was enlivened by the entertaining exhibitions [keli, amusements] of artisans skilled in all the arts, the reverend guru Siddhasena spoke this wise saying:

15. "If this Fortune was produced by yourself, then she is a daughter; if by your father, she is evidently a sister; if she is the result of intercourse with others [punningly: if she has intercourse with others], then she is not your wife; so the minds of the wise are bent on renouncing her."

Hearing this the king, who was ever quick to give heed ["was a crest-jewel of listeners"], was startled in his heart, and reflected: "Ah, it is indeed true that this Fortune is worthy only of being abandoned, not worthy of being enjoyed [useful for charity, not for personal enjoyment]. For:

16. (Even) stupid men mount upon seats of ease, and those who possess them upon elephants and horses; betel and such (luxuries) are eaten by actors and libertines; elephants and other (beasts) devour food; even sparrows and other (birds) dwell in mansions. Such creatures are not fit objects of praise. That man is truly worthy of praise upon earth who actively engages in giving to people their desires [or, perhaps: who virtuously gives to people their desires]."

Thus reflecting in his heart the noble King Vikrama paid the debts of the whole earth by an enormous largess, sufficient to fulfil to the extent of their desires the petitions of multitudes of beggars; and (in so doing) he introduced a turning-point in the era of Vardhamāna [the founder of Jainism. See my Introduction, p. lviij].

Jainistic Recension, Section IX

Intellectual entertainments at Vikrama's court

Now in his assembly there were many skillful and learned men, of whom Siddhasena was the chief; there were logicians, and interpreters of signs, and scientists [astronomers ?], and Vedāntic philosophers, and scholars in the law, and historians, and rhetoricians, and literary artists [alaṃkārin, literally decorators], and mathematicians, and physicians, and sorcerers, and others. Exhibiting their understanding of the joys of dialog and conversation on various learned subjects, they repeatedly praised the king (in their compositions). Thus one would say:

1. "Twos on perceiving the mighty flame of your glory manifested, O hero, I believe, that Čambhu [Čiva] put the divine river (Ganges) upon his head and took his stand near the lake of Mānasa; the beloved of Čri [Viṣṇu] carried her [the

Ganges], who also lay at his feet, and hid in the ocean; and the Navel-born [Brahmā] held her placed in his jar and entered into his lotus (lest the Ganges be burnt dry by the king's flaming glory)."

And another:

2. "O sire, when you go forth on a victorious expedition of war, Sutrāman [Indra] envies greatly the serpent-prince abiding in the bottom of Pātāla [the underworld], because his unblinking eye is covered with a clinging coat of dust from the surface of the earth as it is beaten up by the hoofs of rows of horses; and the serpent in turn envies the Thousand-eyed [Indra], because he is overcome with bearing the heavy burden of fierce war-elephants (on the earth's surface)."

And another:

3. "If you will not be angry at an exaggeration nor hold it to be sarcasm, then we will say — for whose tongue does not itch to praise marvels? — all the oceans, O sire, which were dried up by the rows of blazing flames kindled by your youthful majesty, have since been filled by the water of the tears of your enemies' wives."

And another:

4. "Very high the mountains spring forth on every side, and extensive are the seas, yet you support them all and are not in the least wearied; homage to you! While I thus in admiration am making repeated praise of the earth, then I am reminded that your arm supports Her — and words fail me."

And another:

5. "Different were those elements [soils], helping the growth of excellent qualities; different was that happy clay, different verily those materials, from which this young hero was created by destiny. Tho they enjoy [possess] beautiful splendor, both women and enemies are confused at heart at the sight of him; weapons fall from the hands of the enemies, clothes from the flanks of the women."

And another:

6. "When the king undertakes to conquer the regions, a cloud of dust flies up from the earth and touches the sky from the prancing figures described by the rows of Kamhojian horses as they rush forward; so that the horses of the sun get a taste of the flavor of the body-ornaments (of the army, because of the dust raised), and it even penetrates to some extent to the lotuses of the heavenly river in the sky [the celestial Ganges]."

Some one in metaphors:

7. "The ocean is briny; lakes give grudgingly and (only) to those who come to them (to drink); (the water of) rivers can be taken only after the long process of applying restraint to them by force on every side; by putting one's foot on the brink of a well only a little (water) can be obtained after a fashion; so we hold that you, Parjanya! [god of rain; metaphorically of Vikrama in comparison with other givers] are the one lavish giver (of water) upon earth."

Another in equivocal expressions:

8. "Your Majesty is in truth like the sea; for you like it, having mastered the complete art of a king, are in the enjoyment of supreme good fortune [punningly, of the sea: attaining the 'full digit of the moon' that is the full moon, you come to the full extreme of flood-tide]; you are saturated with gleaming loveliness [salt], and support [rule] the resting-place of the rivers: you are generous [deep], and reliant on the gods [dependent on the moon]; you levy fair taxes [have the sea-monster Makara]; you are fond of your family's good fame [fond of the abiding-place or support of the clouds]; and you delight in the Holy Scripture of the Great Jina of unfathomable purity [have the great moon that is by nature un-

fathomable; or, are by nature unfathomable and have the great moon; see Critical Apparatus].

Another in indirectly hinting language:

9. "‘Tho it is I alone that have brought him, thru the mastery of me since childhood, to the highest summit of greatness, when I am so much as mentioned in conversation, that king’s son is straightway ashamed;’ thus offended, as it were, your majesty’s throng of virtues, supported by its own son your glory, has departed, as an aged penitent [vr̥ddha; also means increast, large], for the penance-groves on the shore of the sea [that is, has become renowned afar].”

Another in riddles:

10. "He made Fortune, the fitful, whose (only) advantage is (the power to give) gifts [whose fruit is abandonment] ; she, yielding to a lover [also, punningly, sought by petitioners], bore Glory as her daughter; and the latter dallies with Desire [sports at will] thruout the three worlds; how can the Mighty One [cryptically of the king] fail to be ashamed of this procedure?"

And others in samasyā [a game in which one person had to extemporize the first three quarters of a stanza to fit a fourth quarter proposed by his partner]. Thus some one propounded one verse-line: "These ninety heads of mine, these eighty eyes, have become unprofitable." Then (another composed) three new lines, as follows:

11. "The Serpent-king [Cēṣa] bowed to the Jinendra [the founder of Jainism] with nine hundred and ten of his (thousand) heads, and Çakra [Indra] gazed joyfully upon him with nine hundred and twenty of his (thousand) eyes. Because the others were engaged in amusements (and so unavailable), each of the two gods reproacht himself in his own heart (saying): 'These ninety heads of mine, these eighty eyes, have become unprofitable.' " [There is no praise of Vikrama in this verse.]

With such procedure the noble Vikrama continually conducted his reign. There are various such compositions about him, and no one need be surprised thereat, for:

12. No one need be astonisht at hearing of generosity, asceticism, heroism, learning, moral discipline, and prudent behavior; the earth is full of gems.

Jainistic Recension, Story 29

Vikrama and the sign-reader

When King Bhoja again on another occasion had made complete preparations for the coronation-rite and was ascending the throne, the twenty-ninth statue said: "O king, he who has magnanimity like Vikramāditya's ascends this throne." And when the king askt "Of what sort was this magnanimity?" the statue said: "O king,

In Avantī-city the noble King Vikrama held complete sway. One time there came into the environs of Avantī a certain man who was skilled in the science of sign-reading, and could tell by bodily marks the good and evil allotted to men and women in the past, present, and future. Now he saw there a certain man's footprint markt with a lotus [a sign of royalty], and reflected in amazement: "Can this be the footprint of some king? But how is it that he goes alone, and on foot? I will just follow along and see." And as he proceeded, he saw a tattered wretch carrying a load of wood on his head; and in dismay he said: "Alas, if this man with these marks is a wood-carrier,

then in vain is all the labor I have given to the study of the science of signs! So why go into Avantī? I will turn back." So he stood still for a moment; but then the next minute he thought again: "Since I have come so far as this, I will go into the city and look at Vikramāditya, and see what *he* is like." So he went into Avantī, and beheld Vikramāditya in his assembly. And when he saw him, he fell into the greatest dejection. [15]

And when the king, who knew how to read gestures and expressions, noticed that he was dejected, he said to him: "Stranger, why have you become so despondent on coming here?" Said he: "Sire, in the first place, upon the way I saw a certain man who bore all the marks of royalty, carrying a load of wood; and in the second place here I see you, with all the evil bodily marks, enjoying the empire of the whole earth as far as the confines of the ocean. And I am dejected by this disagreement with the authorities." Then the king said: "Learned sir, generally the authorities include both rules and exceptions; so examine carefully to see what in this case is the rule, and what the exception." Hearing this the man reflected in amazement: "Oh, the king has a depth of insight, a sweetness of speech, and a power of understanding!" Thereupon he dived into the best of all the authorities on signs, and said: "O king, in the book there are described the various regular good and evil marks of men and women, but there is this exception: even if all the auspicious marks are found on anyone's body, nevertheless if there is a crow's foot on his palate, then all the marks are nullified." Hearing this the king sent and had the man bearing the load of wood brought into the assembly; and thereupon they put a cake of meal upon his palate, and proved (the existence of) the crow's foot. [27]

Then the king asked again: "Is there any other exception?" And he said: "Even if all the inauspicious marks are found upon a man's body, nevertheless if on the left side his intestines are spotted, then all those shall count as favorable marks." Hearing this the king, to examine into it, took a knife in his hand, and was about to split open the left side of his own belly; but the man stayed him by the hand, and said: "O king, do no rash act of violence. In your belly the intestines certainly must be spotted; in no other way could there possibly be such fortitude and courage in you. For:

1. Wealth depends on [is indicated by] the bones, happiness on the flesh, enjoyment on the skin, (success with) women on the eyes, travel on the gait, authority on the voice, and everything on courage."

Therefore, O king, if such courage and fortitude are found in you, then mount upon this throne.

Here ends the twenty-ninth story in the Thirty-two Tales of the Throne

Jainistic Recension, Story 31

The haunted house

When King Bhoja again on another occasion had made complete preparations for the coronation-rite and was ascending the throne, the thirty-first statue said: "O king, he who has magnanimity like Vikramāditya's mounts upon this throne." And when the king asked "Of what sort was that magnanimity?" the statue said: "O king,

In Avantī-city the noble King Vikrama held supreme sway. Here dwelt a merchant named Dānta, who knew not the extent of his own riches. He had a son Soma-datta. One time that son conceived a desire to have a beautiful new palace built. And having obtained the king's permission, he caused the first beginnings to be made at the conjunction of the sun with Puṣya [an auspicious lunar asterism]. And thereafter the fitting of the timbers, and the laying of the bricks, and the getting the plaster ready, and all the other work was done only when the sun was in conjunction with Puṣya, and at no other time. Thus in the course of several years the palace was completed, with its base, fundaments, walls, columns, doors, arches, statues, courts, folding-doors, tie-beams, roof-tops, pinnacles, wall-pegs, turrets, windows, stair-cases shrines [?], and all its other parts. It contained the seven characteristic stories, for animals, business, treasure, company, eating, righteous practice, and divine worship; it held the eyes of all with its gay festoons of bright cloths; it was resplendent with rows of gilded cupolas, and it frightened the horses of the sun's chariot with the fluttering of its pennants of five colors. Hereupon that merchant fixt upon an auspicious moment, and caused propitiatory rites and oblations and the like to be performed, and held the festival of entrance into that dwelling. [16]

Now at night, when the merchant lay down upon his bed, a certain deity, which presided over the house because it had been built in auspicious moments, said: "Ho there, I fall!" Hearing this the merchant was frightened and sprang up from his bed in haste, but seeing no one lay down again upon his bed. Then the god said again: "I fall!" And once more, in alarm, he lookt around in all directions, and lay down again on his bed. Still again the god said: "I fall!" Again the frightened merchant lookt around, and saw nothing; and he spent the night without getting any sleep. [22]

When he had spent three days in this fashion, this chief of all cowards, afraid of losing his own life, told the matter to the king. Hearing this the king reflected: "Surely it must be some (deity) presiding over such a noble house as this, who speaks thus by way of test, or perchance desires an offering; so some means must be devised to fit the case." And the king said: "O merchant, if you are afraid there, take (from me) as much money as you have spent on this palace." Hearing this the merchant was delighted, thinking: "What is the use of this palace, that is a danger to my life?" And he took the price-money which the king gave him, according to the measure (of what he had spent), and went home. Then at eventime, when he had performed virtuous almsgiving, the noble Vikrama went to that palace, relying on the power of his own courage, tho all his courtiers would have restrained him. And when he lay down upon his bed, the god said: "Ho there, I fall!" And the fearless king replied: "Fall quickly, do not delay." Thereupon to his good fortune a golden man fell, and the presiding deity of it appeared before him, and caused a rain of flowers to fall; and having made known the power (of the golden man) and praised the king, he returned to his own place. But the king in the morning took the golden man and went to his own palace with great pomp.

Therefore, O king, if such magnanimity is found in you, then mount upon this throne.

Here ends the thirty-first story in the Thirty-two Tales of the Throne

Jainistic Recension, Story 32

The poverty-statue

When King Bhoja again on another occasion had made complete preparations for the coronation-rite and was ascending the throne, the thirty-second statue said: "O king, he who has magnanimity like Vikramāditya's mounts upon this throne." And when the king asked "Of what sort was that magnanimity?" the statue said: "O king,

In Avantī-city the noble King Vikrama held supreme sway. One time a certain merchant's son from a village near Avantī came to Avantī to trade. Seeing what went on there he was amazed, and went back to his own town and told his father, saying: "Father, whatever merchandise comes to Avantī is all quickly taken by the people. And whatever remains (unsold), the king takes all of it at eventime, that there may be no blot resting on the city because no one bought some merchandise which was brought there." Hearing this his father, who was a rascal, caused to be made a statue of copper, and giving it the name of Poverty went to Avantī and stood in the king's highway. And when anyone asked him he said: "I have brought Poverty here to sell." When asked "What is the price?" he said: "A thousand dīnāras." Hearing this no one took the statue of Poverty. So at eventime the king's officers took it by the king's command, and gave him the price. And that statue of Poverty was put away in the treasury. So at night, seeing that Poverty had arrived, the seven-fold Fortune of the kingdom in her seven-fold form appeared before the king, wearing a resounding jewelled girdle and crown. And the king hurriedly rose up, and with bows and reverences praised the blessed Fortune, saying:

1. "Hail to Fortune! for if she is present, all the throng of virtues, tho absent, are (as good as) present with her; and when she departs, they are (as good as) gone too, even tho present.
2. Hail always and everywhere to Fortune, the ornament of the earth, by producing whom the sea received the name of the 'mine of jewels.' [Cf. page 124, JR 12.3.]
3. Hail to Fortune, by marrying whom Kṛṣṇa [Viṣṇu] became renowned in the three worlds, and whose son Kāma [Love] is (for that reason) the rejoicer of men." [Cf. page 124, JR 12.3.]

Having thus praised her, he asked the reason for her appearance. Then Fortune said: "O king, I am going to leave; Poverty has come into your treasury." Thereupon the king said: "O goddess, all the worldly happiness that there is is subject to your favor; therefore do not go!" Then Fortune said: "Where Poverty is, I will in no wise remain." Hearing this the king said: "Inasmuch as the statue of Poverty has once been acquired by me, it has been acquired; this may not be changed. If you are going to leave, then go." Hearing this Fortune departed. A moment later Understanding came to him and said: "O king, where Poverty is we do not stay; for this reason Fortune has now gone, and I also am about to go." And tho the king would have restrained him, Understanding would not stay, but took leave of the king and departed. Once more, in another moment, Courage came and said to the king: "O king, where Poverty is, there we do not stay. For this reason Fortune and Under-

standing have already gone, and now I am come to take leave of you, who have been for so long a time my intimate; but nevertheless I too am going." Hearing this the king in great perturbation reflected: "Alas, if a man's courage leaves him, then what is left? For:

4. Let Fortune depart, she is fickle by her very nature; let the virtues with Understanding at their head depart; let life too take its departure and go; but let not men's Courage ever forsake them!"

Thereupon the king said: "O Courage, let all the rest go, but do not you go!" And Courage said: "O king, where Poverty is I can in no wise stay." The king said: "Then take this my head! Without you what is the use of life?" So saying he took his sword, and was about to cut off his own head, when Courage stayed the king by the hand. Then Courage remained, and his companions Fortune and Understanding also returned.

Therefore, O king, if such courage is found in you, then mount upon this throne.

Here ends the thirty-second story in the Thirty-two Tales of the Throne

Names of the Thirty-two Statuettes

In three of the four recensions, namely the Southern, the Metrical, and the Jainistic (SR, MR, JR), the Thirty-two Statuettes are invested with a somewhat more distinct personality by the device of giving individual names to each of them. The lists of these names are imbedded in the Conclusion. Altho the names found in the several recensions do not for the most part correspond to each other at all closely, it is almost certain that the original contained a list of the sort. It is however not worth while to speculate on the names it may have contained. The names found in the three recensions may here be given for what they are worth. For variations in the individual manuscripts of the several recensions, see the Critical Apparatus.

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|--|---|
| <p>1. Sukeçī SR
Jayā MR and JR</p> <p>2. Prabhāvati SR
Kandarpasenā MR
Vijayā JR</p> <p>3. Suprabhā SR and MR
Jayanti JR</p> <p>4. Indrasenā SR
Prabhāvati MR
Aparājita JR</p> <p>5. Anaṅgajayā SR
Vidyādhari MR
Jayaghoṣā JR</p> <p>6. Indumati SR and MR
Mañjughoṣā JR</p> <p>7. Kuraṅganayanā SR
Harimadhyā MR
Lilāvati JR</p> <p>8. Lāvaṇyavati SR
Çukapriyā MR
Jayavati JR</p> <p>9. Kāmākārikā SR
Padmāvati MR
Jayasenā JR</p> <p>10. Candrikā SR
Bodhavati MR
Madanasenā JR</p> | <p>11. Vidyādhari SR
Vijayā MR
Madanamañjari JR</p> <p>12. Prabodhavati SR
Naramohini MR
Çṛṅgārakalikā JR</p> <p>13. Nirupamā SR
Madhupriyā MR
Ratipriyā JR</p> <p>14. Harimadhyā SR
Sukeçī MR
Naramohini JR</p> <p>15. Madanasundari SR
Caṇḍikā MR
Bhoganidhi JR</p> <p>16. Vilāsarasikā SR
Janamohini MR
Prabhāvati JR</p> <p>17. Manmathajivini SR
Kāmadvajā MR
Suprabhā JR</p> <p>18. Ratilā SR
Bhoganidhi MR
Candramukhi JR</p> <p>19. Madanavati SR
Mṛgākṣī MR
Anaṅgadvajā JR</p> |
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| 20. Citrarekhā SR
Suramohini MR
Kuraṅganayanā JR | 27. Sukhasāgarā SR
Niḥsamā MR
Candrakāntā JR |
| 21. Suratagahvarā SR
Ratipriyā MR
Lāvanyavati JR | 28. Madanamohini SR
Smarajivini MR
Rūpakāntā JR |
| 22. Priyadarṣanā SR
Candramukhi MR
Saubhāgyamañjarī JR | 29. Candramukhi SR
Bhadra MR
Surapriyā JR |
| 23. Kāmonmādinī SR
Padmākṣī MR
Candrikā JR | 30. Lāvanyalaharī SR
Lāvanyavati MR
Devānandā JR |
| 24. Candrarekhā SR
Padmakarṇikā MR
Haṁsagamanā JR | 31. Marālagamanā SR
Kāmyā MR
Padmāvati JR |
| 25. Haṁsaprabodhā SR
Pikasvarā MR
Vidyutprabhā JR | 32. Jaganmohini SR
Malayavati MR
Padminī JR |
| 26. Kāmaçaronmādinī SR
Sukhakarī MR
Ānandaprabhā JR | |

APPENDIX

THE TWENTY-FIVE TALES OF A VETĀLA

Introductory Remarks

THE *Vetālapañchaviṃśati*, or Twenty-five (tales) of a Vetāla, is a very old collection of Hindu tales which is as well known in India as the *Pañchatantra*, and, like it, has made an important contribution to the popular stories of the world. It exists not only in the great Kashmir works of Somadeva¹ and Kshemendra,² but is found as an independent collection in two distinct recensions. The most important of these is that attributed to Śivadāsa, who gives us a mixture of prose and poetry. This appears to be the original form, although, as we have only the different versions of later date to go by, we cannot make any definite statement on this point.³ It has been edited, together with an anonymous recension, by Heinrich Uhle.⁴ The other recension is that of Jambhala-datta, edited by Pandit Jibananda Vidyasagara, Calcutta, 1873. It contains no verse, and more closely resembles the older Kashmirian versions.⁵

But the great popularity of the Vetāla stories is due to the fact that they have been translated into so many Indian vernaculars.

The first translation from the Sanskrit was into Braj-bhāshā (the standard dialect of Western Hindī spoken around Mathurā and Agra) early in the eighteenth century. It was

¹ About half of Somadeva's version was translated separately into German by F. von der Leyen, *Indische Märchen*, Halle, 1898. See also his Introduction dealing with the collection in general.

² *Bṛihat-kathā-mañjarī*, ix, 2, 19-1221. See S. Lévi, *Journal Asiatique*, 8th ser., vol. vii, 1886, pp. 190-216, and cf. Speyer, *op. cit.*, pp. 37, 38.

³ See M. Winternitz, *Geschichte der indischen Litteratur*, vol. iii, p. 331.

⁴ "Die Vetālapañcaviṃśatikā in den Recensionen des Çivadāsa und eines Ungenannten," *Abhandlungen für die Kunde des Morgenlandes*, vol. viii, 1884, pp. xxx + 1-236. The anonymous version is merely an abbreviated translation of Kshemendra. For references to V. Bettei's Italian translation of Śivadāsa see Winternitz, *op. cit.*, p. 331n².

⁵ For further details see Winternitz as cited above.

made by Sūrati Misar, during the reign of Muḥammad Shāh, under orders from Jāi Singh Sawāī, Rājā of Jaipur ¹ (1699-1743). The Baitāl Pachīsī, as it was now called, was next translated from Braj-bhāshā into "High Hindī" by Lallū Lāl in 1805. He can be regarded as the actual creator of this language, which is really a modern literary development of the dialect of Western Hindī spoken from Delhī to the Himālaya.

There were also several other translations made—*e.g.* those by Sambhu Nāth and Bhōlā Nāth. For details of these see Grierson, *The Modern Vernacular Literature of Hindustan*, Calcutta, 1855, pp. 97, 166, 167.

The English version of Kālī Krishṇa, published at Calcutta in 1834, was derived from the Hindī version of Lallū, as was also the better-known edition by W. B. Barker and E. B. Eastwick, Hertford, 1855. On this latter was based the German translation by Oesterley, Leipzig, 1873, so often quoted by Tawney in his edition of the present work. Mention should also be made of the French translation by Lancereau, *Journal Asiatique*, 4th ser., vol. xviii, 1851, pp. 5-36, 366-410, vol. xix, 1852, pp. 333-365; and of the Swedish by Hilding Andersson.²

There are also translations in Bengali, Kanarese, Telugu, Gujarati, Tamil, Marathi, and other vernaculars. Of these the best known in England are the last two. The Tamil version was translated into English by B. G. Babington.³ Its different form of "frame-story" will be discussed later.

The Marathi version was translated by Sadāśiv Chhatre in 1830. An English rendering by C. A. Kincaid ⁴ appeared as recently as 1921. In a short preface Kincaid speaks of Burton's translation into English of the Hindī version. He says that after comparing it with the Marathi he found that they either differed very widely or else Burton had expanded

¹ He is described as one of the most learned scientific men that India has ever produced. See Tod's *Rājasthān*, vol. ii, pp. 356-368, or vol. iii, pp. 1341-1356 in the new edition edited by Crooke, 1920.

² *Likspökets Tjugufem Berättelser*, Göteborgs Kungl. Vetenskaps- och Vitterhetssamhälles Handlingar, 4 följdén, iii, Gothenburg, 1901.

³ *The Vedāla Cadai, being the Tamul Version of a Collection of Ancient Tales in the Sanscrit Language*, 90 pp. Although sometimes bound up separately, it forms the fourth paper in volume one of *Miscellaneous Translations from Oriental Languages*, London, 1831. Printed for the Oriental Translation Fund.

⁴ *Tales of King Vikrama*, Oxford University Press, 1921.

his work until little resemblance between the two remained. There have been many references to this work of Burton, but no one appears to have said what it really is and if it should be considered as a true translation of the Hindī version. Even Macdonell (*Sanskrit Literature*, p. 375) distinctly gives the impression that *Vikram and the Vampire* is the standard English version of these tales, whereas really this is far from the truth. As I have stated more fully elsewhere,¹ Burton's work was not a translation, but an adaptation, and a *very* free adaptation too. In his Introduction he says: "It is not pretended that the words of these Hindu tales are preserved to the letter. . . . I have ventured to remedy the conciseness of their language, and to clothe the skeleton with flesh and blood." This is putting it very mildly. What Burton has really done is to use a portion of the Vetāla tales as a peg on which to hang elaborate "improvements" entirely of his own invention. Anyone as steeped in his works as I am myself could not possibly read a page of *Vikrama and the Vampire* without knowing who had written it. The height of his inventive powers is reached in his "Eleventh Story—which Puzzles Raja Vikram" (p. 290 *et seq.*). It is supposed to be a prognostication of the coming of the British into India!

Further details of the other vernacular translations will be found in Oesterley.²

There still remains the necessity for an edition of the *Vetālapañchavimśati* in its different recensions, arranged for comparative purposes, in the same manner as the *Vikramacharita* has been edited by Edgerton (see later, p. 228). There would then be some chance of studying the texts with a view to ascertaining the original form of the work. From the data we have at present it would seem that the work must be considered as composed of ancient Hindu tales, in which more attention has been paid to the magical than to the religious element. Some of them have doubtless been altered in the course of time, and we can pick out those which show a Buddhistic influence and those which are purely Śaivic or at

¹ *Annotated Bibliography of Sir R. F. Burton*, p. 80 *et seq.* It was first issued in *Frazer's Magazine*, vols. lxxvii, lxxviii, 1868. It then appeared in book form: *Vikram and the Vampire, or Tales of Hindu Devilry*, London, 1870. Reprinted in the "Memorial Edition" of 1893.

² *Bibliothek Orientalischer Märchen und Erzählungen in deutscher Bearbeitung I, Baitāl Pachisi*, Leipzig, 1873.

any rate Brāhmanic in character. Then again, there is the Jain element to be considered, especially as our information about Vikrama himself is confined to ancient Jain traditions. Attention will be drawn to any religious tendency displayed in the tales when they are dealt with separately in this Appendix (Nos. 1-8) and in that to be given in Vol. VII (No. 9 to the end).

There still remains an interesting point to discuss—the identity of the hero of the *Vetālapañcaviṃśati*. His name appears in slightly different forms, and Somadeva, undoubtedly following the Kashmirian version of the *Bṛihat-kathā*, calls him “Trivikramasena, the son of Vikramasena.” In all cases, however, the king referred to is the semi-legendary Vikrama or Vikramāditya of Jain tradition. Whether such a king actually existed is unknown, and scholars are by no means agreed in their opinions one way or the other.

In order, however, that we may be in a position to appreciate the difficulties of making any definite statement it is necessary to glance at the Jain traditions and see exactly what is known about Vikrama. Apart from the work under discussion, Vikrama is the hero of several other collections of tales, the most important of which is that known as *Vikrama-charita* (*Vikrama's Adventures*) or *Siṃhāsanadvātriṃśikā* (*Thirty-Two Tales of the Throne*). This work, which in all probability dates from a time not earlier than the thirteenth century, has recently been edited in four different recensions of the Sanskrit original, and published together with an English translation by Franklin Edgerton.¹ Now in the Jain recension we find,² as is only to be expected, an account of Vikrama's conversion to Jainism by Siddhasena Divākara. This account has been inserted as a section of the frame-story, and ends with the following words: “Thus reflecting in his heart, the noble King Vikrama paid the debts of the whole earth by an enormous largess, sufficient to fulfil to the extent of their desires the petitions of multitudes of beggars; and (in so doing) he introduced a turning point [*i.e.* a change] in the era of Vardhamāna [Mahāvira, the founder

¹ *Vikrama's Adventures, or The Thirty-Two Tales of the Throne*, Harvard Oriental Series, vols. xxvi, xxvii, Cambridge, Mass., 1926. The method of presentation of the text and translation for comparative purposes as adopted by Edgerton is ideal, and sets a standard in scholarly research that will be hard to rival.

² Edgerton, vol. i, p. 251 *et seq.*

of Jainism].” Like other passages peculiar to the Jain recension, the above was obviously a subsequent insertion, emanating from the same Jainistic book of legends which Merutunga used later for his Vikrama chapter in the *Pra-bandhacintāmani*.¹ Thus we see that, according to Jain tradition, Vikrama’s act of generosity caused the commencement of a new era. Other sources of Jain tradition corroborate this statement and place the change in the year 470 after Mahāvīra’s nirvāṇa.²

Now the well-known Vikrama era begins with 58 or 57 B.C., and as Mahāvīra lived about the end of the sixth or the beginning of the fifth century B.C., the two statements agree. Thus the possibility of the Vikrama era being founded to commemorate the deeds of the king Vikrama of Jain tradition cannot be doubted. This does not, however, say that the collections of stories about a king bearing the same name also refer to the Jainistic Vikrama. Confused and contradictory statements about Vikrama, in fact about *many* Vikramas, soon made scholars sceptical, especially when it was discovered that the name was used by several kings merely as a title. Then different theories were put forward as to which king was really meant by “Vikrama.” First the Vikramāditya who defeated the Huns in A.D. 544 was proposed, but records dated earlier in the era have been found, and so disproved the theory. Then Kanishka, the Kushan king, was suggested, and for a time received fairly wide support among scholars. But Sir John Marshall proved³ by archæological evidence that Kanishka could not have been living in 58 B.C. He further proposed that the new era really was founded by Azes I, the Śaka king of Gandhāra. The evidence for this is very slender, however, as it entirely depends on the interpretation of the word *ayasa* in the Takshaśilā inscription. If the word *does* mean “of Azes” the evidence is strong, as the dates are in agreement with the existing traditions; but if, as considered much more probable by Bhandarkar, Konow and Edgerton, it merely corresponds to the Sanskrit *ādyasya*, “of the first” (month Āṣāḍha), the whole theory falls to the ground. But apart from this, neither the exact date of Azes nor

¹ See Tawney’s translation, p. 2 *et seq.* For evidence that the Jainistic recension of the *Vikrama-charita* is not Merutunga’s original see Edgerton, vol. i, p. xxxvii *et seq.*

² Edgerton, vol. i, p. lixⁿ.

³ *Journ. Roy. As. Soc.*, 1914, p. 973 *et seq.*; 1915, p. 191 *et seq.*

that of the inscription is known with certainty. If the theory advanced by Kielhorn, that the era was known in early days by the name of Mālava and not Vikrama, be accepted, there is still no reason to discard the Jain tradition. As Vikrama was king of Mālava, and as at first the era was used only locally, why should it not have been known as the Mālava era?

We may, then, at once admit that no evidence exists to prove that a real king Vikrama did *not* exist. The point is, however, that if he *did* exist, why are not traditions and inscriptions forthcoming? Might not the simplest answer be the correct one—namely, that a famous king who used the title “Vikrama” is responsible for the popular legends being connected with the name? The fact that there was also a Vikrama era would merely add to the fame of the hero. The most famous king who bore the title of Vikrama was undoubtedly Chandragupta II of the Gupta dynasty—the golden age of Indian history. His principal conquests were effected between A.D. 388 and 401, and included the crushing of the Śaka (Scythian) power in Mālwa, Gujarāt and Surāshtra.

Now another Jain tradition ¹ tells of events which happened just prior to the foundation of the Vikrama era in 58 or 57 B.C. The Jain saint Kālaka was insulted by King Gardabhilla of Ujjayinī, and by way of revenge overthrew the dynasty with the aid of some Śaka satraps. A few years later Vikrama, the son of Gardabhilla, overcame the invaders and re-established the dynasty. It was at this point that the new Vikrama era was introduced. So runs the legend. Professor Rapson (*Cambridge History of India*, vol. i, p. 532) considers that its historical setting is not inconsistent with what is known of the political circumstances of Ujjayinī of this period. As it was Chandragupta II who is historically known as the conqueror of the Śakas, it is not surprising that he took the additional title of Vikramāditya (“Sun of power”) in later life. The glories of *his* reign and conquests would remain, but events connected with the original Vikrama would become confused with those of the Gupta monarch. Legends would soon accumulate round this “Vikrama,” who was really a purely fictitious character created from ancient Jain traditions of the original Vikrama on the one hand, and from historical memories of Chandragupta II on the other hand.

¹ “The Kālākāchāryakathānaka,” H. Jacobi, *Zeit. d. morg. Ges.*, vol. xxxiv, p. 247 *et seq.*

We return to Somadeva. He places the hero of the Vetāla tales in Pratishthāṇa on the banks of the Godāvārī. The author of the *Vikrama-charita*, however, makes him king of Ujjayinī. Now tradition connects him with both these places, so the mention of different localities need not surprise us. Vikrama is represented as coming from Pratishthāṇa to Ujjayinī, and so was probably connected with the Andhras (or Telugus), who under Sātakarṇi had pushed northwards from their capital, Pratishthāṇa, and wrested Ujjayinī from Pushyamitra, the first Śunga king.

Having now briefly stated what we know about the hero of the *Vetālapañchaviṃśati*, we can proceed to the frame-story, which occurs in various forms.

Frame-Story

Here we are told of the ruse by which the mendicant secures the king's help in the carrying out of certain tantric conjurations. With the sacrifice of the king's life he hopes to obtain the sovereignty of the Vidyādhara. The dauntless Trivikramasena consents to assist the mendicant, and is asked to fetch a dead body from a tree. He finds it possessed by a Vetāla, and the twenty-five tales (really twenty-four) are told by the demon during the same number of attempts on the part of the king to secure the body for the mendicant's nefarious purposes.

This is a very brief summary of the story we have already read on pp. 165-168. It occurs twice in the *Vikrama-charita*, first very briefly in the frame-story,¹ and more fully in the tale of the thirty-first statuette.² As the collection of tales became popular, it was translated into many languages, with the result that in some cases an Introduction got tacked on to the frame-story. In other cases the collection was used for religious purposes and an entirely different frame-story was substituted. We shall mention some of these alternative versions in detail.

The Tamil version begins with a conversation between Indra and Nārada, in which we are informed (very much as in the commencement of the *Ocean*) how Śiva was once asked by Pārvatī to tell her a collection of stories. He at once did

¹ See Edgerton, vol. i, p. 14 *et seq.*

² *Ibid.*, p. 236 *et seq.*

so, but a Brāhman overheard the stories and repeated them to his wife. Thus they became common property. Śiva, through his omniscience, learned what had occurred and cursed the Brāhman to become a Vetāla. When asked by the unhappy man when his curse might end, Śiva replied : “ By whomsoever the questions contained in these tales shall be answered, by the same shall thy curse be removed.” The Brāhman instantly assumed the form of a Vetāla, and was transported into the midst of a wilderness, where he remained suspended, head downwards, on a *Muruca* tree.¹ Then follows the frame-story proper, which closely resembles that in our own text. The differences are interesting, though not important. The mendicant brings *pomegranates*. One day the king’s son offers one to a crab, and as the animal is eating it a shower of priceless jewels falls out. All the pomegranates are accordingly brought and split open, only to reveal more jewels. The rest follows as in Somadeva.

In the well-known Hindi version, and also in the Marathi, there is an Introduction to the frame-story, but in this case it is elaborate, and for several reasons is well worth reproducing in full. I choose the translation by Barker² :

There was a city named Dhārānagar, the king of which was Gandharbsen, who had four queens, and by them six sons, each of whom was more learned and powerful than the other. It happened that, after some days, this king died, and his eldest son, who was named Shank, became king in his stead. Again, after some days, Bikram, his younger brother, having killed his elder brother (Shank), himself became king, and began to govern well. Day by day his dominion so increased that he became king of all India ; and having established his government firmly, he instituted an era. After some days the king thought to himself : “ I ought to visit those countries whose names I am hearing.”

Having resolved upon this in his mind, he committed the government to the charge of his younger brother Bharthari, became a devotee (Yogī), and began to travel from country to country and from forest to forest. A certain Brāhman practised austere devotion in that city. One day a god brought and gave him the fruit of immortality. Having brought this home, he said to his wife : “ Whosoever shall eat this shall become immortal ; the deity told me this at

¹ B. G. Babington, *Vedala Cadai*, p. 18.

² *The Baitāl Pachisi, or Twenty-five Tales of a Demon*, Hertford, 1855.

the time he gave me the fruit." The Brāhman's wife, having heard, wept, and began to say : " It has fallen to us to suffer for a great crime, since if we become immortal, for how long shall we ask alms ! But death would be preferable to this. If we were to die, we should escape the pains of this world." The Brāhman replied, saying : " I have accepted the fruit, and brought it here, but having heard your speech, my intellect has wasted away ; now will I do whatever thou mayst point out." Then the Brāhman's wife said to him : " Give the fruit to the king, and receive instead thereof wealth, by means of which you may promote your present and future welfare."

Having heard these words, the Brāhman went to the king and gave him his blessing. After having made an explanation of the circumstances connected with the fruit, he said : " O great king ! be pleased to accept this fruit, and be pleased to bestow some wealth upon me. I shall be happy in your living long." Then the king gave the Brāhman a lākh of rupees and, having dismissed him, retired into the harem, and having given this fruit to his best-beloved queen, said : " O queen ! eat this, that you may be immortal, and may always remain young." The queen, having heard this speech, took the fruit, and the king went into his court. The queen had for her lover a kotwāl : to him she gave the fruit. It happened that the kotwāl had a friend who was a courtesan ; he gave her the fruit, explaining to her its good qualities. The courtesan reflected : " This fruit is a fit present for the king." Having thus mentally resolved, and having gone to the king, she presented the fruit. He bestowed on her great wealth, and dismissed her ; and, looking at the fruit, he became dissatisfied with the world, and began to say : " The wealth of this world is a delusion. The affection of this world is of no use, since in consequence of it at last we fall into hell. Hence it is better to practise devotion, and keep Bhagwān in remembrance, that it may be good for us in a future state."

Having thus determined, he went into the harem and asked the queen : " What didst thou with the fruit ? " She said : " I ate it." Then the king showed the fruit to her. She, looking at it, stood aghast, and could not make any answer. The king went out and, having had the fruit washed, ate it ; and, having quitted the throne, became a Yogī, and without communicating with anyone departed into the forest. The government of Bikram remained empty.

When this news reached King Indr, he sent a demon as guardian over Dhārānagar, who kept guard day and night over the city. At length the rumour of this state of things was spread abroad, that King Bhartharī, having abdicated his throne, had gone away (into the forest). When King Bikram also heard this news, he immediately returned to his own land. It was midnight, and at the time he was entering the city the demon called out : “ Who art thou ? and where art thou going ? Stand and give thy name ! ”

Then the king said : “ I am King Bikram, and am come to my own city. Who art thou who stoppest me ? ” The demon answered : “ The gods have sent me to guard this city ; if you really are King Bikram, first fight with me, and then enter the city.” The king, immediately on hearing this, tightened his girdle, and challenged the demon, who came opposite to him, and the combat began. At length the king threw down the demon and sat on his breast. The demon cried out : “ O King ! thou hast overthrown me, but I grant thee thy life.” The king, smiling, said : “ Surely thou art mad : to whom dost thou grant life ? If I desire I can kill thee ; how, then, dost thou grant me my life ? ” The demon replied : “ O King ! I will save thee from death ; but first listen to one speech, and then govern the whole earth without anxiety.” The king then quitted his hold, and began to listen with all his heart to his discourse.

The demon said to him : “ There was in this city a very generous king, named Chandr-bhān. It happened that he one day went out into the jungle and saw—what ?—a devotee suspended head-downwards from a tree, who continued inhaling smoke. He received nothing from anyone, nor did he speak to anyone. The king, having seen his condition, came home, and having sat down in his court, said : ‘ If anyone will bring this devotee, he shall receive a lākh of rupees.’ A certain courtesan who heard this speech approached the king, and represented, saying : ‘ If I receive the great king’s command, I will, after bearing a child by this devotee, bring it riding on his shoulders.’ The king, on hearing this speech, was astonished, and gave betel-nut to the courtesan (in token that he held her to her promise) ; and permitted her to depart. She went into the forest, and, arriving at the devotee’s dwelling, saw—what ?—that, in fact, the devotee was hanging head-downwards. He ate nothing, drank nothing, and was shrivelled up. At length the courtesan, having prepared

a confection, put it into the mouth of the devotee ; when he tasted it sweet, it was pleasant to his palate (and he licked it in). Then she made more and gave him. In this manner for two days she made him taste the confection, and he, by eating it, acquired strength. Then having opened his eyes, he came down from the tree and asked her : ‘ Why hast thou come here ? ’ The courtesan said : ‘ I am the daughter of a deity, and have practised religious observances in the heavenly regions. I have now come into this forest.’ That devotee said : ‘ Show me where thy hut is.’ The courtesan, having brought the devotee to her hut, caused to be prepared the six kinds of food. Then the devotee gave up inhaling smoke, and began to eat and drink every day. At length Kāmdev (the Hindu Cupid) began to worry him, and he had connection with the courtesan, and lost (the reward of) his penance. The courtesan became pregnant. The full time being accomplished, a boy was born. Some months passed : then the woman said to the devotee : ‘ O holy saint ! be pleased to perform a pilgrimage to some holy place, that all the sins of your body may be taken away.’ By such speeches as these having cajoled him, she put the boy on his shoulder and came to the court of the king, whence she had set out (having taken up betel in token of), undertaking to perform this very thing. At the time she arrived in the king’s view he recognised her at a distance, and saw the child mounted on the devotee’s shoulder. He began to say to the people of the court : ‘ Behold ! this is the very courtesan who went forth to bring the devotee.’ They said : ‘ O great king ! thou speakest truly : this is the very same woman ; and be pleased to observe that whatever things she, having petitioned (to be allowed to undertake), went forth (to do), all these have come to pass.’

“ The Yogī, having heard the speeches of the king and of his courtiers, thought to himself : ‘ The king has done this for the sake of taking away (the fruits of) my penance.’ Thus thinking, he turned back thence and departed from the city, killed the boy, and began to practise devotion in the jungle. After some days the death of that king happened, and the Yogī accomplished his penance.

“ In short, the history of the matter is, that you three men were born in the same city, in the same lunar mansion, in the same division of the great circle described upon the ecliptic, and in the same period of time (equal to two *gharīs*,

or forty-eight minutes). You were born in the house of a king; the second was born in the house of an oilman; the third, the Yogī, in the house of a potter. You have dominion here. The oilman's son was ruler of the infernal regions. The potter, having performed his penance well, and having killed the oilman, has turned him into a spectre (evil spirit) in a cemetery, and kept him suspended head-downwards in a *siris* tree (*mimosa sirissa*), and is plotting your destruction. If you should escape, you will have royal power. I have given you information of this matter—do not be negligent therein.”

Having thus spoken, the demon departed, and the king entered his harem. In the morning the king, having come forth, sat down, and gave command for a general Darbār (or court). As many domestics—small and great—as there were all came into his presence and presented gifts, and rejoicings began to take place. The whole town was extraordinarily joyful and happy; in every place and in every house dancing and singing was going on. After this the king began to administer the government justly.

It is said that one day a devotee, Shānt-shīl (calm-disposition) by name, came to the king's court bringing a fruit in his hand, which fruit he gave into the king's hand, and having spread his prayer-carpet in that place, sat down. Presently, after about a quarter of an hour, he (got up and) went away. When he had gone, the king reflected in his mind: “This is perhaps the very man of whom the demon spoke.” Suspecting this, he did not eat the fruit, but calling his house-steward he gave it to him (telling him), to keep it in a very careful manner. The devotee, however, continued to come in the same manner, and every day gave him a fruit. It happened that one day the king went forth for the purpose of looking at his stable, and some of his associates were with him. At this time the devotee also arrived there, and in the usual manner gave into the king's hand a fruit, which he began to toss up, till once it fell from his hand on to the ground, and a monkey, having picked it up, tore it in pieces. A ruby of such a quality came forth, that the king and his companions, beholding its brilliancy, were astonished.

Then the king said to the devotee: “Why hast thou given this ruby to me?” The devotee replied: “O great king! it is written in the Shāstr that one should not go empty-handed to the following places: to a king, a spiritual pre-

ceptor, an astrologer, a physician, or to a young girl ; since gifts to these are always conjoined with rewards to oneself. O King ! why dost thou speak of one ruby only, since in each of the fruits I have given thee there is a jewel." Having heard this speech, the king said to the steward of his household : " Bring all the fruits which I have given thee." The steward, on receiving the king's command, immediately brought them, and, having split them, there was found in each one of those fruits a ruby. The king, when he beheld so many rubies, was excessively pleased, and having sent for a jeweller (lapidary) began to examine the rubies, and said to him : " We cannot take anything with us out of this world. Virtue is a noble quality (to possess) here below, so tell justly what is the value of each of these gems."

Having heard this speech, the jeweller said : " O great king ! thou hast spoken truly ; whoever possesses virtue possesses everything—virtue indeed accompanies us always, and is of advantage in both worlds. Hear, O great king ! Each gem, in colour, quality and beauty, is perfect. If I were to say that the value of each was ten million crores (*kaṣor*) of rupees, even then you are not able (to imagine its true value). In fact, each ruby is worth one (of the seven) regions (into which the world is divided)." The king, on hearing this, was delighted, and having bestowed a robe of honour on the jeweller, permitted him to depart ; and taking the devotee by the hand, set him on a throne and began to say : " My entire kingdom is not of the value of one of these rubies. Tell me the reason why you, who are naked, have given me so many jewels."

The Yogī said : " O King ! the speaking of such matters (as the following) in public (lit. 'manifestly') is not right ; these matters—incantations, spells, medicinal drugs, good qualities, household affairs, the eating of forbidden food, scandal we may have heard of our neighbour—should not be spoken of in full assembly. In private I will speak of them. This is the usual way. When an affair comes to six ears (*i.e.* three persons) it does not remain secret ; if a matter (is confided) to four ears, no one hears of it ; and if to two ears, even Brahmā does not know it : how then can any rumour of it come to man ? "

Having heard this speech, the king, having taken the Yogī aside, began to ask him, saying : " O holy saint ! you have given me so many rubies, and even for a single day have

not eaten food. I am exceedingly ashamed : tell me what you desire." The Yogī said : " O King ! I will perform various spells, incantations and magical rites on the bank of the River Godāvārī, in a large cemetery, by means of which the eight Siddhis will come into my possession. This thing I ask as an alms, that you will remain one whole day with me. By your remaining near me, my incantations will be successful." The king replied : " Good ! I will come : tell me on what day." The devotee said : " On the evening of a Tuesday, the fourteenth of the dark half of the month Bhādon (August), armed and alone, you are to come to me." The king said : " Do you go away, I will certainly come alone." In this manner, having received a promise from the king, and having taken leave, the devotee went into the temple, and having made preparations, and taken all the necessary things, went into the cemetery and sat down. The king, on the other hand, began to reflect. At this moment the time arrived (for his starting). Then the king, having girded on his sword, and fastened on his *langot*, arrived alone at night at the Yogī's, and saluted him.

The Yogī said : " Come, sit down." Then the king, having sat down there, sees—what ?—that on all sides demons, ghosts and witches of various kinds, having assumed frightful shapes, are dancing, and the Yogī, seated in the midst, is playing on two skulls. The king, having seen these things, was not frightened nor alarmed, and asked the Yogī : " What commands are there for me ?" The Yogī replied : " O King ! since you have come, just execute one piece of business. About two *kos* in a southerly direction hence there is a place where dead bodies are burned : in that place there is a *siris* tree on which a corpse is hanging ; bring it to me immediately."

Having sent the king thither, he himself sat down and began to say his prayers. First, the darkness of the night was frightful. Secondly, there began to be such continued showers of rain that one might have said that it would never rain again after that day ; and unclean goblins were making such a tumult and noise that even a brave man would have faltered : yet the king kept on his way. Snakes kept clinging round his legs, but these, by reciting a spell, he caused to loosen hold. At length, somehow or other having passed over a very difficult road, the king arrived in that place where dead bodies were burned. Then he saw that goblins, having

seized hold of men, were killing them; witches were chewing the livers of boys; tigers were roaring, and elephants screaming.

In short, when he looked at that tree, he saw that, from the root to the top, every branch and every leaf was burning furiously, and on every side a clamour continued to be raised (and voices crying): "Kill him! kill him! Take him! take him! Take care that he does not get away!" The king, having beheld this state of things, was not afraid, but was reflecting in his mind: "This may be that very Yogī of whom the demon spoke to me." Having gone near, he beheld a corpse hanging head-downwards, tied by a rope.

Having seen the corpse, the king was pleased, saying: "My trouble has been productive of fruit." Having taken his sword and shield, he fearlessly climbed that tree, and struck such a blow with his sword that the cord was cut and the corpse fell down; and immediately on falling, gnashing its teeth, it began to weep. The king, having heard the sound (of his lamentation), was pleased, and began to say to himself: "This man must be alive." Then, descending from the tree, he asked: "Who art thou?" The corpse, on hearing (this question), burst out laughing. The king was greatly astonished at this circumstance. Then the corpse having (again) climbed the tree, became suspended. The king also, immediately, having climbed the tree, took the corpse under his arm and brought it down, saying: "O wretch! tell me who thou art." The corpse gave no answer. The king, having reflected in his mind, said: "This is, perhaps, the very oilman whom the demon said the Yogī kept confined in a cemetery." Thus thinking, he tied the corpse up in a cloth and took it to the Yogī. Whatever man such resolution shall show will certainly be successful. Then the Baitāl said: "Who art thou? and where art thou taking me?" The king answered: "I am King Bikram, and I am taking thee to a Yogī." The Baitāl said: "I will go on one condition—viz. that if you speak on the road, I shall return." The king agreed to his condition, and took him on. Then the Baitāl said: "O King! when people are learned, clever and wise, then they spend their days in the delight of songs and of the Shāstras. But the time of simpletons and fools is spent in ease and sleep. On this account, it is better that this journey be spent in discourse of profitable things. O King! listen to the tale I am going to relate.

There are several points worth mentioning in the above. The circulation of the fruit of immortality occurs in the other great cycle of Vikrama stories, the *Vikrama-charita*.¹ The order of the recipients is the same in all recensions, but slight differences occur in the *dénouement*. Thus in the Southern Recension the list is: Brāhman, king, queen, groom, slave-girl, cowherd, and girl carrying cow-dung. There is no mention of the apple being given back to the king. In the Brief Recension the "cowherd" becomes a "doorkeeper," who gives the apple to "another woman" and she to "another man," and in the Jain Recension the "slave-girl" is described as a "harlot." The *dénouement* is found in two forms. In both the Jain and Brief Recensions the "harlot" or "another man" gives the fruit back to the king as in the *Baitāl Pachīsī*, but in the other recensions he sees it himself quite by chance on the top of the basket of cow-dung which the girl is carrying on her head.

The story appears also in the "Histoire des Rois de l'Hindoustan après les Pandavas, traduite du texte hindoustani de Mîr Cher-i Alî Afsos."² Here it is a "précieux fruit d'amrit," and the recipients are: king, queen, groom, harlot, and back to the king.

It is interesting to compare the rather similar story told of Eudocia Augusta, the wife of Theodosius II. Through the jealousy of her sister-in-law, Pulcheria, on her return from Antioch she was accused of an intrigue with her protégé Paulinus. Eudocia was apparently given an apple by her husband, which she passed on to Paulinus, and he in his turn gave it back to the Emperor. Paulinus was beheaded in A.D. 440, and Eudocia retired to Jerusalem, where she died about 460.

A large number of references and subsequent variants will be found in Oesterley, *Bibliothek Orientalischer Märchen und Erzählungen I*, *Baitāl Pachīsī*.

Mention might also be made of "The Tale of the Three Apples" in the *Nights* (Burton, vol. i, pp. 186-194). In this tale a sick woman expresses a desire for an apple. The dutiful husband, after enormous trouble and expense, secures three from the garden of the Commander of the Faithful at

¹ See Edgerton's edition, vol. i, pp. lxvii, lxviii, and 5-14.

² L'Abbé Bertrand, *Journal Asiatique*, ser. iv, tom. iii, 1844, pp. 245-246. See also Garcin de Tassy, *Histoire de la littérature Hindouï et Hindoustani*, vol. ii, p. 273.

Bassorah. By this time the longing has departed, as the malady has increased. The husband meets a black slave with one of the apples in his hand. On being questioned he boasts that he got it from his mistress, whose fool of a husband had obtained three from Bassorah. In her weakness the woman pleads ignorance of what has happened to the apple, and is killed by the angry husband. Later it transpires that his eldest son had taken the apple and the slave had snatched it from the boy, at the same time ascertaining its history. Ja'far, the famous wazir of Harun al-Rashid, is commanded to find the slave, or be hanged in his stead. In despair he presses his favourite daughter to his breast in a final embrace. In doing so he feels something round in the bosom of her dress. It is the apple! The slave, who turns out to be Ja'far's own slave, had given it to the girl for two *dīnārs* of gold. (See further Chauvin, *op. cit.*, pp. 141, 142.)

Then there is the incident of the "Horrors on the Way" encountered while reaching the Vetāla. While only casually referred to in Somadeva, they are described in much more detail in the Hindi version. We shall shortly see, however, that in the Tibetan and Mongolian variants obstacles are continually met with and have to be overcome by following strictly the instructions of "the Master."

As to the number of stories enclosed by the frame there are really only twenty-four, the killing of the mendicant by Trivikramasena being counted in Somadeva's version as the twenty-fifth. This discrepancy was noticed by compilers of subsequent versions, and a clumsy attempt has been made to rectify the omission. Thus in the Hindi we find the twenty-fourth story has become the twenty-fifth, and the twenty-second has been repeated with very little difference as the new twenty-fourth. The numbering of several of the other stories varies considerably in the different versions, but is really of little importance. The same applies to the "Conclusion," which will be dealt with more fully in the Appendix to Vol. VII.

So far we have examined only variants in which alterations or additions have been made to the frame-story, while the tales themselves remained practically the same. Such, however, was far from the case when the collection made its way northwards to Tibet and later to Mongolia. Here we find that not only is the frame-story entirely altered, but fresh tales have taken the place of the original ones. At

present but little is known about the Tibetan version, except what has been recently published by Francke under the title of "Die Geschichten des toten No-rub-can."¹ The MS. unfortunately contains only the frame-story and three tales of No-rub-can, which name corresponds to the Kalmuck "Siddhi-Kür" (a dead body furnished with magic power). The one tale translated by Francke corresponds to No. 2 in Jülg's Kalmuck collection, to which reference will be made later.

The point to notice here is that the frame-story of both the Tibetan and the Kalmuck is the same, except for a few minor differences, which will be duly enumerated after we have given the Kalmuck version in full.

As mentioned above, the Mongolian (Kalmuck) version is known by the name of Siddhi-Kür, and has been referred to several times in the *Ocean* already. It was rendered into German by B. Jülg, and published in two portions.² Apparently Jülg's translation was not available to Tawney, and he had to content himself with Miss Busk's *Sagas from the Far East*, which purports to be an English rendering of Jülg. A comparison with the German will at once show what liberties Miss Busk has taken with the text and how much is entirely her own invention. In giving the Kalmuck frame-story I have, therefore, avoided Miss Busk, and have followed the recent translation of Coxwell, *Siberian and Other Folk-tales*, pp. 175-179, merely giving a more literal translation in the few passages where he is rather too free.

In a central kingdom of India there lived seven brothers, who were magicians. At a distance of a mile from them dwelt two brothers, who were sons of a khan. The elder of these set out to learn the art of sorcery from the magicians, but, although he received instruction during seven years, the magicians did not teach him the secret of magic. Once, when the younger brother had gone with a stock of food to his elder brother, he glanced through the chink of a door and discovered the secret of the magic art; then, forsaking the

¹ *Zeit. d. d. morg. Gesell.*, vol. lxxiv, Leipzig, 1920, pp. 72-96.

² *Kalmückische Märchen*, Leipzig, 1860 (Introduction and first thirteen tales), and *Mongolische Märchen*, Innsbruck, 1868 (the last nine tales and Conclusion).

provisions, the two brothers hastened to their royal dwelling. The younger brother said to the elder : " The magicians will perhaps become aware that we know the art of magic. Now, there is a good horse in our stable : bridle him, but do not go in the direction of the seven magicians ; lead him elsewhere, sell him, and bring back the money." Having spoken thus, almost the next moment the younger brother turned himself into a horse.

The elder brother did not follow the younger brother's directions. He said to himself : " Although I have been instructed during seven years in the art of magic, I have acquired no knowledge of it : my young brother has now got hold of a fine horse ; why should I not ride him ? " With these ideas in his head, he mounted. But scarcely had he reached the saddle when it happened that, as a result of enchantment, he failed to direct his steed, and found himself at the home of the magicians. He wished to depart, but could not, and the notion occurred to him that he might sell the horse to the magicians. He said to them : " My brother has found this magnificent horse. Will you look at him ? " The magicians understood that the horse was enchanted, and thought : " If everyone learns the magic art in this way, we must perish, in spite of our reputation, for we shall excite no more astonishment. Let us take the horse and kill him ! " With this intention they purchased the horse, paid the large sum which was demanded, and took possession. Next they tethered the magic horse in a dark stable. When the time arrived to take the horse's life they led him forth by the bridle, and, in order that their plan should succeed, one of the brothers held him fast by the head, one by the mane, one by the tail, one by the front feet, and one by the rump. As he went along the horse thought : " Ah, my brother should not have come here. I have fallen into the hands of the magicians, but I will effect a transformation and appear as some other animal."

Scarcely had this idea occurred to the horse when, looking into the water, he saw a fish swimming towards him ; he changed himself into this fish. The seven magicians became seven seagulls, and were on the point of overtaking the fish, when the latter looked up and saw a pigeon flying towards him. He transformed himself into this pigeon. The magicians now became hawks, and pursued the pigeon over hill and stream ; but when they were on the point of catching

him he fled to a shining mountain in the southerly land of Beed and descended into the interior of a stony grotto, called the "Giver of Consolation"; lastly he settled down into the lap of one tarrying there, the Master Nāgārjuna. The seven hawks immediately placed themselves before the entrance of the grotto and took the shape of seven men clothed in cotton. The Master reflected thus: "Why have seven hawks pursued this pigeon?" After pondering, he said: "Tell me, pigeon, why do you exhibit such fear and distress?" Hereupon the pigeon related in detail all that had occurred, and proceeded to say: "At this moment seven men clad in cotton stand before the entrance of this grotto. They will come before you, Master, and ask for the rosary which you have in your hand. At that moment I will change myself into the chief bead of the rosary: if then you, Master, shall part with the rosary, condescend to take the chief bead into your mouth before scattering the rosary."

So spoke the pigeon, and, in accordance with its prediction, seven men appeared in cotton garments and asked for the Master's rosary. The Master took the chief bead into his mouth and scattered the other beads before him; immediately they were transformed into worms. The seven men clad in cotton changed into hens and gobbled up these worms. Then the Master, without delay, let the chief bead of the chaplet fall out of his mouth; forthwith a man, holding in his hand a stick, rose from the ground. As soon as this man had killed the seven hens they became seven dead human bodies. Then the Master grew sad at heart, and said: "While I have preserved but a single life, I have helped to take the lives of these seven men; that is terrible!"

At this remark the man said: "I am the son of a khan. As the Master, in order to save my life, has condemned others to death, I will, in order to blot out this sin and render thanks to the Master, obey joyfully all your orders and faithfully carry them out." The Master replied: "Then know that Siddhi-Kūr (the body with supernatural might) is to be found in the cool grove in the place for bodies (*Śitavana*); he is of gold from the waist upwards and of emerald downwards; he has a head of mother-of-pearl surrounded by a fillet: in such a way is he constituted. Fetch him, as a penance! If you can perform the task, you will enable me to acquire much gold, for through him the people of Jambūdāvīpa could live a thousand years and attain the most wonderful perfection."

The khan's son gave a promise to carry out the undertaking, and said further : " Deign to inform me concerning the way I should take and the manner in which I am to proceed : please tell me what provisions and other things I shall need ; I will obey your injunctions."

The Master answered : " When you have gone about a mile from here you will reach a mountain stream, and come upon a number of large dead bodies at a dark, wooded and terrible pass. When you arrive at the spot, the bodies, without exception, will rise up and approach you. Call out to them : ' All you great bodies, hālā, hālā, svāhā ! ' and, at the same time, scatter among them these consecrated barley grains. Repeat magical words. Farther on, at a river, are lying numerous small dead bodies. Calling out, ' All you small bodies, hulu, hulu, svāhā ! ' you must make them a similar offering. Still farther on exist a number of dead persons in the form of children. Give them also an offering while you cry : ' You dead, in the form of children, rira phad ! ' Siddhi-Kür will rise from their midst, leave them, and, clambering upon a mango-tree, there seat himself. If you grasp this axe, which is called ' White Moon,' and show a threatening countenance at the foot of the tree, he will come down. Put him in this coloured sack, in which there is room for a hundred, lace it up with this hundred-threaded bright cord, partake of this inexhaustible butter-cake, lift the dead man upon your back, walk off without uttering a single word, and return here ! Your name is Khan's son ; but, as you have reached the Consolation-giving grotto, you shall in future be called ' the khan who has taken the fortunate path.' "

Bestowing this name, the Master indicated the way and sent the young man on his mission. After the khan's son had fortunately overcome the terrors of the road, as described by the Master, and reached the very spot, Siddhi-Kür appeared and clambered up the mango-tree ; the khan at once pursued him. He stepped to the foot of the tree and cried out loudly : " My master is Nāgārjuna Garbha, and my axe is called ' White Moon.' My traveller's provisions consist of inexhaustible butter-cake. My case is a sack of many colours in which there is room for a hundred. My cord is bright and of a hundred threads. I myself am ' the khan who has taken the fortunate path.' Dead man, descend, or I will hew down the tree ! "

Siddhi-Kür replied : " Do not fell the tree ! I will come

down." Then he came down, and the khan's son put him in the sack, fastened the latter securely with the cord, tasted his butter-cake, took his load upon his back, and began a journey lasting many days. At last Siddhi-Kür said : "The day is long and tedious for both of us ; relate a story, or I will relate one." But the khan's son walked on without speaking. Then Siddhi-Kür began anew, thus : "If you are willing to relate, nod your head ; but if, on the contrary, you wish me to relate, toss your head backwards !" Without saying a word the khan's son conveyed the proper sign that he was ready to listen. Then Siddhi-Kür began the following story.

It will be seen that the above story consists of the well-known *motif* of the magician and his pupil, followed by the second part of the Sanskrit frame-story presented in Buddhist dress. The use of the former is curious and must, I think, be accounted for simply by the fact that it appeared to the Buddhists more suitable than the original one. Benfey, *Pantschatantra*, vol. i, p. 411 *et seq.*, looked upon this tale as a proof of the way in which Indian tales travelled westwards, but Cosquin¹ has clearly shown that Mongolia has played a small part, if any, in such a transmigration.

We shall now briefly enumerate the differences found in the Tibetan version as translated into German by Francke.

The seven magician brothers live in a *great country*, whose king has two sons. When their parents die they are left penniless. Both decide to call on the magicians, and the elder remains to learn the magic art. He is taught how to turn earth into stones and *vice versa*, to imitate the voices of the partridge, goat and sheep, but nothing else. The course lasts *six weeks*, not seven years. The younger one returns to see how his brother has got on, and, looking *through the window*, learns all their secrets. Later he meets his elder brother coming down from the hills with the goats. They return home, and the younger one turns himself into a horse. Subsequently the horse is sold to the magicians for two hundred rupees, and they offer another fifty rupees for the bridle, which he had been particularly told not to sell. This, however, he does, but discovers later that the money has turned into stone. The magicians keep the horse without

¹ "Les Mongols et leur prétendu rôle dans la transmission des Contes Indiens vers l'occident Européen," *Études Folklorique*, 1922, pp. 497-612.

food for seven days. Then follows the transformation combat as in the Kalmuck, except that instead of seagulls it is otters. The mendicant lives in a *hermitage*, not a *stony grotto*. The rosary is of pearls and the magicians become *birds*. After their death the mendicant describes the way to the land of dry corpses, where he must fetch *Ño-rub-can*. On the way he will meet many dry corpses which will offer to accompany him, but he is to take only the one who does *not* offer. The axe, sack and cord are then given the hero, together with a magic pot and fork for obtaining anything he may want. The conclusion is the same as in the Kalmuck.

A curious feature common both to the Tibetan and Kalmuck versions is that at the end of each tale the Vetāla does not ask questions, and the hero merely makes some exclamation of surprise at the events in the story.

Having now briefly examined the various forms of the frame-story we can proceed to a consideration of the tales themselves.

The Prince who was helped to a Wife by his Father's Minister
(*Vetāla* 1—pp. 168-177)

This story is a combination of two distinct tales, or rather it consists of a well-known *motif* prefixed to a tale which in other collections has stood alone and really has no need of the *motif* to introduce it. It will be best to consider these two separately.

1. *The "Language of Signs" Motif*

This has always been a most useful *motif* in the hands of the story-teller, and is used chiefly to bring together lovers who would not otherwise have the chance of meeting. It is, of course, impossible to say at what period the *motif* became connected with the "Supposed Witch" story, but it was certainly unconnected in the fifth or sixth century in Daṇḍin's *Dasā-kumāra-charita* (see *infra*). This fact, however, proves nothing, for Daṇḍin might well have taken his story from an early version of the *Vetālapañchaviṃśati* now unknown to us.

Once the two *did* become connected they remained so, and Somadeva, finding them thus in the Vetāla section of the

Kashmirian recension of the *Bṛihat-kathā*, followed his usual rule, and left them as he found them. The "language of signs" is already familiar to us. In Vol. I, p. 78 *et seq.*, we read the story of Pushpadanta (No. 3), in which Devadatta falls in love with a princess whom he sees at a window. She conveys a message to him by signs, which he fails to understand, until later they are interpreted for him by his preceptor. When questioned by the princess, Devadatta owns that it was not he who had guessed the meaning of the signs; whereupon she leaves him in disgust. At this point Śiva takes a hand in affairs, and, by disguising himself as a woman, Devadatta attains the object of his desires. By a further trick the king is led to give his daughter to Devadatta in marriage.

This is a typical example of the way in which the "language of signs" *motif* is used in Hindu fiction.

It will be seen that in the story under discussion the sequence of events is quite similar, except that the princess is prepared to let nothing stand in the way of herself and the object of her affections. Hence the introduction of the attempt at poisoning the minister's son. As I have already shown (Vol. I, pp. 80ⁿ-82ⁿ), the "language of signs" is a favourite *motif* in the East. It occurs in a story in *Arji-Borji Khan*, the Mongolian version of the *Sinhāsanadvātriṅśikā*, or *Thirty-Two Tales of a Lion-Seat* (i.e. throne). It was translated into German by Jülz (*Mongolische Märchensammlung*, Innsbrück, 1868, p. 240 *et seq.*), and into English by Busk (*Sagas from the Far East*, pp. 315-323) and Coxwell (*Siberian Tales*, pp. 227-231).

In the story in question Naran Gerel ("sunshine"), the strictly guarded princess, spies the minister Ssaran on a balcony. On seeing him Naran holds one of her fingers upwards and circles it with her other hand, then she clasps her hands together and separates them. Next she lays two fingers together and points with them towards the palace. The minister becomes alarmed, and tells his wife he has been threatened by the princess. On hearing details his wife says:

"She has not threatened you at all. The signs which you describe have this significance: the lifting up of one finger tells you that near her house there rises a tree; when she made a circle with her hand round the finger she meant to convey to you the idea of a wall; when she clasped and unclasped her hands she implied: 'Come into the flower

garden'; the laying of the two fingers together said: 'I would receive a visit from you.'"

It would be superfluous to give further examples here. We might note in passing that the story-teller naturally wants to give the meaning of the signs, and the simplest way of doing this is for the hero not to understand them, thus necessitating the full explanation from a third party. If he *did* interpret them, it would be necessary for someone to ask how he managed to guess the meaning. We have already had an example of this in the very first story of our collection (Vol. I, pp. 45-46), where Vararuchi answers the five-finger sign by showing two fingers. Śakatāla immediately asks for an explanation. (See Chauvin, *op. cit.*, viii, p. 126.)

I have come across one instance where the sign-language was satisfactorily answered, although misunderstood. This occurs in a sub-story to the "Lady's Ninth Story" of *The Forty Vezirs* (E. J. W. Gibb, p. 116 *et seq.*).

A monk is trying to avoid the paying of tribute for himself and his people by asking the king a sign-question which he cannot answer.

The monk first opened the five fingers of his hand and held the palm opposite the folk, then he let the five fingers droop downward, and said: "What means that? Know ye?" And all the doctors were silent and began to ponder; and they reflected, saying: "What riddles can these riddles be? There is no such thing in the Commentaries or the Traditions." Now there was there a learned wanderer, and forthwith he came forward and asked leave of the king that he might answer. The king gladly gave leave. Then that wanderer came forward and said to the monk: "What is thy question? What need for the doctors? Poor I can answer." Then the monk came forward and opened his hand and held it so before the dervish; straightway the dervish closed his fist and held it opposite the monk. Then the monk let his five fingers droop downward; the dervish opened his fist and held his five fingers upward. When the monk saw these signs of the dervish, he said, "That is the answer," and gave up the money he had brought. But the king knew not what these riddles meant, and he took the dervish apart and asked him. The dervish replied: "When he opened his fingers and held his hand so to me it meant, 'Now I strike thee so on the face'; so I showed him my fist, which meant, 'I strike thy throat

with my fist'; he turned and let his fingers droop downward, which meant, 'Thou dost so, then I strike lower and seize thy throat with my hand'; and my raising my fingers upward meant, 'If thou seekest to seize my throat, I too shall grasp thy throat from underneath'; so we fought with one another by signs." Then the king called the monk and said: "Thou madest signs with the dervish, but what meant those signs?" The monk replied: "I held my five fingers opposite him; that meant: 'The five times ye do worship, is it right?' The dervish presented his fist, which meant: 'It is right.' Then I held my fingers downward, which meant: 'Why does the rain come down from heaven?' The dervish held his fingers upward, which meant: 'The rain falls down from heaven that the grass may spring up from the earth.' Now such are the answers to those questions in our books." Then he returned to his own country. And the king knew that the dervish had not understood the monk's riddles. But the king was well pleased for that he had done what was suitable, and he bestowed on the dervish a portion of the money which the monk had left.

It will thus be seen that in some cases the sign has to be answered by another sign, while in others there is only one which is a call for immediate action.

The story in our present text has passed in its entirety, *via* the *Baitāl Pachīsī*, to the repertoire of the ayah, and in the middle of the nineteenth century was told by a very old ayah to Miss Stokes' mother. It forms the twenty-seventh story of her collection (*Indian Fairy Tales*, 1880, pp. 208-215) and is called "Pānwpattī Rānī." Although told some eight hundred years after Somadeva, it has undergone but comparatively few alterations.

The Rānī puts a rose to her teeth, sticks it behind her ear, and then lays it at her feet. The prince's friend, the son of the Rājā's kotwāl (chief police officer in the town), interprets this as follows :—

"When she put the rose to her teeth, she meant to tell you her father's name was Rājā Dānt [Rājā Tooth]; when she put it behind her ear she meant you to know her country's name was Karnātak [on the ear]; and when she laid the rose at her feet, she meant that her name was Pānwpattī [Foot-leaf]. . . ."

The second part of this story will be detailed when we consider the final trick of Buddhīśārīra, to which we now proceed.

2. *The Trick of the Supposed Witch*

As already mentioned, this second part of our story has really no need of the “language of signs” *motif* as a prefix. It contains quite sufficient incident to stand alone, and must surely have done so in its original form. Apart from its occurrence in the *Vetālapañchaviṃśati*, it appears in Daṇḍin’s *Daśakumāra-charita* as an independent story. It is an interesting version, although it differs only in detail from that in the *Ocean*.

The first English translation was made by Wilson, *Oriental Quarterly Magazine*, vol. vii, Calcutta, 1827, pp. 291-293. It was reprinted in his *Works*, vol. iv, and *Essays*, vol. ii, pp. 256-260. The translation was, however, very free besides being incomplete. I therefore use the recent German rendering by Hertel, *Die zehn Prinzen*, Leipzig, 1922, *Indische Erzähler*, Band ii, pp. 118-125. The translation is a literal one.

Nitambavatī

In the country of Sūrasena there is a town called Mathurā. In it there lived a young man of distinguished family who found more pleasure in social life and courtesans than he ought to; and as he merely by the strength of his arm had fought many a fight for his friends, the rowdies had given him the nickname of “Fighting-thorn,”¹ under which he was generally known.

One day “Fighting-thorn” saw a picture in the hands of a foreign painter, which represented a young woman; and looking at the picture was enough to set his heart on fire. He said to the painter:

“This lady, dear master, whom you have painted here, seems to combine the most obvious contrasts. For her body is of a beauty that is hardly seen in ladies of good family, and yet her modest bearing clearly indicates her noble origin. The colour of her face is pale, the charm of her body has not suffered from excessive caresses, and what a depth of longing

¹ He is the “thorn” which the rowdies find in fighting when they pick a quarrel with his friends.

for love her eyes have ! And yet her husband cannot be far from her, because neither a plait of her hair nor anything else points to that. Besides, she wears a pearl on her right side.¹ And yet I think you have painted her with extraordinary skill and quite life-like. She obviously is the wife of an old merchant, who no longer possesses much manly vitality, so that she suffers from lack of embracing, which rightly was due to her."

The painter praised his appreciation of art and said :

" You have hit it ! The lady is Nitambavatī,² and rightly she bears this name. She lives in Ujjayinī, the capital of Avanti, and is married to the caravan-owner Anantakīrti. Her beauty filled me with amazing admiration, so I have painted her as you see her here."

" Fighting-thorn " was no longer master of his senses. He *must* see Nitambavatī himself, and therefore he set out at once for Ujjayinī. Passing himself off as an astrologer,³ he entered her house under the pretence of asking for food, and caught a glimpse of her.

Her appearance intensified his longing for her still more. He went to the elders of the town, asked for the post of watcher over the place where the corpses were burned, and obtained it. The shroud and other things with which the mourners rewarded him for his services he gave to a nun Arhantika,⁴ and induced her to go to Nitambavatī and by her words secretly ingratiate her in his favour. But Nitambavatī dismissed the procuress with indignation.

From the nun's report he understood that his beloved behaved in a way proper for a lady of good family, and that it was impossible to seduce her. Therefore he secretly gave the procuress the following instructions :—

" Once more go and see the merchant's wife ; and when you get her alone, say to her : ' How could you seriously believe that a woman like me can really mean to tempt ladies of good families to unchastity ! Just because I have realised the wickedness of worldly life, I have dedicated myself to mortification, and all I strive for is redemption. I only

¹ Wives whose husbands are away wear a plain plait of hair hanging down their backs and put on no jewellery.

² Καλλιπύγος.

³ He would also have disguised himself as a Śaiva ascetic, as the sequel indicates.

⁴ The name indicates a Jaina nun.

wanted to test you, and see if even you, with your great wealth, your supernatural charm, and your extreme youth, have been infected with levity, to which other women so quickly succumb. I rejoice now that you are so totally uncorrupted, and from my heart I wish you the happiness of motherhood. Unfortunately your husband is in the clutches of a demon, so that he is seized with jaundice and is weakened and unable to embrace you. If you do not succeed in opposing the hindering influence of this demon, you must abandon every hope of obtaining a child by your husband. Do me, therefore, the favour and come out to your garden quite alone. I will bring there a man versed in magic. On his hand you must place your foot; nobody will see it! He will pronounce a charm over it. Then you must pretend to be angry with your husband and kick him on his chest with your foot; thereby he will be able to beget perfect, healthy and vigorous descendants, and he will do you homage as he would to a goddess. There is nothing indelicate in the matter.'

"If you speak to her in that way, she will certainly come. You lead me into the garden first, after nightfall, and then bring her out there too. This is the only service that I beg of you."

The nun declared herself ready to do this service. Then he was beside himself with joy, and the following night he went into the garden. The nun succeeded, but not without trouble, in persuading Nitambavatī to go. And when this was done, "Fighting-thorn" took the lady's foot in his hand, and while he pretended to stroke it gently, quickly deprived her of a golden anklet, wounded her slightly with a knife on the upper part of the thigh, and then made his escape.

Nitambavatī was frightened to death. She reproached herself for her improper behaviour, and felt she wanted to kill the nun. Then she washed the wound in a pond adjoining the house, dressed it, and removed the corresponding ring from the ankle of her other foot, and stayed in bed for three or four days, on the plea of indisposition, without allowing anybody to visit her.

But the rascal took the stolen anklet, went to Anantakīrti, and offered to sell him the piece of jewellery. Hardly had he seen it than he said to "Fighting-thorn":

"This anklet is the property of my wife. How has it come into your possession?"

The more "Fighting-thorn" hesitated to answer the

more the merchant plied him with questions. At last he said :

“ I shall render you an account of it, but only before the assembled body of merchants.”

This was his final word. Now the merchant went to his wife, and requested her to send him her two anklets.

Beside herself with anxiety and shame she sent him the only anklet she had, with the message :

“ I lost one anklet, the clasp of which was very loose, last night in the garden, where I had gone out to get some fresh air. In spite of all my searching, I have not been able to find it yet. Here is the other.”

When the merchant heard that, he ordered “ Fighting-thorn ” to precede him, and went with him before the assembled guild of merchants.¹ The rogue was examined, assumed a very submissive air, and made his statement :

“ You gentlemen are aware that I have been entrusted with guarding the ‘ grove of ancestors,’² that I live there and get my livelihood from the post entrusted to me. Even at night when I sleep I remain on the burning-ground ; for I must take into consideration the fact that my mere appearance frightens niggardly people, and that they therefore try to burn their dead at night.³

“ So recently I saw in the night a black female figure approaching a funeral pyre and forcibly trying to drag out of it a half-burnt corpse.⁴ Greed made me conquer my fear of the witch. I interfered and laid hold of her. It so happened that by accident I scratched her slightly with my knife on the upper part of her thigh⁵ ; I managed, however, to pull this bangle from her ankle. Then she ran off as fast as she could.

“ In this way I got hold of the anklet. The verdict, gentlemen, is in your hands.”

¹ The court of the Vaisya caste, which consists of merchants.

² The place where the dead are burned.

³ These words contain a pun. Among superstitious people the burning-ground is believed to be the place where all ghosts live, and nobody dares to visit these grounds at night. “ Fighting-thorn ” means that the meanness in some people may be so great that they fear the corpse-guards more than the ghosts, because they owe him his fees, and that they therefore burn their dead at night so as to cheat him of them.

⁴ See Hertel, *Indische Märchen*, Jena, 1921, Pref., p. 8.

⁵ The witch is imagined to be naked.

The assembly of merchants deliberated together, and the result of the council was the unanimous decision of the guild of citizens¹ that Nitambavatī was a witch.

Her husband repudiated her. So the following night she went weeping to the same "grove of ancestors" to hang herself there.

The rogue, however, detained her and managed to soothe her.

"My beautiful child," he said, "your charm drove me mad, so that I tried to win you for myself. All my suggestions which should have led to it, and which I sent you through the mouth of the nun, failed to attain the object of my desire. Then I had recourse to this means which would lead to the happiness of owning you all my life. Now grant me your affection. Behold, I am your slave, and the happiness of my whole life lies in your hands!"

In this way he tried to persuade her; he repeatedly fell at her feet, and proved himself inexhaustible in finding means to propitiate her, and as there was nothing else for her but to gratify him,² she became his.

Therefore I say: "By artifice the most difficult things are accomplished."

The story travelled westwards and found its way into the Arabic version of the *Book of Sindibād*, known as the *Seven Vazīrs*. It was subsequently included in the *Nights*, where it appears with little alteration in the various texts. The Arabic version was first made known to us by J. Scott, who translated it as the "Story of the Painter" in *Tales, Anecdotes and Letters, translated from the Arabic and Persian*, Shrewsbury, 1800, pp. 108-115. (Reprinted with slight alterations by Clouston, *Book of Sindibād*, pp. 166-170.) The hero of the story, however, is usually a goldsmith, and, following the Macnaghten text, Burton (vol. vi, p. 156 *et seq.*) calls it "The Goldsmith and the Cashmere Singing-girl."

¹ This is identical with the assembly of merchants, which is the most important caste. The so-called "town-merchant" had an official position corresponding to that of our mayors. The Śūdra, or fourth caste, had no rights and was not taken into consideration. The nobility—i.e. the Brāmans and the Kshatriyas (warriors)—are above the citizens.

² As a witch she was naturally excluded from all human community in her native town; and in a foreign place, without a man's protection, she might at the best have lived as a prostitute

The title is important because of the mention of Kashmir. In some texts, including that used by Scott, the locality has been altered to Isfahān. See further Chauvin, *op. cit.*, viii, p. 47, under "Maḥmoûd (La sorcière)." As translated by Burton the Arabic version is as follows :—

There lived once, in a city of Persia, a goldsmith who delighted in women and in drinking wine. One day, being in the house of one of his intimates, he saw painted on the wall the figure of a lutanist, a beautiful damsel; beholder never beheld a fairer or a more pleasant. He looked at the picture again and again, marvelling at its beauty, and fell so desperately in love with it that he sickened for passion and came near to die. It chanced that one of his friends came to visit him, and sitting down by his side, asked how he did and what ailed him; whereto the goldsmith answered: "O my brother, that which ails me is love, and it befell on this wise. I saw the figure of a woman painted on the house-wall of my brother such an one, and became enamoured of it." Here-upon the other fell to blaming him, and said: "This was of thy lack of wit: how couldst thou fall in love with a painted figure on a wall, that can neither harm nor profit, that seeth not, neither heareth, that neither taketh nor withholdeth?" Said the sick man: "He who painted yonder picture never could have limned it save after the likeness of some beautiful woman." "Haply," rejoined his friend, "he painted it from imagination." "In any case," replied the goldsmith, "here am I dying for love of the picture, and if there live the original thereof in the world, I pray Allah Most High to protect my life till I see her."

When those who were present went out, they asked for the painter of the picture and, finding that he had travelled to another town, wrote him a letter complaining of their comrade's case, and inquiring whether he had drawn the figure of his own inventive talents or copied it from a living model. To which he replied: "I have painted it after a certain singing-girl belonging to one of the wazirs in the city of Cashmere in the land of Hind."

When the goldsmith heard this, he left Persia for Cashmere city, where he arrived after much travail. He tarried awhile there till one day he went and clapped up an acquaintance with a certain of the citizens who was a druggist, a fellow of sharp wit, keen, crafty; and, being one eventide in company

with him, asked him of their king and his polity. To which the other answered, saying: "Well, our king is just and righteous in his governance, equitable to his lieges and beneficent to his commons, and abhorreth nothing in the world save sorcerers; but whenever a sorcerer or sorceress falls into his hands, he casteth them into a pit without the city and there leaveth them in hunger to die." Then he questioned him of the king's wazirs, and the druggist told him of each minister, his fashion and condition, till the talk came round to the singing-girl, and he told him: "She belongeth to such a wazir." The goldsmith took note of the minister's abiding-place, and waited some days till he had devised a device to his desire; and one night of rain and thunder and stormy winds he provided himself with thieves' tackle and repaired to the house of the wazir who owned the damsel. Here he hanged a rope-ladder with grappling-irons to the battlements and climbed up to the terrace-roof of the palace. Thence he descended to the inner court and, making his way into the Harim, found all the slave-girls lying asleep, each on her own couch; and amongst them, reclining on a couch of alabaster and covered with a coverlet of cloth-of-gold, a damsel, as she were the moon rising on a fourteenth night. At her head stood a candle of ambergris, and at her feet another, each in a candlestick of glittering gold, her brilliancy dimming them both; and under her pillow lay a casket of silver, wherein were her jewels. [Scott has: "a rich veil, embroidered with pearls and precious stones."] He raised the coverlet and, drawing near her, considered her straitly, and behold! it was the lutanist whom he desired and of whom he was come in quest. So he took out a knife and wounded her in the back parts, a palpable outer wound, whereupon she awoke in terror; but when she saw him, she was afraid to cry out, thinking he came to steal her goods. So she said to him: "Take the box and what is therein [Scott: "Take this embroidered veil"], but slay me not, for I am in thy protection and under thy safeguard, and my death will profit thee nothing." Accordingly he took the box and went away. [Night 587.] And when morning morrowed he donned clothes after the fashion of men of learning and doctors of the law and, taking the jewel-case, went in therewith to the king of the city, before whom he kissed the ground, and said to him: "O King, I am a devout man, withal a loyal well-wisher to thee, and come hither a pilgrim to thy court from the land of Khorasan,

attracted by the report of thy just governance and righteous dealing with thy subjects and minded to be under thy standard. I reached this city at the last of the day and, finding the gate locked and barred, threw me down to sleep without the walls ; but, as I lay betwixt sleep and wake, behold, I saw four women come up : one riding on a broomstick, another on a wine-jar, a third on an oven-peel, and a fourth on a black bitch [as Burton says, these vehicles suggest derivation from European witchery, but Scott reads : "One mounted upon an hyæna, another upon a ram, a third upon a black bitch, and the fourth upon a leopard"], and I knew that they were witches making for thy city. One of them came up to me and kicked me with her foot and beat me with a fox's tail [Scott : "with a whip, which appeared like a flame of fire"] she had in her hand, hurting me grievously, whereat I was wroth and smote her with a knife I had with me, wounding her in the back parts as she turned to flee from me. When she felt the wound she fled before me, and in her flight let drop this casket [Scott : "veil"], which I picked up, and opening, found these costly jewels therein. So do thou take it, for I have no need thereof, being a wanderer in the mountains who hath rejected the world from my heart and renounced it and all that is in it, seeking only the face of Allah the Most High." Then he set the casket before the king and fared forth. The king opened the box, and, emptying out all the trinkets it contained, fell to turning them over with his hand, till he chanced upon a necklace whereof he had made gift to the wazir to whom the girl belonged. Seeing this, he called the minister in question and said to him : "This is the necklace I gave thee ?" He knew it at first sight, and answered : "It is ; and I gave it to a singing-girl of mine." Quoth the king : "Fetch that girl to me forthwith." So he fetched her to him, and he said : "Uncover her back parts and see if there be a wound therein or no." The wazir accordingly bared her backside, and finding a knife-wound there, said : "Yes, O my lord, there is a wound." Then said the king, "This is the witch of whom the devotee told me, and there can be no doubt of it," and bade cast her into the witches' well. So they carried her thither at once.

As soon as it was night, and the goldsmith knew that his plot had succeeded, he repaired to the pit, taking with him a purse of a thousand *dīnārs*, and entering into converse with the warder, sat talking with him till a third part of the night was

passed, when he broached the matter to him, saying : “ Know, O my brother, that this girl is innocent of that they lay to her charge, and that it was I who brought this calamity upon her.” Then he told him the whole story, first and last, adding : “ Take, O my brother, this purse of a thousand *dīnārs* and give me the damsel, that I may carry her to my own land, for these gold pieces will profit thee more than keeping her in prison ; moreover Allah will requite thee for us, and we too will both offer up prayers for thy prosperity and safety.”

When the warder heard this story, he marvelled with exceeding marvel at that device and its success ; then, taking the money, he delivered the girl to the goldsmith, conditioning that he should not abide one hour with her in the city. Thereupon the goldsmith took the girl and fared on with her, without ceasing, till he reached his own country, and so he won his wish.

When we compare these three versions of the same tale we notice that the chief incidents (namely, the wounding of the girl, the stealing of her jewels, and selling or giving them to the person who would cause her to be banished from the town) occur in every case.

It is only the less important incidents which have changed. In Somadeva's version the use of the “ language of signs ” *motif* has necessitated the minister playing the chief part throughout, while in the other versions the man (not a prince) relies entirely on his own cleverness. It is interesting to note that the variant in the *Nights* seems to have borrowed from both Somadeva and Daṇḍin, for from the former it has borrowed the incident of the rope (although it is the goldsmith who puts up the rope, not the girl who hangs it down), and from the latter the incident of falling in love with the painting. Other minor differences will be apparent on comparison. It is necessary to mention only one other point. In Daṇḍin the object of the young man's affection is a respectable married woman. After stealing the anklet he goes straight to her husband and offers to sell it to him. Her guilt is apparently proved and the wife is immediately divorced. Now, this part of the story bears some resemblance to a series of tales known by the generic name of the “ Concealed Robe ” or “ Burnt Veil.” The former title is taken from the version in the *Book of Sindibād*,¹ while the

¹ See Clouston, *op. cit.*, p. 73 *et seq.*, and *cf.* 253.

latter is derived from the Arabic variants found in the *Seven Vazīrs* and the *Nights*.¹

In both cases the plot centres round an amorous youth who enjoys the love of a woman through the scheming of a third party who deceives the husband into leaving or divorcing his wife. Thus far the connection with our story is clear. The incriminating article is a robe or veil instead of a piece of jewellery and mark on the thigh. It should, however, be noticed that in Scott's "Story of the Painter" it actually is a veil which is stolen as evidence.

The following is a brief *résumé* of the Arabic version :—

A youth takes a house in Baghdad at a very low rental, and later learns the reason. It is because if the owner but looks through a certain window in the upper part of the house he would see a girl so fair that he would die of longing for her. Curiosity makes him see for himself. He falls madly in love, and secures the help of a go-between to bring about their union. She explains that the girl is the wife of a rich merchant. The would-be lover is to buy a veil from him and give it her. This done, she gets into the beauty's house by a ruse and hides the veil, which she has purposely burnt in three places, under the merchant's pillow. He finds it and divorces his wife. The old woman arranges a liaison, and the pair remain together for a week. The wrong is then righted by the lover blaming the old woman for not having his veil mended after it had been burnt. She confesses to having left it by mistake in the merchant's house. This conversation is specially held before the wronged husband, and all ends in forgiveness and reconciliation.

Reference might also be made to another cycle of stories similar to that of the *Seven Vazīrs*, known under the title of "King Shah Bakht and his Wazir-Rahwan." Here we find the above story appearing again, but this time the incriminating object is a turban. Burton, following the Breslau text (Supp., vol. i, p. 309), calls it "The Story of the Crone and the Draper's Wife." See also Chauvin, *op. cit.*, viii, p. 109, under "Le turban brûlé."

In conclusion I would briefly refer to the second part of Miss Stokes' story of Pānwpattī Rānī (see p. 250). Here

¹ See Scott, *op. cit.*, p. 168 *et seq.*; Burton, *op. cit.*, vol. vi, p. 188 *et seq.*; Clouston, *op. cit.*, p. 198 *et seq.*; René Basset, *Journ. Asiatique*, ser. 10, vol. ii, pp. 67, 77, and Chauvin, *op. cit.*, viii, pp. 57, 58.

we notice the changes that our story has undergone in the hands of the ayahs through the centuries, although the main incidents of Somadeva's version remain. In the first place the couple get properly married. The prince goes to visit his friend, the kotwāl's son, and Pānwpatti becomes jealous. The poisoned sweets are sent on the prince's next visit, but are given to some crows and then to a dog. In the final episode the kotwāl's son seizes the jewels while the princess is *asleep*, and wounds her *in the leg*. Later, the Rājā's servants arrest the pretended Yogī, but are not nearly so courteous as in Somadeva's version. When relating his story he says he was sitting by *a river*, and that at midnight *one* woman arrived and pulled a dead body out of the river, and began to eat it. In anger he had taken her jewels and wounded her in the leg. The girl is cast out into the jungle and there rescued by the prince and his friend. There is, of course, no mention of her parents dying. This last incident was introduced by Somadeva in order that the Vetāla could ask his question about who was the guilty party.

In the Tamil version the girl is wounded between the breasts, and *gives* a pearl necklace as a bribe to prevent her secret love of eating corpses being divulged. Both parents die here as in Somadeva.

The Three Young Brāhmans who restored a Dead Lady to Life

(*Vetāla* 2—pp. 179-181)

As explained by Uhle,¹ Sivadāsa's recension varies in its texts both in the present story and also in No. V. According to Lassen² there are four Brāhmans; the first three act as in our version, and the fourth merely goes home. He it is who is judged to be the true husband, as the others had acted respectively as father, brother and servant. In Gildemeister's text, which is that chiefly used by Uhle, and in all other versions, the Brāhmans are only three in number. As Lassen's reading in this case was based on a single MS., it cannot stand against the others as the original version. And Uhle points out [on a later page³ that it must be regarded merely as a

¹ *Abhandl. f. d. Kunde d. Morgenlandes*, viii, No. 1, p. xxi.

² *Anthologia sanscritica*, Bonnæ ad Rhenum, 1838.

³ *Op. cit.*, p. 113.

clever improvement on the original, for it cannot be denied that the king's choice of the fourth Brāhman, who merely goes home, contains a decided touch of humour.

It is, however, interesting to note that in a moralised version forming the *Sādhūsīla Jātaka*, No. 200 (Cambridge edition, vol. ii, pp. 96, 97), the number of suitors is four. They wooed the four daughters of a Brāhman. He was in doubt as how best to dispose of them. One of the suitors was fine and handsome, one was old, the third a man of good family, and the fourth was good. Accordingly he approached the Master, saying :

“One is good, and one is noble; one has beauty, one has years.

Answer me this question, Brāhman : of the four, which best appears ?”

Hearing this, the teacher replied : “Even though there be beauty and the like qualities, a man is to be despised if he fail in virtue. Therefore the former is not the measure of a man; those that I like are the virtuous.” And in explanation of this matter he repeated the second couplet :

“Good is beauty : to the aged show respect, for this is right :

Good is noble birth ; but virtue—virtue, that is my delight.”

When the Brāhman heard this, he gave all his daughters to the virtuous wooer.

Before referring to variants found in the vernaculars we shall first consider the story as given by Somadeva. The chief *motif* is that of “Resuscitation.” In this particular case it is brought about by the aid of a stolen book containing a magical charm. Although I am unable to give any exact analogue to this, we find in the Latin version of the *Gesta Romanorum*¹ a tale of a magic book of charms stolen from a necromancer by his pupil. The best-known method is by aid of the “Water of Life,” which is one of the oldest and most widespread *motifs* in the world. We have already had several references to this (see Vol. II, p. 155n⁴, and Vol. III, p. 253n¹),

¹ See H. Oesterley, *Gesta Romanorum*, 1872, pp. 664 and 748; and S. J. H. Herrtage, *Early English Versions of the Gesta Romanorum*, Appendix, No. cclx, Early English Text Society, Ex. vol. No. xxxiii, 1879.

but by far the largest number is to be found in Bolte and Polívka, *op. cit.*, vol. ii, pp. 394-401—*i.e.* No. 97, “Das Wasser des Lebens.” Sir Richard Temple is at present engaged on a work dealing with this interesting subject.¹

Now in this present story three men claim to have been the direct cause of the resuscitation, the first because he possessed the charm, the second because he had taken her bones to the Ganges and the efficacy of sacred bathing-places was absolute, while the third claims that it was the power of his asceticism which had raised the dead to life. Thus the story is really an unusual form of the well-known “Joint Efforts” *motif*, as it might be called. The usual form is that found in the Vetāla’s fifth story—all the suitors can do something wonderful: suddenly the bride disappears and the joint application of their gifts is successful in bringing back the lost bride. I shall discuss this further when dealing with the story in question (see p. 273 *et seq.*). The *motif* occurs also in the Vetāla’s twenty-second story, where three Brāhmans bring a lion back to life. The present tale is weak because the claims of the first two Brāhmans are so feeble. The third Brāhman had already obtained clear proof of the efficacy of the charm, and needed no help from the others at all. In the “Joint Efforts” *motif*, however, all the suitors do something which is a *sine qua non* to the result, but useless by itself; accordingly the question as to who can rightly claim the girl for a bride is a very open one. But of this more anon.

The “Five Sons,” which forms the seventh diversion of the fifth day in Basile’s *Pentamerone* (Burton, vol. ii, p. 532 *et seq.*), although really an example of the “Joint Efforts” *motif*, warrants mention here because one of the sons has discovered a herb which can cause the dead to live again. But it would have been useless until the others had rescued her from the ghul’s power. The end of the tale is unusual. The king is unable to decide who deserves the hand of the princess. Each man (they are brothers) puts forward his claim. Then the father of the boys puts forward *his* claim. “I think I have done a great deal in the matter,” he said, “having made men of these my sons, and having by the strength of first teachings obliged them to learn the craft they know, otherwise they would be senseless fools, where now they have brought forth such pleasant fruits.” The father marries the princess.

¹ Zinda Peer, the Everliving Saint of India. A Discourse on some Ramifications of the Belief in the Water of Immortality.

A story from Siddhi-Kür also deserves mention. It forms No. 2 of Jülg, tale 9 of Busk (p. 105 *et seq.*) and No. 4 of Coxwell (p. 179 *et seq.*). In this tale six men go to seek their fortunes in different directions. One of them, a rich man's son, is killed. The others, by their several accomplishments, find his body, and by a wonderful draught one of them restores his life. The rich man's son tells his adventures, and how his wife must be rescued from the hands of a powerful khan. This is successfully done, and each claims the woman. The tale ends curiously: "They strove thus each for himself, and could not come to an agreement. 'Now,' said they, 'if there is this difficulty, let us all take her'; and crying out 'Strike! strike!' they cut her to pieces with their knives."

In fact, all the story-tellers have experienced much difficulty in settling the question that this story leads up to. In Somadeva's tale the question is naturally put to Trivikramasena, and he, being a pious and exemplary king, gets out of the difficulty by saying that he who stayed in the cemetery and practised asceticism acted so out of deep affection and so must be considered her husband. The other two act the parts of father and son respectively. This resembles the end of a story in the Kalmuck *Arji-Borji* (see Busk, *op. cit.*, p. 298 *et seq.*).

Four young shepherds combine in making a life-like wooden carving. The first did the actual sculpturing, the second painted it, the third infused into it wit and understanding, the fourth breathed life into it, and behold! it was woman! They all claimed her for themselves. The question was who had the best claim. After several futile answers had been given the wise Naran-Dākini replied:

"... The youth who first fashioned the figure of a block of wood, did not he stand in the place of a father? He who painted it with tints fair to behold, did not he stand in place of the mother? He who gave wit and understanding, is he not the Lama? But he who gave a soul that could be loved, was it not he alone who made woman? To whom, therefore, else should she have belonged by right of invention? And to whom should woman belong if not to her husband?"

In the Hindi version the girl dies of a snake-bite, and various sorcerers, etc., are brought to charm away the poison. Having seen the girl, however, they are of the unanimous

opinion that the case is hopeless. Then follows a curious passage about snake-poison :

The first said : " A person does not live who has been bitten by a snake on the fifth, sixth, eighth, ninth and fourteenth day of the lunar month." The second said : " One who has been bitten on a Saturday or Tuesday does not survive." The third said : " Poison infused during the Rohiṇī, Maghā, Aṣṣleshā, Viśākḥā, Mūlā, and Kṛittikā mansions of the moon, cannot be got under." The fourth said : " One who has been bitten in any organ of sense—the lower lip, the cheek, the neck, abdomen, and navel—cannot escape death." The fifth said : " In this case Brahmā even could not restore life—of what account, then, are we ? Do you perform the funeral rites—we will depart."

The rest is almost similar to Somadeva's version.

In the Tamil *Vedala Cadai*, and also in the Turkish *Tūtī-nāmah*,¹ the girl dies through anxiety of mind, while the others are disputing as to whom she should rightly marry. The curious feature in the latter is that the girl is brought back to life by being beaten. The first suitor opens the grave, the second advises the use of the cudgel, and the third brings it into operation. The suitors fight, but the girl refuses them all.

Restoring life by beating is certainly uncommon in stories. It is found, however, in a Persian tale included by J. Uri in his *Epistolæ Turcicæ ac Narrationes Persicæ editæ et Latine conversæ*,² Oxonii, 1771, pp. 26, 27. Flagellation during marriage ceremonies is quite common in India, and is also found in other countries.³ The fundamental idea is quite possibly the

¹ Rosen, *Tuti-Nameh*, vol. ii, p. 53. See also Wickerhauser, *Papageimärchen*, p. 188.

² Uri calls the book from which the tale is taken *Post nubila Phoebus*, which is merely a parodied title of the Arabic work *Al Faraj ba'da'sh-shiddah* (*Joy after Hardship*), by Muḥassin ibn 'Alī at-Tanūkhī (died A.H. 384). See the Arabic text published in Cairo, 1903-1904, vol. ii, pp. 98, 99. The tale is also found in an early Persian translation lithographed in Bombay, A.H. 1276 (1859), pp. 383, 384. Tanūkhī states that the story in question was received from a certain Muḥammad aṣ-Ṣāliḥī, the Scribe, a contemporary. Mr A. G. Ellis, who has kindly supplied the above information, adds that Uri's text is loosely abridged from the Persian version above mentioned.

³ See, e.g., Crooke, *op. cit.* (new edition, 1926), pp. 136, 137; *Journ. Anth. Inst.*, vol. xxix, pp. 78, 97; Westermarck, *History of Human Marriage*, vol. ii, pp. 517, 518; and Frazer, *Golden Bough*, Index vol., pp. 182, 183.

same as in the case of raising the dead by flogging—namely, to expel the evil spirit which has caused the catastrophe, or in the case of a marriage, which *might* cause the catastrophe (of barrenness).

To conclude, I would quote a Burmese version of our story found in a collection known under the title of *The Precedents of Princess Thoodama Tsari* (or Sudhammachāri). The translation is by R. F. St A. St John, *Folk-Lore Journal*, vol. vii, 1889, p. 309 *et seq.*¹

Once there were, in the country of Kamboja, four vaiśyas who were great friends; three of them had a son and the other had a very beautiful daughter. Each of the three young men sent a message to the parents of the girl. The first said: "If your daughter should die before she reaches the age of fifteen, I will give her a grand funeral." The second said: "If she die before the age of fifteen, I will collect her bones after the body is cremated and bear them to the burial-ground." The third said: "If your daughter die before she reaches the age of fifteen, I will watch in the burial-ground." To these proposals the parents of the girl gave their consent.

Now it came to pass that the girl died before she was fifteen, and her parents called upon the young men to fulfil their promises, and they did so. Whilst the third was walking in the burial-ground a Yogi came that way, on his road to Himavanta, and, seeing him, asked if he would like the girl to be made alive again; and on his saying that he would, he restored her to him alive and with all her former beauty. The other two young men on hearing of this said that, as they had performed their promises, they had also a right to have her in marriage. After arguing the matter between themselves, they agreed to go to Princess Sudhammachāri and abide by her decision:

"One of you performed the funeral ceremonies and went his way; the other carried the bones to the burial-ground and departed; but the third remained watching in the burial-ground. The man who constituted himself a guardian of the burial-ground is debased for seven generations, and, inasmuch as the girl came to life when he still remained with her though dead, he has an undoubted right to her now that she has come to life again."

¹ Cf. the translation by C. J. Bandow, Rangoon, 1881, pp. 53-55.

The King and the Two Wise Birds

(Vetāla 3—pp. 183-189)

In Śivadāsa's recension (Uhle, *op. cit.*, p. 13) we get further details about the wedding of the royal couple who possessed the clever birds. So, too, in the Hindi version, where it forms the fourth story,¹ we get considerably more details. Barker² translates as follows:—

The Baitāl spoke, saying: "O King! there was a city called Bhogwatī, whose king was named Rūpsen, and he had a parrot named Chūrāman. One day the king asked that parrot: 'What dost thou know?' The parrot replied: 'Great king! I know everything.' The king said: 'If thou knowest everything, tell me where there is a beautiful damsel, my equal in rank.' The parrot said: 'Great king! there is in the country of Magadh a king, Magadheshwar by name, and he has a daughter, whose name is Chandrāvati. You will marry her; she is very beautiful and very learned.' The king, on hearing the parrot's speech, sent for an astrologer, whose name was Chandrakānt, and asked him: 'Whom shall I marry?' The astrologer ascertained by his art, and said: "Chandrāvati is the name of the maiden, and your marriage with her will certainly take place.'

"The king, having heard this, summoned a Brāhman and explained everything to him. When he sent him to King Magadheshwar, he thus enjoined him: 'If you arrange this affair of our marriage satisfactorily, we will reward you.' The Brāhman then took leave. King Magadheshwar's daughter had a Mainā (*gracula religiosa*), whose name was Madana-manjarī (love-garland). The princess in the same way had consulted Madana-manjarī, and asked her: 'Where shall I find a suitable husband?' The Mainā replied: 'Rūpsen is king of the city of Bhogwatī—he shall be thy husband.' Thus, though neither had seen the other, they were mutually in love. In a few days' time the Brāhman whom Rūpsen had sent arrived in Magadh and delivered his sovereign's message to King Magadheshwar. The king agreed to his proposal, and having summoned a Brāhman of his own,

¹ For the different order of numbering in the various versions see the table at the end of the Appendix in Vol. VII.

² *Baitāl Pachisi*, pp. 96-102.

and entrusted to him the nuptial gifts and the customary presents, he sent him with the other Brāhman, and bade him, 'Greet King Rūpsen on my behalf, and, having made the customary mark on his forehead (the *tilak*), return quickly. When you come back I will make preparations for the marriage.'

"These two Brāhmans, therefore, set forth, and in a few days they arrived at the Court of King Rūpsen, and related everything that had happened. The king was greatly pleased, and, making all the necessary preparations, departed to claim his betrothed. In the course of a few days he arrived in that country, and having been married, and having received the wedding gifts and dowry, took leave of King Magadheshwar, and set out for his own country. His queen also brought away with her Madana-manjarī in a cage. They arrived in due course at their journey's end, and began to live happily. One day the cage of the parrot (Churāman) and of the Mainā (Madana-manjarī) were both placed near the throne, and the king and queen, in the course of conversation, said: 'No one can live happily in solitude, therefore it would be better to marry the parrot to the Mainā, and putting them into one cage, they will then live happily together.' They then had a large cage brought and put them in it.

"After some little time had elapsed, the king and queen were one day sitting together in conversation when the parrot said to the Mainā: 'Sexual intercourse is the one thing in this world, and whoever has passed his life without it has been born in vain; therefore you must grant me this favour.' The Mainā said: 'I have no desire for a male.' The parrot asked: 'Why?' She replied: 'Men are sinful, irreligious, treacherous, and women-slayers.' The parrot replied: 'So also are women treacherous, false, ignorant, avaricious, and murderers.'

"When the king heard them thus wrangling, he inquired: 'What are you quarrelling about?' The Mainā replied: 'Great king! men are sinful women-slayers, hence I have no wish for them. Great king! listen while I tell a tale to prove that men are such as I say.'"

The Tamil version (sixth story ¹) is much shorter, but not as condensed as in Somadeva. Here the birds are described as being both parroquets, and after his successful marriage

¹ Babington, *Vedala Cadai*, p. 39 *et seq.*

Parākramakesari, the prince, suggests that the two birds ought also to be happily married. Accordingly they are put in the same cage, and the quarrelling commences as in the other version.

The Mainā's Story

This tale occurs in the Turkish *Tūṭi-nāmah*,¹ where the principal difference is that the parents of the wicked man die after his first crime. After he has squandered all his wealth he is reduced to begging in a cemetery, where he suddenly meets his wife. They live together for some time, and then set out once more for the husband's home. On the way they pass the old well, and there he murders her.

Oesterley refers to the eleventh story of Siddhi-Kür,² but there is little in common here, except that the poor man vainly attempts to murder his wife, whom he has acquired by a trick, and then to sell the jewels that he had obtained with her.

The Parrot's Story

In the Tamil version³ there is no real thief in the case at all. The lover is discovered by the city guards, and being mistaken for a thief is mortally wounded by an arrow. At this moment the girl arrives, and getting no answer from her lover, imagines he is angry with her. While kissing him he bites off her nose in the agony of death and falls down dead. She returns home and, taking the betel-cutter from her husband's pouch, smears it with blood. She then raises the alarm, accusing her husband of having bitten off her nose. Just as he is going to be put to death the city guards, who have apparently witnessed the whole proceedings, come forward and give their evidence. The woman is bound and cast into the fire.

The story is one of the few in the *Vetālapañchaviṃśati* that has passed with but comparatively few alterations into the Kalmuck version. It is told of two brothers who lived in a country named Odmilsong. They married sisters, but

¹ Rosen, vol. ii, p. 102, and Wickerhauser, p. 214.

² Busk, *op. cit.*, pp. 120-125. It is No. 11 in Jülg, and No. 13 in Coxwell, where the translation from Jülg is better than Busk's rendering. See his *Siberian Folk-Tales*, pp. 217-221, and the notes on p. 257.

³ Babington, *op. cit.*, p. 45 *et seq.*

somehow or other were never very friendly. The elder brother grew rich, and when giving a great banquet omitted to ask his younger brother. Deeply offended, he determined to steal something valuable from his elder brother, and with this intention managed to conceal himself in the store-room. The tale then proceeds as follows (Coxwell, pp. 215-216):—

The people had drunk spirits till it became dark, and lay intoxicated and asleep. The elder brother's wife led her husband in a stupefied condition into the store-room, there to slumber with him. After a while, however, she arose and cooked a meal. Taking with her meat and several kinds of food, such as garlic and onions, and other eatables, she went out. The man in concealment did not yet venture on his evil deed, and said to himself, "I will carry out my theft later; first of all I will observe these people," and he followed the woman. Behind the house she mounted a high hill, on which was a gloomy graveyard. As she climbed upwards he walked behind her and almost in her footsteps. In the middle of an evergreen expanse of turf was a stone slab, to which she hurried, to find on it, lying stretched out and rigid, a man who had been her lover. In her devotion she could not let him serve as food for birds and rapacious beasts, so she sought the dead and from afar called him by name; and finally, on reaching him, threw herself round his neck. The younger brother sat near by and observed everything. The woman set the food before the dead man and offered it to him, but his teeth were firmly pressed together and would not crush the food, so she opened them with a copper spoon, and, having chewed the food, she sought with her tongue to introduce it into his mouth. But suddenly the spoon, being gripped by the dead man's teeth, broke, and struck off the tip of the woman's nose; at the same time a small portion of her tongue was bitten off. With blood upon her face she retreated and took away her eatables. The younger brother was the first to reach home, and he hid in the store-room. Arriving later, the woman lay down beside her husband, and after a while, when the husband began to speak and sigh in his sleep, she cried: "Woe! woe! What have you done?" The man cried: "What has happened?" To which words she replied: "You have bitten off the tip of my nose and of my tongue; what can I do in such a calamity?"

The sequel to the story is the same as in other cases, and here it is the brother who comes forward to give evidence. The woman is fastened to a stake and then killed.

The tale appears also in the *Tūṭi-nāmah*¹ with slight differences. The loving couple are surprised by the town guards, and according to their custom the man is crucified, but the woman is allowed to go home unpunished. In a final embrace the lover bites off his beloved's nose, and she accuses her husband of having done it. The husband is sentenced to the loss of his nose, but, as in Somadeva's version, a thief saves the situation, and the wife is thrown into the water.

That portion of the story about the husband being accused of cutting off the wife's nose will naturally remind readers of "The Cuckold Weaver and the Bawd," which is one of the *Pañchatantra* tales that does not appear in Somadeva's version. I gave it in full, however, in Vol. V, pp. 223-226. This story became exceedingly popular, and is found in numerous collections in both the East and West. The subject has been treated fully by Bedier² under the title of "Le Fabliaux des Tresses," as in Western versions the mutilation of the nose has given place to the cutting off of hair, a severe beating, or other similar punishment. Boccaccio included the tale in his *Decameron*, where it forms the eighth novel of the seventh day. The chief point of all these versions is the cuckolding of the husband by the substitution of another woman in his bed. He vents his anger on her, thinking it is his wife, who later proves her innocence by showing her person untouched. Lee³ gives a large number of analogues, including versions in English literature, where the tale is found in Massinger's *Guardian* and Fletcher's *Woman Pleased*.

After the two birds have finished their tales the frame-story ends by the parrot becoming once more the Gandharva Chitraratha, as Indra's curse has now lost its force. At the same moment the Mainā becomes no less a person than the heavenly nymph Tilottama. Both ascend to heaven.

So, too, in Śivadāsa's recension they both become

¹ Rosen, *op. cit.*, vol. i, p. 96; Wickerhauser, *op. cit.*, p. 212.

² *Les Fabliaux*, 4th edition, 1925, vi, pp. 164-199. Facing the latter page is a table showing the ramifications of both Eastern and Western versions.

³ *The Decameron, its Sources and Analogues*, London, 1902, pp. 222-230.

Vidyādhara. In the Hindi and Tamil versions, however, the frame-story does not appear again.

The Adventures of Vīravara

(*Vetāla* 4—pp. 191-198)

This is practically identical with No. 70, "Story of the Brāhman Vīravara" (see Vol. IV, p. 173 *et seq.*). Cf. also No. 36, "Story of the Prince and the Merchant's Son who saved his Life" (Vol. III, p. 28 *et seq.*), where the "Overhearing" *motif* is introduced. Several useful references will be found in the note beginning on p. 28n¹. In Śivadāsa's recension Vīravara demands a thousand *dīnārs* every day, which can be compared with the wonderful archer in the *Asadisa Jātaka*, No. 181, who demands for wages "a hundred thousand a year."

In the Hindi it forms No. 3 and in the Tamil No. 7. The versions differ only in unimportant details.

It also appears in both the Persian¹ and Turkish² *Tūti-nāmah*. For further details see Oesterley, *Baitāl Pachīsi*, pp. 185-187.

The story belongs to the "Faithful Servant" *motif*, and merges into another large cycle of tales which might be called the "Perfect Friends" or "Friendship and Sacrifice" *motif*.

The *motif* reached Europe about the very time that Somadeva wrote, where it appeared as the second story, "The Two Perfect Friends," in the *Disciplina Clericalis* of Peter Alphonse.³ It then became incorporated with *The Seven Sages of Rome*, where it occurs under the name of *amici* in connection with *Vaticinium*. The tale is confined to that immense group of MSS. of which the Latin *Historia Septem Sapientum* is the type.⁴ Under the title of *Amicus et Amelius*, it appeared in the *Speculum historiale*⁵ of Vincent de Beauvais.

It found its way into French literature, and eventually

¹ Iken, *Touti Nameh, eine Sammlung Persischen Märchen von Nechschebi*, 1882, pp. 17 and 89.

² Rosen, *op. cit.*, p. 42, and Wickerhauser, p. 28.

³ W. H. Hulme, "Peter Alphonse's *Disciplina Clericalis*," *Western Univ. Bull.*, vol. xxii, 1919, p. 15 *et seq.*

⁴ Killis Campbell, *Seven Sages of Rome*, pp. xxiv, cxii.

⁵ Lib. xxiii, cap. 162-166 and 169.

became attached to the Carolingian cycle in the twelfth-century *chanson de geste* of *Amis et Amiles*. In the early forms the story was simple: Amis and Amiles were two friends. Amis committed perjury to save his friend and was smitten with the curse of leprosy. He was informed in a vision that the only possible cure necessitated his bathing in the blood of Amiles' children.¹ Hearing this, Amiles at once slew them; but after his friend had been cured they were miraculously restored to life. In time the story became elaborated and gradually spread all over Europe.²

The best-known story in which the *motif* occurs (among others) is undoubtedly Grimm's "Der getreue Johannes," No. 6.³ Faithful John is a servant who, after the death of the king, brings up the young prince and guards him against numerous dangers at the peril of his own life. There is no need to give this well-known tale in detail. It represents one of the two great varieties of stories dealing with friendship and sacrifice. In the first of these the friendship and love are mutual, and usually exist between two youths, often brothers. In the second variety the love is that of a trusted and faithful servant, and the feeling is not necessarily reciprocated at all. Both, however, point to the same moral—the inestimable value of trust, friendship, sacrifice and love.

Somaprabhā and her Three Suitors

(*Vetāla* 5—pp. 200-203)

As already mentioned (p. 261), the texts of Śivadāsa's recension differ. According to Lassen,⁴ the girl is finally awarded to the "man of knowledge," while in Gildemeister's text,⁵ and in all other versions, she is given to the hero who kills the Rākshasa.

In the Hindi version⁶ the hero "possessed the art of discharging an arrow, which should strike what was heard,

¹ Vol. I, p. 97n².

² See Chauvin, viii, 194-196; Dawkins and Halliday, *Modern Greek in Asia Minor*, pp. 253, 254 and 523; Coxwell, *Siberian and other Folk-Tales*, pp. 768-775 and 880, and especially A. H. Krappe, "The Legend of Amicus and Amelius," *Mod. Lang. Rev.* vol. xviii, Cambridge, 1923, pp. 152-161.

³ Bolte and Polivka, *op. cit.*, vol. i, pp. 42-57.

⁴ *Op. cit.*, pp. 35-38.

⁵ Uhle, *op. cit.*, p. xxi.

⁶ Barker, *op. cit.*, p. 139; Oesterley, *op. cit.*, p. 69.

though not seen," while in the Tamil ¹ we are given no details as to his abilities. The only deviation in this latter version is that it is a giant who carries off the damsel.

The story is in all probability the original of that mass of similar ones which exist in nearly all parts of the world. Some idea of its enormous distribution can be conceived when we read the dozen odd pages of analogues given by Bolte and Polívka ² to the well-known German tale of "The Four Skilful Brothers."

In this version four brothers go out into the world to earn their living. One becomes an expert thief, the second possesses a wonderful telescope, the third is an expert archer, and the fourth can sew anything so that no stitch can be seen. The king's daughter suddenly disappears, and the joint efforts of the brothers restore her safely to her father. No decision is arrived at as to who deserves the girl in marriage.

This outline represents roughly the plot of the different versions so widely spread all over Europe and the East. The commencement varies, but usually falls under one of the four following headings :—

1. The girl states she will marry only a man who has certain qualifications, which she proceeds to enumerate.

2. Several suitors fall in love with the girl and each states his particular qualification.

3. The girl disappears and several men volunteer to save her.

4. A number of brothers go out to earn a living and each returns with some wonderful gift as possession.

In each case it is the "joint efforts" of the brothers or suitors that bring back the girl who has suddenly disappeared or been seized by a jinn, div, khan, or other similar personage.

As I have already pointed out in my notes to *Vetāla* 2, the choice of husband by the embarrassed princess or her father usually ends very unsatisfactorily. In some cases no decision is made and the king merely gives a reward, in others the girl chooses the handsomest, while in still others the results are fatal. In several versions one of the men is a wonderful physician, and possesses a magic herb, ointment or healing draught. In the *Nights* (Burton, Supp., vol. iii, p. 439) and

¹ Babington, *op. cit.*, p. 35.

² *Op. cit.*, vol. iii, pp. 45-50.

an Icelandic¹ version it is a magic apple that saves the girl. Sometimes she is merely ill, but in several cases she actually dies. It will be noticed that in Vetāla 5 this does not occur, for it has already formed the chief *motif* of Vetāla 2. Thus we can say that all versions of this form of the "Joint Efforts" *motif* can be traced back to these two Indian tales.

As an example of another form of the *motif* reference should be made to Grimm's "How Six Men got on in the World," No. 71.² It falls under the fourth heading as given above, and tells how six chance acquaintances overcome all difficulties by their joint efforts.

The twenty-second story in the Persian³ *Tūṭī-nāmah* closely resembles the story in our text. It also occurs with but little variation in the Turkish recension of the same collection.⁴

The *Tūṭī-nāmah*⁵ also contains a story which appears to be made up of Vetālas 2, 5 and 21. It is really a more elaborate version of a similar tale in *Arji-Borji*, to which I have already referred (p. 264).

Four companions combine in creating a woman. One of them, a carpenter, hews a figure from a block of wood; another, a goldsmith, adorns it with gems; the third, a tailor, clothes it; while the fourth, a monk, gives it life. They quarrel about her, each claiming her for himself. They agree to consult a dervish, but he claims the girl himself. They then go to the chief of police, and to the Kazi, but each wants the girl. Finally the matter is referred to a divinity, and the lady once more becomes wood.

¹ Clouston, *Popular Tales and Fictions*, vol. i, p. 285, and see the appendix by the same author in Burton's *Nights*, Supp., vol. iii, p. 608 *et seq.* Further analogues appear in Chauvin, vi, 133, and viii, 76.

² See Bolte and Polivka, *op. cit.*, vol. ii, p. 79 *et seq.*

³ Iken, *op. cit.*, p. 93.

⁴ Rosen, *op. cit.*, vol. ii, p. 165.

⁵ Iken, *op. cit.*, p. 37, and Rosen, *op. cit.*, vol. i, p. 151.

The Lady who caused her Brother and Husband to change Heads
(*Vetāla* 6—pp. 204-207)

In the Hindi version¹ the husband is so long in the temple that his "friend" goes in to see what has happened. On finding him decapitated he thinks to himself: "This world is a very difficult place to live in; no one will suppose that he has died by his own hand, but they will say that this is my treachery, and that, to obtain possession of his wife, who is very beautiful, I have killed him. It is better that I should die, than thus live disgraced." When the wife enters she too fears disgrace, and is about to kill herself, when the goddess intervenes.

In the Tamil version,² which is No. 5, it is "a certain individual" who falls in love with the girl. He promises the goddess to give her his head as an offering if she will help him to obtain the girl as a bride. The rest follows as in Somadeva, except for the king's reply to the question of the *Vetāla*, which is: "... whichever of the two, immediately on perceiving the girl, should pay her attention as his wife, he it is that ought to be her husband."

The tale also occurs in both the Persian³ and Turkish⁴ recensions of the *Ṭūfī-nāmah* with but slight differences. The hero is a prince instead of a washerman, and the second suicide is a priest instead of a brother-in-law or a friend. In the Turkish version the priest does not make his appearance till after the prince's suicide.

Benfey has already shown⁵ that Goethe took that part of his *Legende* (*Werke*, 1840, vol. i, p. 200) which is based on this tale from Iken's translation. Briefly the story is as follows:—

A Brāhman's wife goes to fetch water from the Ganges. There she sees a vision of a beautiful youth who follows her. Nevertheless she tries to fill her pitcher, but is unable to do so as the water continually flows away. Frightened, she returns home with her pitcher still empty. Her husband grows suspicious and, dragging her to the place of public

¹ Barker, *op. cit.*, p. 143 *et seq.*

² Babington, *op. cit.*, p. 36 *et seq.*

³ Iken, No. 102.

⁴ Rosen, *op. cit.*, vol. ii, p. 169.

⁵ *Orient und Occident*, vol. i, p. 719.

execution, kills her with his sword. The son sees the sword dripping with blood, and on hearing the truth expresses his desire to follow her. The father prevents him, saying that if he puts the body and head together she will return to life. The son hastens to the spot where his mother has been killed and, in his hurry to achieve his object, puts her head by mistake on the trunk of a female criminal, that was lying on the same place. The mother rises to life, but reproaches the son for his hasty action, at the same time pointing out it is by the workings of Brahmā.

Although putting decapitated heads upon wrong bodies is of rare occurrence in folk-lore,¹ there are numerous examples of a head being cut off and fastened on again. See, for example, Grimm, *Teutonic Mythology*, vol. i, p. 185; B. Schmidt, *Griechische Märchen*, p. 111; Wirt Sykes, *British Goblins*, pp. 8-10; Waldau, *Böhmische Märchen*, p. 108; A. Coelho, *Contos Populares Portuguezes*, No. 26, "O Colhereiro," in which the third daughter fastens on with blood the heads of her decapitated sisters; and De Gubernatis, *Zoological Mythology*, vol. i, pp. 303 and 304. The most curious tale connected with the fastening on of heads occurs in Giles, *Strange Stories from a Chinese Studio* (vol. i, pp. 97-101 of the 1880 edition, pp. 60-62 of the second edition, 1909):

Mr Chu has made friends with Lu, the Infernal Judge, who has given him a new and much better heart. Chu then asks for a further favour. Could Lu possibly give his wife a new head, for although her figure is not bad, she is very ugly. Lu laughs and promises to do what he can. One night he calls and shows the amazed Chu the head of a handsome young girl, freshly severed. After having cut off the wife's head the judge fixes on that of the young girl in its place. Imagine the surprise of Mrs Chu in the morning! It further transpires that the pretty daughter of an official named Wu had been murdered by a burglar, and it was her head that the judge had procured. Both Mr and Mrs Wu are informed in a dream [as so often occurs in Hindu fiction] of the true state of things, and Chu is accordingly exonerated from any charge of murder.

¹ See T. Zachariae, *Kleine Schriften*, 1920, p. 120.

The King who married his Dependent to a Nereid

(Vetāla 7—pp. 209-216)

The Hindi version¹ differs considerably from Somadeva. It forms No. 8. The man seeking service is a Rājput, but does not get employment though he waits a whole year. Nevertheless, he attaches himself to the king's suite when they go hunting, and is the only one who never loses sight of the king. When questioned he quotes various maxims on the lot of man, etc., and proceeds to kill a deer and prepare a meal for the king. He is rewarded, and given a responsible position. One day he is sent "on some business" to the seashore and enters a temple of Devī. A beautiful maiden follows him in and speaks to him. She says: "If you wish to have anything to do with me, you must bathe in this pool. . . ." The rest follows as in Somadeva, but there is no mention of any city or wealth of the damsel, and the pair return to the palace.

In the Tamil version² (also No. 8) we also have no sub-aqueous city, although it resembles our text more closely than the Hindi. The "individual, whose name was Kārpadigan," gets employment at once. The incident of the two fruits, and the mission to Ceylon follow as in Somadeva. But there is no banner rising from the sea: instead, the hero is swallowed by a large fish. He manages to cut the belly open and swim safely to shore, where he enters a temple of Kālī. There he meets "a beautiful princess, surrounded by a numerous train of damsels." The rest follows as in our text, except that the girl turns out to be "the daughter of the King of the Serpent World," and Vikrama's decision is the opposite to that in both Somadeva and the Hindi version.

"If a person be in the employ of another," he says, "it is but justice that he should do all in his power to serve him: that the king should resign to his servant a damsel whom he adored is the more meritorious act."

It will thus be seen that both the leading vernacular versions have dropped the most important point of the story—namely, that the hero's adventures take place under the sea.

¹ Barker, *op. cit.*, p. 163 *et seq.*

² Babington, *op. cit.*, p. 51 *et seq.*

Probably the closest analogue to our story is that found in the sixth fable of the second chapter of the *Hitopadeśa*¹:

“I am Kandarpa-Ketu, son of Jimūta-Ketu, King of Singhala-dwipa (Ceylon). One day as I was in the pleasure-garden, I heard from a voyaging merchant, that on the fourteenth day of the month, in the midst of the sea which was near, beneath what had the appearance of a Kalpa-tree, there was to be seen, seated on a couch variegated with the lustre of strings of jewels, a certain damsel, as it were the goddess Lakshmi, bedecked with all kinds of ornaments, and playing on a lute. I therefore took the voyaging merchant, and, having embarked in a ship, went to the place specified. On reaching the spot, I saw her exactly as she had been described; and, allured by her exquisite beauty, I leaped after her into the sea. In an instant I reached a golden city; where, in a palace of gold, I saw her reclining on a couch, and waited upon by youthful sylphs. When she perceived me at a distance she sent a female friend, who addressed me courteously. On my inquiry, her friend said: ‘That is Ratna-Manjarī, the daughter of Kandarpa-keli, King of the Vidyādhara. She has made a vow to this effect: “Who-soever shall come and see the city of gold with his own eyes, shall marry me.”’ Accordingly I married her by that form of marriage called Gandharva: after the conclusion of which I remained there a long while delighted with her. One day she said to me in private: ‘My beloved husband, all these things may be freely enjoyed; but that picture of the fairy Swarna-rekhā must never be touched.’ Some time afterwards, my curiosity being excited, I touched Swarna-rekhā with my hand. For doing so I was spurned by her, although only a picture, with her foot beautiful as the lotus, and found myself alighted in my own country.”

For this latter incident of instantaneous transportation by breaking some taboo, falling into magic water, etc., see *Ocean*, Vol. II, pp. 223, 223n¹, and cf. *Losaka Jātaka*² (where there are four subaqueous palaces), and Waldau, *Böhmische Märchen*, p. 410.

¹ F. Johnson, *Hitopadeśa, or Salutory Counsels of Vishnuśarma*, London, Hertford, 1847, p. 57. *The Sanskrit Text with a Grammatical Analysis* had been issued in 1847.

² Cambridge edition, vol. i, p. 110.

In the history of the famous Arab, Hâtim Tâ'i, is a story of his adventures at the bottom of a well.¹ He enters it to recover a man who has fallen in, but soon finds himself on a broad plain. A wonderful castle appears, in which he discovers the lost man in company with a maiden of marvellous beauty. After sundry adventures he arranges for the youth to return to his relatives. Subaqueous palaces are found throughout European literature. Cf. that of Morgan le Fay in the *Orlando Innamorato*,² canto 36; also the continuation of the romance of *Huon de Bourdeaux*³; and the romance of *Ogier le Danois*.⁴ A similar sea-castle occurs in Prym and Socin, *Syrische Märchen*, p. 125. Our present story resembles in many points "Der rothe Kund" in Gaal's *Märchen der Magyaren*.

Tales in which human beings marry dwellers in the water are common enough in Europe. See Ralston, *Russian Folk-Tales*, p. 116 *et seq.*; Coxwell, *Siberia and Other Folk-Tales*, p. 466 *et seq.*; Weckenstedt, *Wendische Märchen*, p. 192, and La Motte Fouqué's *Undine*. In Hagen's *Helden-Sagen*, vol. i, p. 53, King Wilkinus marries a "Meerweib." Philostratus relates⁵ how Menippus married a female of the Rākshasī type and was saved only just in time by his friend Apollonius:

“Ἡ χρηστὴ νύμφη μία τῶν ἐμπουσῶν ἐστίν, ἃς λαμίας τε καὶ μορμολυκίας οἱ πολλοὶ ἡγδύνται. ἐρώσι δ' αὐταὶ, καὶ ἀφροδισίων μὲν, σαρκῶν δὲ μάλιστα ἀνθρωπείων ἐρώσι καὶ παλεῖν οἱ τοῖς ἀφροδισίοις, οὓς ἂν ἐθέλωσι δαΐσασθαι.”

Thus it will be seen that stories of the "fairy palace under the sea" type are closely allied to that widely spread cycle of tales of which the sirens of Greek legend can be taken as the standard example.

Before speaking further of the sirens themselves I would

¹ Duncan Forbes, *Adventures of Hatim Taï*, Oriental Translation Fund, 1830, pp. 197-199.

² Originally by Boiardo, but famous owing to its recasting (*Rifacimento*) by Berni (1497-1535). See Dunlop, *History of Fiction*, p. 168, and Liebrecht's translation, p. 76.

³ Dunlop, *op. cit.*, p. 262, Liebrecht, p. 128.

⁴ Dunlop, *op. cit.*, p. 286, Liebrecht, p. 141.

⁵ *Life of Apollonius of Tyana*, iv, 25. See Conybeare's translation in the Loeb Classics, vol. i, p. 407.

give an extract from an interesting letter of Mr David Fitzgerald printed in *The Academy*¹:

“The Sirens’ tale—like many other episodes of the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*—reappears in various forms, one of the most curious of which is perhaps to be found in Ireland. I borrow it from O’Curry. Ruad, son of Rigdonn, a king’s son, crossing over to North-land with three ships and thirty men in each, found his vessel held fast in mid-sea. [Cf. our tale of Vidūshaka, *Ocean*, Vol. II, p. 72.] At last he leaped over the side to see what was holding it, and sinking down through the waters, alighted in a meadow where were nine beautiful women. These gave him nine boatloads of gold as the price of his embraces, and by their power held the three vessels immovable on the water above for nine days. Promising to visit them on his return, the young Irish prince got away from the Sirens and their beds of red bronze, and continued his course to Lochlann, where he stayed with his fellow-pupil, son to the king of that country, for seven years. Coming back, the vessels put about to avoid the submerged isle, and had nearly gained the Irish shore, when they heard behind them the song of lamentation of the nine sea-women, who were in vain pursuit of them in a boat of bronze. One of these murdered before Ruad’s eyes the child she had borne him, and flung it head foremost after him. O’Curry left a version of this tale from the *Book of Ballymote*. I have borrowed a detail or two given in the *Tochmarc Emere* (fol. 21b)—*e.g.* the important Homeric feature of the watery meadow (*machaire*). The story given by Gervaise of Tilbury (ed. Liebrecht, pp. 30, 31), of the porpoise-men in the Mediterranean and the young sailor; the Shetland seal-legend in Grimm’s edition of Croker’s tales (*Irische Elfenmärchen*, Leipzig, 1826, p. xlvii *et seq.*); and the story found in Vincentius Bellovacensis [Vincent of Beauvais] and elsewhere, of the mermaid giantess and her purple cloak, may be named as belonging or related to the same cycle. These legends are represented in living Irish traditions, and the purple cloak just referred to appears, much disguised, in the story of Liban in the *Book of the Dun*.”

As mentioned above, there is a distinct relationship between the sea-maiden and the siren. If her nature is

¹ 3rd September 1881, p. 182. It was also given by Tawney, vol. ii, p. 638.

not that of a vampire she is a nereid (as in our present story), but if she has a weakness for leading travellers astray and then eating them, she becomes a siren. Both varieties have their analogies in Indian mythology.

For the sake of comparison we should remember that Homer presents the sirens to us as beautiful maidens of normal appearance, who by their enchanting songs lead mariners to their death. Like the Hindu Rākshasis they delight in blood and human flesh. No mention is made of their ornithological aspect. It is this very point, however, that later classical writers especially mention. Thus Apollonius Rhodius¹ (221-181 B.C.) describes them as partly virgins and partly birds; Apollodorus² (140 B.C.) says that from the thighs they had the forms of birds; Ovid³ and Hyginus⁴ (A.D. 4) give them the feet and feathers of birds with beautiful virgin faces; and Aelian⁵ says they are represented as winged maidens with the feet of birds. Various suggestions to explain the phenomenon have been put forward,⁶ none of which is wholly satisfactory. If we interpret the Homeric Σειρῆνες as the treacherous calm of the ocean concealing hidden dangers beneath its smiling surface, we

¹ *Argonautica*, iv, 898 *et seq.*

² Βιβλιοθήκη, *Epitoma*, vii, 19.

³ *Metamorphoses*, v, 552-562.

⁴ *Fab.*, 125, 141.

⁵ *De Naturā Animalium*, xvii, 23.

⁶ L. Stephani, *Compte-Rendu de la Commission Impériale Archéologique* (St Petersburg), 1866, p. 9 *et seq.*; ditto, 1870-1871, p. 143 *et seq.*; J. F. Cerquand, "Les Sirenes," *Revue Archéologique*, N.S., x, 1846, pp. 282-303; H. Schrader, *Die Sirenen*, Berlin, 1868; G. Weicker, *De Sirenibus quæstiones selectæ*, Leipzig, 1895; J. P. Postgate, "A Philological Examination of the Myth of the Sirens," *Journ. Phil.*, ix, 1880, p. 109 *et seq.*; W. E. Axon, R. Morris and D. Fitzgerald, *The Academy*, Nos. 484, 486, 487, 1881; A. Baumeister, *Denkmäler des klassischen Altertums*, iii, 1888; J. E. Harrison, *Myths of the Odyssey*, 1882, p. 146 *et seq.*; ditto, *Mythology and Monuments of Ancient Athens*, London, 1890, p. 582 *et seq.*; ditto, *Journ. Hellenic Soc.*, vol. vi, p. 19 *et seq.*; ditto, *Prolegomena to the Study of Greek Religion*, 2nd edition, Cambridge, 1908, p. 197 *et seq.*; R. Unger, "Zur Sirenensage," *Philologus*, xlii, 1888, pp. 770-775; W. Crooke, "Some Notes on Homeric Folk-Lore," *Folk-Lore*, vol. xix, 1908, p. 171 *et seq.*; J. G. Frazer, *Pausanias's Description of Greece*, vol. v, 2nd edition, 1913, p. 171; ditto, *Apollodorus, The Library*, vol. ii, Loeb Classics, No. 122, 1921, pp. 290, 291; G. Weicker "Die Seirenen," Roscher's *Lexikon der Griechischen u. Römischen Mythologie*, vol. iv, p. 602 *et seq.*; P. Shorey, "Sirens," *Hastings' Ency. Rel. Eth.*, vol. ii, pp. 577-579.

need not be surprised if we find them connected with death due to normal causes. Such proves to be the case, and they are constantly represented on tombs and painted on *lekythi*, sometimes in their Homeric form, but more usually as half-birds. Writing on this subject Miss Harrison¹ says: "As monuments on tombs, the Sirens seem to have filled a double function; they were sweet singers, fit to be set on the grave of poet or orator, and they were mourners to lament for the beauty of youth and maiden. It is somewhat curious that they are never sculptured on Attic tombs in the one function that makes their relation to death intelligible—*i.e.* that of death-angels. The Siren of the Attic graves must surely be somehow connected with the bird death-angels that appear on the Harpy tomb, but her function as such seems to have been usurped for Attica by the male angels Death and Sleep."

Thus there appears to be a distinct affinity between the sirens and the keres, erinyes and harpies.

The conception of the soul-bird is widespread,² but has nowhere become so important as in the Malay Archipelago. In Malaya, Java, Sumatra, Borneo and Celebes we find a host of curious customs in which rice is placed on the head of persons whose soul-bird seems, for one reason or another, to show signs of departing.³ In two of the sculptures of Bōrō-Budur in Java, one of the architectural marvels of the world, one represents⁴ two beings, half-human, half-bird. To the right stands a king with a retinue which is sitting on the ground. Leemans described the two bird-maidens as "un couple de Gandharvīs célestes dont l'une accompagne le chant de l'autre sur un instrument à cordes." In the recently issued edition of Krom and Erp,⁵ however, they are called Kinnaras. As we have already seen (*Ocean*, Vol. I, p. 202), Kinnaras are usually represented with horses' heads, but are

¹ *Myth. and Mon.*, p. 584.

² G. Weicker, *Der Seelenvogel in der alten Literatur und Kunst*, Leipzig, 1902.

³ J. G. Frazer, *Golden Bough (Taboo and the Perils of the Soul)*, p. 33 et seq.; ditto (*Spirits of the Corn and the Wild*), vol. 1, pp. 181, 182n¹.

⁴ C. Leemans, J. F. G. Brumond and F. C. Wilsen, *Bōrō-Boedoer op het Eiland Java*. See vol. ii of the plates, Nos. civ (178) and cv (180).

⁵ N. J. Krom and T. von Erp, *Beschrijving van Barabudur*, Archæologisch Onderzoek in Nederlandsch-Indië, 3 vols., 1920. See Pt. I, 4th Div., Ser. I. b., Plate XLV, Nos. 89 and 90; and cf. Plate XIII, No. 102, Ser. O. The corresponding pages in the text volume are 271, 272.

also divine musicians. Neither of the above terms seems exactly to describe the siren-like beings of the sculptures, but their occurrence at Bōrō-Budur is of considerable interest.

Turning now to ancient Buddhist siren legends, we notice that, as in the case of Somadeva's story of the nereid, the scene of action is in Ceylon or its immediate neighbourhood. Doubtless the shipwrecks occur among the numerous shoals and islands in Palk Strait.

In the *Valāhassa Jātaka*¹ we read of a city in Ceylon called Sirisavatthu, entirely inhabited by Rākshasīs. It was their custom to entice shipwrecked mariners into their city, where, after a period of love and dalliance, their real nature would assert itself. On one occasion five hundred merchants were wrecked, and subsequently taken to Sirisavatthu. They all paired off, and in the middle of the night the chief Rākshasī left her man in order to eat the flesh of a previous lover who now lay in magic chains in the house of torment. After her meal she returned, but it had had the effect of making her body cold. When about to embrace her, the merchant noticed the change and guessed the truth. In the morning he warned his companions, but only half the number were willing to try to effect an escape. The Bodhisattva suddenly appeared in the form of a flying white horse and took the two hundred and fifty merchants to a place of safety. The others were devoured by the Rākshasīs.

An interesting version of the above story is given by Hiuen Tsiang (A.D. 629) in his *Si-yu-ki* (or *Hsi-yü-chi*).² Here the Rākshasīs dwell in a great iron city in Ratnadvīpa (Ceylon). They have the habit of erecting on the towers of the city two flagstuffs with lucky or unlucky signals according to circumstances. As soon as a possible prey is sighted, they change themselves into beautiful women, and approaching their victims with flowers and scents, entice the men to enter their city with the sound of sweet music. The rest of the tale resembles the *Jātaka*, but only the hero finally escapes on the "divine horse."

Whether this seventh Vetāla story is based on any of the

¹ No. 196, Cambridge edition, vol. ii, pp. 89-91. See also H. T. Francis and E. J. Thomas, *Jātaka Tales*, pp. 166, 167, where references are given to several other versions, including ones from China, Tibet and Java.

² S. Beal, *Buddhist Records of the Western World*, vol. ii, p. 240 *et seq.* Among the numerous ways of spelling the famous pilgrim's name may be mentioned Hsüan Tsang, Hiouen Thsang, Yüan-Tsang and Yuan-Chwang.

early Buddhist legends dealing with maidens-of-the-sea is impossible to say. I have merely attempted to present very briefly the different forms of Indian siren stories, drawing attention to possible analogies with the well-known Σειρῆνες of Greek mythology.

The Three Fastidious Men

(*Vetāla* 8—pp. 217-221)

In the Hindi version ¹ the story is No. 23. Here a Brāhman named Gobind has four sons, the eldest of whom dies. In despair Gobind determines to perform acts of charity and devotion. Accordingly he asks his sons to fetch him a tortoise for his first sacrifice. They tip a fisherman to get one, but find they cannot bring themselves to touch it. A quarrel ensues, and the brothers are taken before the king for him to decide which is the most dainty and fastidious. The rest follows as in our tale.

In the Tamil version ² the story is No. 3. It is much curtailed and begins very abruptly. There are just two points worth mentioning. The king, not being a Brāhman, orders the food test to be held in a Brāhman's house, and a report to be made to him later. The second man sleeps on a bed stuffed with flowers deprived of their stalks. He is sore all over his body in the morning, and a hair is found amongst the flowers. Babington's modesty forced him to omit any mention of the gentleman who specialised in women!

The story contains two distinct *motifs*, which will have to be considered separately.

The first concerns the gift of being able to discover the fundamental origin of a thing merely by eating, smelling, drinking it, etc. This merges into another form of the *motif*, in which the process of "deduction" plays the principal part. It is not easy to find a term to cover both varieties, but I shall deal with them under the common title of "Quintessence" *motif*.³

The second is concerned with the hypersensitiveness of people, often occasioned by luxurious living. This I shall call the "Sybarite" *motif*.

¹ Barker, *op. cit.*, p. 344 *et. seq.*

² Babington, *op. cit.*, pp. 33, 34.

³ *Ocean*, Vol. IV, p. 87n¹.

It will be seen at once that in the tale under discussion the first two brothers qualify for the "Quintessence" and the last one for the "Sybarite" *motif*.

In Vetāla 11 (see Appendix to Volume VII) we shall meet three very sensitive ladies who also come under the "Sybarite" *motif*.

The "Quintessence" Motif

In our present text we read that the first brother cannot eat the food offered him by the king as he perceives in it an evil smell of the reek from corpses. It transpires that the food had been made from rice grown near a burning-*ghāt*. The second brother notices the smell of a goat coming from the beautiful lady of the court. It is proved later that in childhood she had been separated from her mother and nurse, and had been brought up on goat's milk.

Both the above incidents have found their way into similar stories all over the East, and have gradually migrated westwards. After being included by the great Arabian historians, Mas'ūdī and Tabarī, the story appeared in the *Nights*, in two different versions. In "The Tale of the King who Kenned the Quintessence of Things"¹ (Burton, Supp., vol. i, pp. 215-217) the old king judges between two pearls, and says that one must contain a teredo, or boring-worm. He then shows himself a wonderful judge of horses, and finally accuses the king of being the son of a baker. Everything proves to be correct. All the above are examples of the "deduction" variety of the *motif* under consideration. In "The Story of the Sultan of Al-Yaman and his Three Sons" (*Nights*, Burton, Supp., vol. iv, p. 1 *et seq.*) we first of all have the well-known lost-camel incident, in which the three men deduct the exact appearance of the animal, what it was carrying, etc. Arrived at the king's court, one of them notices that a cake has been baked by a woman who was unwell, the second that the taste of a bit of kid proves that it has been suckled by a bitch, and the third that the sultan must be a bastard. All turn out to be correct. These two examples from the *Nights* may be taken as typical of that great mass of stories on the same subject found so widely spread in both East and West.

The largest list of analogues is probably that given by

¹ For analogues see ditto, Supp., vol. ii, p. 320 *et seq.*

Chauvin¹ to the tale of the Sultan of Yemen. After dealing with the Persian and Arabian versions, he gives references to Indian, Jewish, Greek, French, Danish, Russian and other versions. In dealing with the Chevalier de Mailli's version of the three princes of Serendip, Fischer and Bolte² give many useful references. In this tale, after the lost-camel incident, the three princes are sitting at the table of the Emperor Behram, eating a leg of mutton and drinking some excellent wine. The eldest maintains that the wine was made of grapes that grew in a cemetery, the second that the lamb was brought up on dog's milk, and the third says that the emperor had put the wazir's son to death, and that the wazir now planned vengeance. All the statements turn out to be well grounded.

With regard to the lost-camel incident, apart from analogues to be found in the references already given, Clouston³ gives a version from the Tamil *Alakēsa Kathā*, and Gaster records an interesting Jewish version.⁴ It is as follows :

Two Jews were carried away captive from Mount Carmel. The captor following them overheard one saying to the other : "A she-camel has passed before us, she is blind of one eye and on one side she carries wine and on the other vinegar, and two men lead her, the one a heathen and the other a Jew." The captor said : "O ye sons of 'a stiff-necked people, whence do ye know that?" They replied : "We recognise a she-camel by the footprints, the blindness because she feeds only off grass on one side of the road, the wine dropping down has soaked into the earth, the vinegar makes bubbles, and the heathen is not so careful in his manners as the Jew." The captor ran after them and found the words true. Walking farther they said : "We smell the pots boiling four hundred miles off in Judæa." He replied : "You are too clever for me, your god cannot stand you and how can I?" He brought them home and his mother killed a she-lamb and placed it before them and gave them wine to drink.

¹ *Op. cit.*, vii, 158-161.

² *Die Reise der Söhne Giaffers aus dem Italienischen des Christoforo Armeno übersetzt durch Johann Wetzels, 1583, Bibliothek des Litterarischen Vereins in Stuttgart*, ccvii, Tübingen, 1895. For the English translations see *Travels and Adventures of Three Princes of Sarendip*, London, 1722.

³ *Eastern Romances*, p. 194 *et seq.*, with several variants on pp. 511-513.

⁴ *Exempla of the Rabbis*, 1924, pp. 63-64.

One said to the other : " This flesh smells of the dog and the wine of the corpse." The man asked his mother, who explained that the lamb had been suckled by a bitch and the vine had grown on the grave of his father. After they had eaten, the man began to dance and they said : " That is an illegitimate child." He frightened his mother and she owned that she had once made a mistake with a dancer, and then he came back and said unto them : " Blessed is the Lord Who has selected the seed of Abraham and has given them of his wisdom. Wherever you go you will be the masters of your master." And he gave them gifts and set them free, and they returned to their own country.

Reference should be made to pages 195 and 196, where twelve other Jewish references are added, as well as a long list from other parts of the world. Dr Gaster also gives a " quintessence " story on page 138, with numerous analogues on page 251.

Nearly all the above-mentioned lists include the decisions of Hamlet in *Saxo Grammaticus*.¹ Here the bread tastes of blood (the corn had been grown on a battle-field), the drink tastes of iron (the malt was mixed with water taken from a well in which some rusty swords had lain), the bacon tastes of corpses (the pig had eaten a corpse), and, finally, the king is a servant and his wife a serving-maid.

The " Sybarite " Motif

We now come to the man who was fastidious about beds, and who had so tender a skin that a hair marked his body through seven mattresses. Readers will at once think of Andersen's well-known story " The Princess on the Pea."

So far from passing over it with a mere reference, I shall not only give a new translation of the tale from the first edition, but will make its occurrence here an excuse for saying a few words about Andersen himself, and drawing attention to the complete absence of any scientific research on his stories in the English language, or even of a reliable translation of his work. The following is a literal rendering of the story in question.²

¹ O. Elton, *First Nine Books of the Danish History of Saxo Grammaticus*, Folk-Lore Society, 1874, Book XIII, p. 113 *et seq.*

² It has been carefully corrected by Mr J. H. Helweg, who is a great authority on Andersen.

There was once a prince; he wanted to marry a princess, but it must be a *real* princess. So he travelled round the whole world to find one, but everywhere there was something wrong. There were plenty of princesses, but whether they were *real* princesses he could not find out: there was always something that was not quite right. Then he came home again and was so sad, because he did so wish to have a *real* princess.

One evening a terrific storm came on; it lightened and thundered; the rain poured down; it was quite dreadful! Then there was a knock at the town gate, and the old king went out to open it.

It was a princess who was standing outside. But, lord, how she looked, from the rain and the bad weather! The water ran down from her hair and clothes, and it ran in at the points of her shoes and out by the heels; and yet she said that she was a real princess.

"Yes, that we shall soon find out!" thought the old queen, but she did not say anything, went into the bedroom, took off all the bedclothes, and put a pea on the bottom of the bed; then she took twenty mattresses and laid them on top of the pea, and then another twenty eiderdowns on top of the mattresses.

There the princess was to lie during the night.

In the morning they asked her how she had slept.

"Oh, dreadfully badly!" said the princess. "I have scarcely closed my eyes all night long. God knows what there was in the bed! I have been lying on something hard, so I am quite black and blue all over my body! It is quite dreadful!"

Now they could see that she was a real princess, as she had felt the pea through the twenty mattresses and the twenty eiderdowns. Nobody but a real princess could be so tender-skinned.

The prince then made her his wife, because now he knew that he had a real princess, and the pea was put in the museum, where it is still to be seen, unless somebody has taken it.

Now, this is a real story!

"Prindsessen paa ærten" was one of the first four tales published by Andersen. The other three were to become equally famous: "The Tinderbox," "Little Claus and Big

Claus," and "Little Ida's Flowers." These appeared in 1835 under the title of *Eventyr fortalte for Børn*, or *Stories for Children*. The book contained sixty-one pages, and was only a small edition, the price being four skilling, or about fourpence-halfpenny. The simple style and *naïveté* of the stories was specially chosen to resemble oral diction rather than the written story.¹ At first critics were very hard on Andersen—none more so, perhaps, than Johan Ludvig Heiberg, the greatest critic in Northern Europe of that day. It is, therefore, interesting to recall that it was he who, after reading the "Princess on the Pea," declared that at last Andersen had struck into the road that led to immortality.

In later years Andersen explained that he had heard some of the earlier tales (amongst others, the "Princess") as a child in the spinning-room of the workhouse of his native Odense, or during hop-picking in the neighbourhood of Odense, where his mother had once taken him. This statement, however, although made by Andersen himself, has received little credence by Danish authorities. Thus G. Christensen² points out that even if the story of the pea *did* exist in a Danish version, it certainly was not known among the class of people Andersen refers to. Much more likely it was told him by his father, who read him so many stories from both Eastern and European collections. It was not until the end of his life that Andersen turned his attention seriously to Oriental tales. He was especially interested in Pilpay, and his deathbed was strewn with translations and commentaries of his earlier fellow-craftsman.

"Prindsessen paa ærten" has been traced to a Swedish story, the first part of which it closely resembles. It comes from Västergötland, and is entitled "Prinsessan som låg på sju ärter."³ The tale begins exactly as in Andersen, but the queen subjects the princess to *several* tests, one of which is the bed episode. She makes the bed with seven mattresses and puts a pea between each of them. The princess sleeps in perfect comfort, but her companion, a wise dog, advises her to complain of great discomfort. This she accordingly does, and all is well. Here, then, we are bordering on the

¹ For the personal element hidden in the story see H. Brix, *H. C. Andersen og hans Eventyr*, pp. 228-230.

² "H. C. Andersen og de Danske Folkeeventyr," *Danske Studier*, Copenhagen, 1906, p. 169 *et seq.*

³ See J. Sunblad, *Gammaldags Seder och bruk*, 1888, pp. 191-195.

great "helpful animals" *motif*, with which we are already acquainted.

Now the "bed test" incident is well known in Sweden, and occurs in other earlier collections, but always in conjunction with some animal, usually a cat, and so we come to our old friend "puss-in-boots."¹ Perhaps the best known of these stories in Sweden is *Grundtvig*, No. 43, "Katteprinsen." This "Herreper" story, as it is called, appears in numerous forms. Thus Hyltén-Cavallius² quotes a large number, over half of which contain the "bed test." The usual incidents are as follows. A crofter's (or farmer's) daughter leaves her home with a cat and dog, and duly arrives at the king's court. In order to discover if she is really of royal descent, as she declares, she has to submit to three tests, which vary in the different versions. They are, however, all connected with objects placed in the bed. In one version the articles on successive nights are beans, peas and straw. In a version from Uppland they are an apple, a nut and a pea. In one from Västergötland there are gravel, peas and grain. In another Uppland variant they have become peas, grain and pin-heads. In a South-West Finland version there are peas, knitting-needles and a lump of peat.

The "Princess on the Pea" also found its way to Germany, and was included by the brothers Grimm in their edition of 1843 (No. 182), under the title "Die Erbsenprobe."³ All the charm of Andersen's story has disappeared, such a delicate theme fitting uneasily into a German *märchen*, and at once betraying its foreign origin. In fact, Grimm left it out in all subsequent editions, realising it was merely Andersen's tale retold.

There is, however, another German story⁴ called "Erbsenfinder," in which a poor boy, in reality owning but a single pea, makes himself out to the king to be possessed of great wealth. In order to test the truth of his story he is made to sleep on a bed of straw. During the night the boy loses his

¹ For a detailed study of "Le Chat Botté," see P. Saintyves, *Les Contes de Perrault*, Paris, 1923, pp. 461-498; G. Polívka, *Le Chat Botté : Étude comparée*, Sophia, 1900 [in Bulgarian]; Bolte and Polívka, *op. cit.*, vol. ii, pp. 325-334.

² G. O. Hyltén-Cavallius and G. Stephens, *Svenska folksagor och äventyr*, 2 vols., Stockholm, 1844-1849. See also B. Thorpe, *Yuletide Stories*, p. 64.

³ See Bolte and Polívka, *op. cit.*, vol. iii, pp. 330-332.

⁴ J. Haltrich, *Deutsche Volksmärchen aus dem Sachsenlande in Siebenbürgen*, 4th edition, Vienna, 1915, No. 33.

pea among the straw and the noise he makes in searching for it is mistaken by the listening servants as a proof of his claim to wealth, as no rich person could possibly lie peacefully on such an uncomfortable bed. The story is also found in several other European collections.¹

And here arises an interesting question. Certainly the story is as un-Germanic as any story could be, but so also is it un-European. Why did it appeal to the Swedes so much, and by what route did it reach them? As Christensen has already stated, the route would in all probability be the one by which so many Oriental tales have travelled to Scandinavia—namely, via Greece, Tyrol, Hungary and Saxony. The nature of the tale is not such as would appeal to the hardier races of a colder clime, especially the Teutons. But the Swedes possess a highly developed sense of humour and imagination, and such a tale would be much more likely to find immediate acceptance. We should remember that it was the Swedes who adopted Oriental massage more than any other European nation. There may be a connection.

It was by pure chance that the tale became so well known in Denmark. This was entirely due to Andersen, who picked out the "pea" incident from Swedish tales he had heard in his childhood. I do not suppose for a moment he had the least idea it was an Oriental story dating back to perhaps the beginning of the Christian era.

As already stated, I shall deal further with the "Sybarite" motif in Vol. VII. Here I have confined my remarks to the "bed" incident.

Before leaving Andersen I would like to draw attention to the lack of any scholarly work in the English language either on the man himself or on his stories. There is not even a complete and accurate translation. The best English one which has appeared so far is undoubtedly that by H. L. Brækstad, with an introduction by Edmund Gosse, and excellent Danish illustrations by Hans Tegner (2 vols., London, 1900-1901). The most *complete* English translation is that by W. A. and J. K. Craigie, issued in 1914 by the Oxford University Press. As the translators are good Danish

¹ J. Kriza, *Vadrózsák*, Kolozsvártt, 1863, No. 73; W. H. Jones and L. Kropf, *Folk-Tales of the Magyars*, London, 1889, pp. 76 and 354; M. Kremnitz, *Rumänische Märchen*, Leipzig, 1883, p. 196; J. G. von Hahn, *Griechische und albanesische Märchen*, Leipzig, 1864, No. 17; J. Pio, *Contes populaires grecs*, Copenhagen, 1879, p. 193.

scholars, it was disappointing to find that most of the old mistakes had been faithfully copied, and in many cases the bad work of Mrs Paull, Miss Peachey, etc., had been reproduced nearly verbatim. England is far from being alone in its neglect of one of the world's greatest story-tellers; in fact, it is only quite recently that the Danes themselves have begun scientific research on the tales. See H. Schwanenflügel, *Hans Christian Andersen. Et Digterliv*, Copenhagen, 1905, and Hans Brix, *H. C. Andersen og hans Eventyr*, Copenhagen, 1907. Some of Brix's theories were opposed *ex officio* by Valdemar Vedel, whose criticisms were published as an article in the *Tilskueren*, 1907, pp. 494-502, under the title, "Den Andersenske Eventyrdigtning: H. Brix: H. C. Andersen og hans Eventyr," and should be read in connection with Hans Brix's book. At the Hans Andersen Exhibition in Berlin, 1925, Professor Vedel read a very interesting paper on "H. C. Andersen's Eventyr i europæisk Belysning" (published in *Tilskueren*, 1926, p. 43 *et seq.*). Other useful references are P. V. Rubow's "Idé og Form i H. C. Andersen's Eventyr," *Den Nye Litteratur*, 1925, pp. 185, 214, 237 and 270; K. Larsen's *H. C. Andersen i Tekst og Billeder*, Copenhagen, 1925, and V. A. Schmitz's *H. C. Andersen's Märchendichtung. Ein Beitrag zur Geschichte d. dän. Spätromantik, Nordische Studien*, vii, Greifswald, 1925.

We now turn to another story of a "bed" sybarite, which appears to be based on historic facts. It is recorded both by Ṭabarī¹ and Mas'ūdī.² I take the following account from the former historian, who gives us considerably more details than Mas'ūdī.

Shapur I, King of Persia (A.D. 240-271), had been besieging the fortress of el-Hadr (Hatra) for four years. All his efforts proved futile. One day Nadhira, the beautiful daughter of Daizen, the besieged king, caught sight of Shapur and fell violently in love with him. On his promising to marry her, she told him the only, and most curious, way in which the fortress could be taken. Accordingly, el-Hadr was razed to the ground, and Shapur kept his promise.³ One night they

¹ M. H. Zotenberg, *Chronique de . . . Tabari, traduite sur la version Persane d'Abou-'Ali Mo'hammed Bel'Ami*. . . Paris, 1869, vol. ii, pp. 83, 84.

² C. Barbier de Meynard, *Maqoudi: Les Prairies D'Or*, Société Asiatique, Paris, 1865, vol. iv, pp. 84, 85.

³ But see Sykes, *History of Persia*, 2nd edition, 1921, vol. i, p. 400.

slept on a bed composed of ten Chinese silk mattresses, but Nadhira complained it was so hard that she was in constant pain all night. In the morning Shapur examined her, and discovered that both she and the bed were soaked in blood. A rose-leaf had pressed against her side and had rubbed her skin till the bones showed ! On being questioned as to her upbringing, Nadhira said she had been nourished on cakes made of marrow-fat, butter, honey and flour. She had never eaten bread and had drunk only wine all her life. At this Shapur grew angry. "As you have betrayed your father, who brought you up in this way, and have shown him no gratitude, nobody can rely on you." So he had her tied by the hair to a horse and cut to pieces on the stones.

Princess Nadhira and the rose-leaf finds her equal in Smindyrides, the Sybarite. Herodotus and several other classical writers ¹ tell how this man even outdid the Sybarites themselves in luxury. Once he chose to sleep on a bed of roses, but he passed a miserable night on such a hard couch ! In the morning his body was covered with blisters.

In conclusion I would mention the test of the tutors in the introduction to the *Seven Sages of Rome*. In order to see how their pupil had progressed in general science, they secretly placed four ivy leaves ² under each post of his bed. On awaking in the morning, he surveyed the room with astonishment ³ :

" Par fay ! " he said, " a ferli ⁴ cas !
 Other ich am of wine drunk,
 Other the firmament is sunk,
 Other wexen is the ground ⁵
 The thickness of four leaves round !
 So much, to-night, higher I lay,
 Certes, than yesterday."

¹ Herodotus, vi, 127 ; Aelian, ix, 24 ; Athenæus, vi, 105, and xii, 58 ; Seneca, *De Ira*, ii, 25, 2.

² The Cotton MS. reads "iubarb," the houseleek. See Killis Campbell, *Seven Sages of Rome*, pp. 8, 9 and 153.

³ G. Ellis, *Specimens of Early English Metrical Romances*, London, 1848, pp. 412, 413.

⁴ Wonderful.

⁵ Or grown is the earth.

APPENDIX

THE TWENTY-FIVE TALES OF A VETĀLA

(Continued)

Anangarati and her Four Suitors

(*Vetāla* 9—pp. 1-4)

THIS story is practically a verbatim repetition of the first part of No. 38 (Vol. IV, p. 144 *et seq.*), which bears exactly the same title. It also has several points of resemblance to *Vetāla* 2 (Vol. VI, pp. 179-181 and 261-266). Sufficient references have already been given at the above pages.

In the Hindi version¹ the tale is No. 7. The differences are trifling. We first get a more detailed inventory of the lady's charms: "Her face was like the moon, her hair like clouds, her eyes like those of a deer, her eyebrows like a bent bow, her nose like a parrot's, her neck like that of a pigeon, her teeth like pomegranate-grains, the red colour of her lips like that of a gourd, her waist like the leopard's, her hands and feet like soft lotuses, her complexion like the *Champā*: in short, the splendour of her youth increased daily." She stipulates that her husband must be possessed of good looks, good qualities and good sense. The first suitor can make a certain cloth for which he can obtain five rubies. He disposes of them the same way as the *Sūdra* does in our version. The second understands the language of animals. The third knows all the *Sāstras*, while the fourth is a wonderful archer. They all draw attention to their good looks. No mention is made of what castes they belong to, but in his reply to the *Vetāla* the king shows to what castes each must belong, and that the princess should naturally marry the one of her own caste.

The story does not appear in the Tamil version, another one entirely different being substituted. See B. G. Babington, *Vedāla Cadai*, pp. 55-57.

Madanasenā and her Rash Promise

(*Vetāla* 10—pp. 5-9)

This is the ninth story in the Hindi version.² It is more condensed than in Somadeva. The thief is no gallant, as in our

¹ W. B. Barker, *Baitāl Pachisi*, pp. 157-173.

² *Ibid.*, pp. 174-184.

text, and thinks only of securing the jewels which Madana-senā is wearing. The would-be lover, by name Som(a)datt(a), is amazed at the girl keeping her word. "This affair," he says, "is like jewels without a suitable dress, or food without *ghṛī*, or singing without melody; they are all alike unnatural. In the same way dirty clothes will mar beauty; bad food will undermine strength; a bad wife will worry one to death; a disreputable son will ruin his family; an enraged demon will kill. A woman, whether she love or hate, will be a source of pain. There are few things a woman will not do, for she never brings to her tongue what is in her heart, never speaks out what is on her tongue, never tells what she is doing: the deity has created woman in this world a strange creature."

On returning home her husband has ceased to feel any affection for her, and says: "The beauty of a cuckoo is its note, of a woman is chastity; an ugly man's beauty is knowledge, and a devotee's beauty is forgiveness." The reply to the Vetāla's question is the same in both versions.

Once again Babington's¹ modesty intervenes, and he entirely omits the tale in the Tamil version as "being unfit for publication"!

As a matter of fact the tale is highly moral, and is a lesson in magnanimity. As such it has migrated towards the West and has found a place in every important literature in the world. In fact, it is one of the most interesting stories with which we have to deal, and a volume could easily be written on its ramifications and the different uses of its chief *motifs*. In these present notes I shall give ample reference for the preparation of such a volume, but will be able to deal briefly with only some of the most important variants.

Although in Somadeva the story appears complete in itself, in most of its other forms it is nearly always a sub-story, being quoted by some clever person in order to find a thief by noting what different answers are given to the question put at the end of the tale. Thus in this case the original form of the story has been preserved, although, of course, it is no longer the Vetāla who asks the question.

Let us examine some Indian parallels first. In Hemavijaya's *Kathāratnākara*² we read of Cillaṇā, the wife of King Śreṇika, who has a wonderful garden. It contains a

¹ Babington, *op. cit.*, p. 57.

² J. Hertel, *Kathāratnākara. Das Märchenmeer. Eine Sammlung indischer Erzählungen von Hemavijaya*, vol. i, 1920, p. 233 *et seq.*

fine mango-tree, from which a thief has been stealing fruit to satisfy the pregnant cravings (see Vol. I, pp. 221-228) of his wife. This he successfully accomplishes by magically making the tree bend towards him. The matter is reported to the king, who seeks advice from his minister Abhaya. This astute man manages to attend a meeting of all the worst characters of the city. They have a concert and get very merry. Abhaya volunteers to tell them a story, which he proceeds to do :

“An old spinster, longing for a husband, steals flowers from a garden, wherewith to worship the God of Love. She is caught in the act by the gardener, who bids her do his will for ransom. She agrees to come to him after her wedding. After she has succeeded in obtaining a husband she starts, arrayed in her best, to fulfil her contract, but is successively held up by robbers, who crave her jewels, and by a hungry Rākshasa, both of whom she tells of her engagement with the gardener. She promises to return after she has been with the gardener. When she comes to each in turn, they are so much struck with her honesty that they allow her to return unharmed to her husband.”

At the completion of the story Abhaya turns to the company and asks which character had displayed the most magnanimity. Various answers are given, but the mango-thief, who is also present, at once votes for the robbers. Hence Abhaya spots the thief.

The story is quoted by Bloomfield¹ in “The Art of Stealing in Hindu Fiction,” to which excellent article I must now refer more fully. As already stated above, the chief theme of the story is magnanimity. To such an extent is this gospel preached that it is made to affect not only people in the ordinary walks of life, but thieves also. So the “Noble Thief” becomes one of those lesser *motifs*, which, however, merits individual consideration. Professor Bloomfield has treated the subject with his accustomed scholarly elucidation. The following extracts, therefore, are to be found in his article mentioned above, pp. 218-220.

The Robin Hood of Indian fiction is Apahāravarman, who, in the second story of the *Daśa-kumāra-charita*, not only plunders the rich to give to the poor, but also aids a loving couple, by first bringing them together, and then steering them into the haven of happiness.

¹ *Amer. Journ. Phil.*, vol. xliv, 1923, pp. 200-201.

Then in the *Satapatta Jātaka*, No. 279, we read of a generous robber who lets off a poor man who has collected a debt of a thousand pieces.

In the *Daridravarṇana*, "description of poverty," in the *Śārngadhara Paddhati*, stanza 9, a poor man says to his wife: "Hand me the rag, or take the boy into your own lap." The wife responds: "There is nothing here on the floor, husband, but behind you there is a heap of straw." A thief, come to steal, hears them, throws a strip of cloth, which he has got elsewhere, over the boy, and goes off in tears.

In *Vīracharita*, adhyāya 26 (*Indische Studien*, xiv, 138), five robbers come from Ayodhyā to Mount Śataśṛṅga. There lives an ascetic, Sutapas, who, during a famine, has gone from home, leaving his family behind. The robbers, out of pity, support the family, and thus save its life. After twelve years Sutapas returns, rejoices to find, contrary to expectation, that his family is alive, and rewards the robbers with magic gifts.

In *Pārśvanātha Charitra*, ii, 619 *et seq.*, a young thief, Mahābala, son of a good family, to be sure, decides to steal in the house of a merchant, Datta. As he peeks into the house through a lattice window he hears Datta quarrelling bitterly with his son over some trifling disagreement of accounts. Out of decency he reflects that a man who will abandon sleep in the middle of the night and quarrel with his diligent and proper son over such a trifle, will die of a broken heart if he were to steal his property. So he goes to the house of a courtesan, Kāmasenā. He sees her lavish her professional ministrations upon a leprous slave as though he were a god. He decides that he cannot steal from anyone as greedy for money as all that. Then he goes to the house of a Brāhman, and sees him sleeping with his wife on a couch. A dog urinates into the Brāhman's outstretched hand, who says "Thank you" as he rises with a start. The thief reflects that such is the Brāhman's greed for alms that it persists even while he is asleep. He, therefore, must not steal there. He then decides to eschew mean folk, and breaks into the king's palace.

In *Prabandhacintāmaṇi* (Tawney, p. 17), Vanarāja, destined by his horoscope for kingship, is temporarily a thief. Once he digs a tunnel into a merchant's house, and is stealing his wealth, when his hand slips into a bowl of curds. He says to himself, "I have eaten in this house," and so he leaves all the merchant's possessions there and goes out.

Apart from the "Noble Thief" *motif* our tale contains

another one which is found throughout folklore stories of all lands—namely, the “Promise to Return” *motif*. How often have we read of people caught by ogres, giants, ghouls, etc., who have been released on the understanding that in a certain time and at a certain place they will return! Examples have already occurred in the *Ocean* (see, e.g., Vol. III, p. 33), and abound in the *Nights* and all European collections. Here it is only necessary to note the occurrence in passing. The *motif* has been fully treated by Bloomfield¹ as far as Hindu fiction is concerned.

Now, to return to the story of the damsel’s rash promise, we find that it soon spread to neighbouring countries—Burma,² Persia,³ Palestine,⁴ Arabia,⁵ and so on to Turkey⁶ and across to Europe. Here it was given new impetus by being included by Boccaccio first in his *Filocolo*⁷ and later in the *Decameron*.⁸ It was included in numerous French versions, and used by Chaucer for the *Franklin’s Tale*.

I have, of course, mentioned only the chief milestones on the road of its progress, but they are quite sufficient to show its wide circulation both in the Orient and Occident.

The story has been studied chiefly by students of Chaucer and Boccaccio. Of Chaucer articles I would mention the one by Clouston, *Originals and Analogues of some of Chaucer’s Canterbury Tales*, part iv, No. 16, The Chaucer Society, 2nd series, 20, London, 1886, pp. 291-340. Here will be found translations of most of the above-named versions, all given as variants of the *Franklin’s Tale*. See also W. H. Schofield, “Chaucer’s Franklin’s Tale,” *Modern Language Ass. Amer.*, vol. xvi (N.S.), vol. ix, pp. 405-449.

¹ *Life and Stories of the Jaina Savior Pārṣvanātha*, Baltimore, 1919, p. 183 *et seq.* See also his “Art of Stealing . . .,” *op. cit.*, p. 218n²⁸.

² See J. Bandow, *Precedents of Princess Thoodamma Tsari*, 1881, p. 18 *et seq.*

³ *Ṭūṭi-nāmah*, India Office MS. See Clouston, *Originals and Analogues*, Chaucer Soc., 2nd series, 20, p. 310 *et seq.*; J. Malcolm, *Sketches of Persia*, 1828, chap. xx, vol. ii, pp. 164-171; J. Scott, *Bahar-Danush*, vol. ii, p. 295.

⁴ M. I. Levi, *Mélusine*, vol. ii, 1885, cols. 542-546; Gaster, *Exempla of the Rabbis*, pp. 79, 206.

⁵ *Nights*, from the Tunis MS. of Habicht. See Chauvin, *op. cit.*, viii, pp. 123, 124.

⁶ Rosen, *Tuti-nameh*, vol. i, pp. 243-258; *cf.* vol. ii, p. 168 *et seq.* and p. 174; J. Hammer, *Rosenöl*, vol. ii, p. 277; Gibb, *Forty Veziers*, p. 105.

⁷ Book IV, question 4, vol. ii, p. 48 of the Moutier edition, 1829.

⁸ Day 10, novel 5, “Madonna Dianora and Messer Ansaldo.”

The author supports the view that Chaucer based his story on an old Breton lay, as indeed he says himself in *The Prologe of the Frankeleyns Tale* :

“Thise olde gentil Britons in hir dayes
Of divers aventures maden layes,
Rymeyed in hir firste Briton tonge ;
Which layes with hir instruments they songe,
Or elles reddeden hem for hir plesaunce ;
And oon of hem have I in remembrance. . . .”

A large number of useful references will be found in A. C. Lee's *The Decameron, its Sources and Analogues*, pp. 322-328.

The Russian variant of Radloff, *Proben der Volksliteratur der Türkischen Stämme Süd-Sibiriens*, vol. iii, p. 389, besides being in Clouston, *op. cit. sup.*, p. 320 *et seq.*, is included by Coxwell, *Siberian and Other Folk Tales*, p. 351 *et seq.*

King Dharmadhvaṛa and his Three Very Sensitive Wives

(*Vetāla* 11—pp. 10-12)

In the Hindi version ¹ this story forms No. 10, and No. 11 in the Tamil.² The Hindi merely mentions the three sensitive wives in the last few lines of the story. The rest is taken up with a lengthy exposition of the Jain religion. It is well worth giving in full :

In the country of Gaur there was a city, Bardhamān by name, of which Guṇśekhara was king. His minister was a Jain, named Abhaichandra, and he had converted the king to the Jain religion by his arguments. He, in consequence, prohibited the worship of Śiva and of Viṣṇu, and gifts of cows, and of land, and of pinda³ ; put an end to gambling and wine-drinking ; and would not allow anyone to convey bones to the Ganges. And the minister who was charged to see to all those things proclaimed throughout the city, by sound of drum, that if anyone should commit those acts which were forbidden, his property should be confiscated, and he would receive punishment and be sent out of the country.

One day the minister said to the king : “Great King, be pleased to hear the decisions (or judgments) of religion. Whoever takes the life of another, loses his own life in the

¹ Barker, *op. cit.*, pp. 184-191.

² Babington, *op. cit.*, pp. 58-59.

³ Sanskrit, *pinda*. See Vol. I, p. 56n¹.

next world : the life and death of one who has been born into this world are not exempt from the penalty of sin ; again and again he is born and dies. Hence it is right for every-one who receives birth into this world to practise religion. Behold ! Brahmā, Viṣṇu and Mahādev, overpowered by love, anger, avarice and fascination, have descended to earth in various forms ; but more excellent than all these, a cow, free from enmity, anger, intoxication, rage, avarice and inordinate affection, is supporting the people and those who are her sons ; and solacing the creatures of the earth in many ways is cherishing them. Hence gods and Munis reverence the cow, and for this reason it is not right to regard the gods. In this world reverence the cow. And it is righteous to protect beasts and birds, from the elephant to the ant. In this world there is no righteousness greater than this. Those men who increase their own flesh by eating the flesh of other creatures, in the final period will surely fall into hell. Hence it is right that a man should protect animals. Those who do not sympathise with the griefs of other creatures, but kill and eat them, their lives will be short in this world ; and in the next life they will be born maimed, lame, one-eyed, blind, dwarfed, humpbacked or deficient in bodily proportions. All such as eat the bodies of beasts and birds will hereafter destroy their own bodies. And from drinking wine and eating flesh great sin arises, and hence both are wrong."

In this manner the minister, having explained his own sentiments, gained over the king to the Jain religion, and henceforward that monarch governed his kingdom according to the precepts of that religion—paying no respect to Brāhmans, Yogīs, Sannyasīs, or faḳīrs of any kind. One day, overcome by death, he gave up the throne to Dharm-dhwaj, his son, who, having ordered his father's minister Abhaichand to be seized, caused all his hair to be shaved off but seven locks, had his face blackened, and mounting him upon an ass, with drums beating, sent him on a circuit through the city, and then banished him the country. Henceforward he governed free from anxiety.

The Tamil version resembles that in our present text much more closely. There is a slight difference in the mishap which befell the first of the three queens. She was walking with the king in a flower garden, when a bee came and settled

upon a flower which was interwoven with the braiding of her hair. She immediately fainted away and fell down. Her female attendants raised her up, and recovered her from her swoon.

We have already discussed the "Bed" sybarite,¹ and will now consider analogues to the present story of the three sensitive queens.

For the earliest historical examples we must go back to the people who are responsible for the word "sybarite." The ancient city of Sybaris lay in Magna Græcia, on the Gulf of Tarentum, between two rivers, the Sybaris and the Crathis. It was the oldest Greek colony in the region, being founded about 720 B.C. As time went on the city became great and opulent, with numerous dependencies and a highly important trade both on land and sea. The luxury and magnificence of the Sybarites soon became proverbial, and in the sixth century no Greek city could approach it in wealth and splendour. But such enormous opulence was too great, and had been acquired in too short a time, to be sustained for long. The great industry the Sybarites displayed in the development of their trade, agriculture, irrigation, etc., soon gave way to the luxury and effeminacy with which they are chiefly connected to-day. The story of their fall does not concern us here, and readers are referred to the excellent chapter on "Sybaris" contained in Lenormant's fine work, *La Grande-Grèce*.² In 510 B.C. Sybaris was razed to the ground by the Crotoniats, and the channel of the River Crathis was diverted so as to flow over the ruins. In the days of Herodotus Sybaris was only a memory, but the story of its luxury lived on, and the word *sybarite* found its way into nearly every European language.

As is only natural, stories of the amazing luxury and effeminacy of the Sybarites found their way into the works of ancient classical writers, which were repeated again and again by subsequent authors. Hence we find Athenæus, in his *Deipnosophists*,³ quoting Sybarite tales from Timæus, the Greek historian of about 300 B.C. Of particular interest to

¹ Vol. VI, pp. 288-294.

² F. Lenormant, *La Grande-Grèce. Paysages et Histoire*, 3 vols., Paris, 1881-1884. See vol. i, pp. 246-330, especially pp. 282-289.

³ Book xii, 15-20. See the English translation by C. D. Yonge, in Bohn's Classical Library, vol. iii, pp. 830-835.

us is the fact that one of the tales resembles the unfortunate experience of the third sensitive wife in Somadeva—viz. the witnessing, or merely hearing, work being done, causing physical suffering to the person in question.

A few extracts from Athenæus will give a good idea of the kind of stories current over two hundred years after the sacking of Sybaris :

“And why need we mention the Sybarites, among whom bathing men and pourers of water were first introduced in fetters, in order to prevent their going too fast, and to prevent also their scalding the bathers in their haste ? And the Sybarites were the first people to forbid those who practised noisy arts from dwelling in their city : such as braziers, and smiths, and carpenters, and men of similar trades ; providing that their slumbers should always be undisturbed. And it used to be unlawful to rear a cock in their city.

“And Timæus relates concerning them that a citizen of Sybaris, once going into the country, seeing the husbandmen digging, said that he himself felt as if he had broken his bones by the sight ; and someone who heard him replied : ‘I, when I heard you say this, felt as if I had a pain in my side. . . .’ But they had carried their luxury to such a pitch that they had taught even their horses to dance at their feasts to the music of the flute. Accordingly the people of Crotona, knowing this, and being at war with them, as Aristotle relates in his *History of the Constitution of Sybaris*, played before their horses the air to which they were accustomed to dance ; for the people of Crotona also had flute-players in military uniform. And as soon as the horses heard them playing on the flute, they not only began to dance, but ran over to the army of the Crotonians, carrying their riders with them. . . . And one of the Sybarites, once wishing to sail over to Crotona, hired a vessel to carry him by himself, on condition that no one was to splash him, and that no one else was to be taken on board, and that he might take his horse with him. And when the captain of the ship had agreed to these terms, he put his horse on board, and ordered some straw to be spread under the horse.”

Athenæus then quotes the twenty-fifth book of the *History of Phylarchus*, where, after dealing with the strict rules of etiquette in vogue at Syracuse, he proceeds to

compare the customs of the Sybarites which violate all the traditional social customs of Greece :

“The Sybarites, having given loose to their luxury, made a law that women might be invited to banquets, and that those who intended to invite them to sacred festivities must make preparation a year before, in order that they might have all that time to provide themselves with garments and other ornaments in a suitable manner worthy of the occasion, and so might come to the banquet to which they were invited. And if any confectioner or cook invented any peculiar and excellent dish, no other artist was allowed to make this for a year ; but he alone who invented it was entitled to all the profit to be derived from the manufacture of it for that time, in order that others might be induced to labour at excelling in such pursuits. And in the same way, it was provided that those who sold eels were not to be liable to pay tribute, nor those who caught them either. And in the same way the law exempted from all burdens those who dyed the marine purple and those who imported it.”

For an explanation of the obvious exaggeration of some of the above tales, see Lenormant, *op. cit.*, pp. 286-288.

The question arises as to whether the source of the Indian tales under discussion can be correctly attributed to these *historiettes* of Timæus, which must have greatly amused the Athenians for whom he wrote.

Even if we date the *Vetālapañchavimśati* as early as the very beginning of the Christian era, there would have been three hundred years for the *motif* to migrate ! But as Lenormant has said : “Ce qui est certain, c’est que les Sybarites usaient de leur richesse pour entretenir un luxe inouï, bien plus conforme aux habitudes de l’Asie qu’à celles de la Grèce.” It seems impossible that the luxury and opulence of so many of the ancient Indian courts should not have given rise to the “Sybarite” *motif*, without any necessity for importation. At the same time, if the tales *did* travel from West to East, they would surely have met with an appreciative reception in India.

In a Siamese story¹ three out of four ladies suffer merely from *seeing* things happen, while the fourth is the same as the second lady in our text. The first gets swollen hands on

¹ A. Bastian, *Geographische und ethnologische Bilder*, Jena, 1873, pp. 267, 268.

seeing someone crushing rice; the second feels as if her breast was being beaten to bits on hearing a drum being played; and the wrist of the third becomes tired on seeing someone fetching water; while the fourth is covered with bruises where the rays of the moon fall on her.

Similar stories are found in several European collections,¹ with but trifling differences. In a seventeenth-century collection by A. le Métel d'Ouille² we find some fresh and rather curious details, including another "bed" sybarite. Here four women, who were neighbours, all claimed to be the most delicately sensitive. Finally they decided to go before a judge and each to state her case.

The first one said that one fresh summer's morning, clad in only her chemise and a pair of bedroom slippers, having stretched out her foot to catch the dew, a rose leaf fell on it, thereby causing her to limp for more than three months.

The second said that one day her maid in making her bed had carelessly left a small crease in the middle of the sheet, which was of the finest Dutch linen. Having lain down on this crease somewhat roughly, she broke three ribs, and was in the doctor's hands for three months.

The third said that she had always been careful in instructing her maid to comb her hair in such a way that exactly the same number of hairs should be on each side of the parting, well knowing how serious it might be if she made a mistake. One day she inadvertently put three or four more hairs on one side than on the other, thus causing her head to remain sideways for over six weeks.

The fourth addressed the other three: "Now then, ladies, there is not one of you who at least once a day hasn't got to perform the acts of nature, for it is a thing so necessary to life that without it you could not exist. However, speaking of that, there happened to me the day before yesterday something that hasn't happened to any of you others. While *faisant mes affaires*, although I do it as gently as possible, to show you the extent of my delicacy, I burst a vein *du derrière*, and no doctor can heal it without damaging all the others.

¹ Bolte and Polívka, *op. cit.*, vol. iii, p. 238.

² *L'Élite des Contes du Sieur d'Ouille*, edited with notes by G. Brunet, Paris, 1883, vol. ii, pp. 149-151. See also *Contes à rire, ou Récréations Françaises*, new edition, Paris, 1769, vol. ii, pp. 169-171; or vol. ii, pp. 109-111 of the Amsterdam edition of 1732.

Consequently I prefer to remain with this blemish rather than make worse the thing that I want to heal."

The judge is quite at a loss as to what decision he ought to give, and the reader is asked to decide for himself.

It cannot be denied that some of the misfortunes which befell the fair sybarites mentioned above tax our credibility rather heavily. In fact, in many cases we are led to suspect fraud and hypocrisy; and as the sequel shows, our charges would not have been without justification, for in the *Sukasaptati* we find¹ that the supposed sensitiveness of Kāmalilā, the beloved wife of King Vikramāditya, is used as a cloak to her unchastity. Bālapaṇḍitā, the clever daughter of the king's private chaplain, realises why the fish laughed, but hesitates to say. After several digressions, which form subsequent tales, a learned Brāhman, by name Pushpahāsa, who had never been known to laugh himself, is asked to solve the mystery.² On hearing the details he bursts out laughing and strikes the queen in the face with some flowers. She at once falls unconscious, and is tended by the enraged king. On calling for an explanation of his extraordinary conduct, Pushpahāsa answers: "I laugh because during the night the queen was struck by her lover with canes and did not feel any ill effects, yet now, when struck with a few flowers, she has fallen (or pretends to have fallen) unconscious." The king is not at first convinced of the truth of the story, but at Pushpahāsa's advice he takes off her bodice³ and sees the marks of the canes.

On this story was based another one, included in Cristoforo Armeno's Persian (?) collection.⁴ Here we read that King Behram possesses a wonderful silver statue which laughs if anyone tells a lie in its presence. The king is anxious to marry a girl as modest as she is beautiful, but will not brook of any sort of deception. Accordingly he determines to test each one in the presence of the statue.

Four beautiful maidens are brought forward. The king chats to the first of these ladies, and throws some rose leaves

¹ R. Schmidt, *Die Çukasaptati (Textus Simplicior)*, Kiel, 1894, tale 5, p. 11. I have already (Vol. I, p. 46n²) referred to it in connection with "the fish that laughed."

² R. Schmidt, *ibid.*, tale 9, p. 22.

³ This is doubtless the *angiyā*, or *kūrtā* of Kashmir. See Vol. II, p. 50n⁵.

⁴ H. Fischer and J. Bolte, *Die Reise der Söhne Giaffers*, p. 119 *et seq.*

on her breast. A tiny twig chances to hit her in the face, whereupon she behaves as if about to die. With trouble Behram revives her and takes her to the window in front of the statue. Immediately the statue bursts out laughing. The lady is in no way perturbed, but covers her face with her hands, as if in the presence of a man other than the king. At this the statue laughs again.

The second lady comes forward. Behram, who has now donned a garment embroidered with fur, proceeds to embrace her, but she at once draws back in pain, for the hairs of the fur have hurt her so much. The statue laughs. The king leads her to a mirror, but she immediately covers her face, as she does not consider it becoming that anyone but he should see her face. At this absurdity the statue laughs again.

The third lady also gives two proofs of her amazing delicacy. Behram leads her into the garden, and on passing a sheet of water she covers her face. On the king demanding an explanation, she says that as the water contains many fishes, some of them are sure to be of the male sex, and he alone should look on her face. He looks back at the statue and sees it laughing. A great wind suddenly arises, and a little boat on the water is sunk with all hands. At this sight the girl sinks unconscious to the ground. Once again the statue laughs.

The fourth lady is genuinely modest, but in no exaggerated way. The statue does *not* laugh, and the king selects her as his bride. It transpires that the other three girls, so far from being delicate or modest, have paramours whose sadistical cravings they willingly satisfy.

King Yaśaḥketu, his Vidyādhari Wife, and his Faithful Minister

(*Vetāla* 12—pp. 13-25)

In the Hindi version¹ the story is No. 11. It is much more condensed than in Somadeva. The minister has all his adventures entirely alone, and sees the magic tree from the seashore. The rest follows practically as in our text.

The Tamil version² (No. 12) begins as in Somadeva. The minister makes friends with the merchant, and goes on board with him. Suddenly a storm arises, and the boat is tossed about at the mercy of the waves. Finally they arrive at a

¹ Barker, *op. cit.*, pp. 192-204.

² Babington, *op. cit.*, pp. 59-64.

little island, and disembark. They find a temple, and under a tree, opposite the temple, a raised throne, upon which they perceive a beautiful woman reclining. They think she is a goddess and return immediately. On returning, the king sets out for the island, but in company with the minister. The "giant" swallows the damsel, but the king kills him, tears open his entrails, and rescues the girl alive, whereupon she tells her story as in our text, and all ends happily. The question and answer at the end are the same in all versions.

There is little to be said about the story that has not already been noted elsewhere. The subaqueous palace has been discussed in Vol. VI (pp. 279-281), while the "Wishing-tree" and "Taboo" *motifs* have been referred to in Vol. I (p. 144ⁿ¹) and Vol. II (pp. 252-253) respectively. The woman's tale about the Rākshasa and her father's curse somewhat resembles "The Story of the Twelfth Statuette" in *Vikrama's Adventures*. (See Edgerton's translation, pp. lxxxiv and 117-125.) The versions differ slightly, but the main incidents are the same—the woman had been the wife of a Brāhman, but he did not love her (in some versions she was unfaithful), and cursed her at his death, saying that every night she should be tormented by a Rākshasa. On asking for mercy he granted release from the curse when some hero should kill the Rākshasa.

*The Brahmin Harisvāmin, who first lost his Wife,
and then his Life*

(Vetāla 13—pp. 29-34)

This story is No. 12 in the Hindi version,¹ which has several slight differences. For instance the ravisher is a "Gandharb" and carries off Lāvaṇyavatī in a chariot. When the distracted husband reaches the house of the Brāhman there is no mention of the wife till the end of the tale; the man himself fills Harisvāmin's cup with "rice-milk." The food is poisoned by a black serpent instead of a dead cobra in the clutches of a kite. The ending is the same as in our text.

In the Tamil version² the tale, which is No. 16, is much more condensed. The hero is called Arjuna Svāmi, and his wife is named Vanapadi. The incidents, however, closely resemble those in Somadeva. The details about the food

¹ Barker, *op. cit.*, p. 204 *et seq.*

² Babington, *op. cit.*, p. 68 *et seq.*

differ slightly : “ She accordingly brought and gave him some rice and savoury food, which he received in a leaf and wrapped up in a bundle. So one evening, after bathing and finishing his devotions, he sprinkled water on the rice which he had kept in his bundle, and was in the act of eating it when, even as a sickness visiting the flower of youth, and as death coming in the hour of full enjoyment, and as a danger coming upon one who is alone, a kite, which, urged by hunger, had seized upon a cobra *de capella* . . .” Babington adds an interesting note in which he attributes the king’s evasive answer to his deference to Garuḍa, the king of the birds, and also to the Nagas, so widely worshipped in Northern India. See also Oesterley, *Baitāl Pachīsī*, p. 202.

The chief *motif* of the story, food being poisoned by animals, is found in several collections of stories. The majority of these have been noted by Benfey, *Pantschatantra*, vol. i, p. 362, and Chauvin, *op. cit.*, viii, p. 60.

A few examples will show the different uses made of the *motif*. I notice a curious one in Bloomfield’s *Life and Stories of the Jaina Savior Pārçvanātha*, pp. 34-35. I give it in full :

“ In a great forest in the Vindhya mountains, on a banyan-tree, lived a pair of parrots. Theirs was a beloved young parrot. One day it flew off, but being very young, it fell upon the ground. A hermit picked it up, took it to his hermitage, fed it, educated it, and treated it like a son. One day the young parrot overheard the abbot of the hermitage tell his pupils that in the middle of the sea there was an island, Harimela, in the north-east corner of which stood a large mango-tree, bedewed with ambrosia ; and that the fruit of this tree restored youth by curing deformities, diseases and old age. The young parrot, remembering his decrepit parents, considered that he might now pay the debt of their love. He flew to the magic tree and fetched one of the mangoes, but, on returning, grew tired and fell into the ocean, keeping the fruit in his bill. A merchant by the name of Sāgara picked him up ; the parrot, out of gratitude, presented him with the fruit, after which he flew away to get another. The merchant decided to make the virtue of the fruit universally accessible. When he arrived at Jayapura he presented it to the king then ruling, who had it planted, in order to reproduce the fruit for the benefit of his people. But a serpent, carried in the beak of a bird, happened to drop poison upon

one of the mangoes, so that it ripened and fell to the ground. The keeper of the garden joyously took it to the king, who gave it to his chaplain, and he ate of it and died. The king in rage had the tree cut down. But a host of men, afflicted with incurable diseases, ate of its fruit for euthanasia (*sukhamṛityave*), and became thereby like unto the God of Love. The king, discerning the true state of things, regretted his rash act, and lost pleasure in his kingdom."

In the *Śatruṃjaya Māhātmyam*, xiv, 207,¹ death does not follow, and the man in question himself relates the circumstances to Jāvaḍa, upon thinking of whom he was saved from the fatal effects of the poison.

The *motif* found its way into the *Book of Sindibād* and the *Seven Vazīrs*. In the former of these works² it forms the first of the prince's tales told after the story of the seventh vazīr. It tells of a most generous host who welcomed everyone who came to his house :

"He received them after the fashion of the generous, for this was ever his custom. A slave-girl went to fetch milk, that he might feast his guests with sugar and milk—two very good things. She covered not the top of the milk-dish. Harken to these words, and take warning : A stork was passing in the air, having snatched up an old snake from the desert. How can one fly from the decrees of fate ? Saliva dropped from the mouth of that viper, and that milk was mixed with poison ; and whoever took any of that milk fell down, and there died forthwith."

The prince asks who is to blame. Various answers are given, but he replies : "All these opinions are mistaken. No one was to blame ; it was the decree of God."

An abbreviated form of the same story occurs in the conclusion of the *Seven Vazīrs*.³

In the *Bahār-i-Dānish* of 'Ināyatu-'llāh⁴ the *motif* is used in quite a different manner. Here an adulterous wife has been discovered by her husband, but when asleep she

¹ A. Weber, "Ueber das Śatrunjaya Māhātmyam. Ein Beitrag zur Geschichte der Jaina," *Abh. f. d. Kunde d. Morg.*, Leipzig, 1858, pp. 43-44.

² Clouston, *Book of Sindibād*, p. 89.

³ *Ibid.*, p. 213. See also pp. 263-266, where our version and one or two others are given.

⁴ J. Scott, *Bahar-Danush*, vol. i, p. 78 *et seq.*

suspends him head downwards from a tree and proceeds to carry on an orgy with her lover in full view of the unfortunate husband. The couple finally become dead drunk and fall senseless on the ground. At this point a snake glides down the tree, passes by the frightened husband, and spits venom into the cup of the lovers. Presently they awake from their drunken stupor; the man drinks of the cup and dies, while the wife is finally persuaded to release her husband, who becomes an ascetic.

To conclude, I would mention the variant in the Tamil *Alakēsa Kathā*. Here a Brāhman pilgrim offers food to an old Brāhman. Unknown to both a serpent carried in a kite's mouth poisons it. The old man eats the food and dies. The youth is accused of murdering him and is put in prison and flogged. He prays to Kālī in his misery, and she destroys the whole village where the young Brāhman has been imprisoned. Kālī then "infuses herself into the person of one of the villagers" and tells them the whole truth, whereupon the youth is released and all is well.

The *motif*, being really only applicable to snake-infested countries, is not one which found ready acceptance in Western collections.

The Merchant's Daughter who fell in love with a Thief

(*Vetāla* 14—pp. 35-39)

There are several differences in each of the two chief vernacular versions.

In the Hindi¹ (No. 13) version no mention is made of the girl's dislike for men. In searching for the thief it is the king who asks the other man who he is. On finding they are both of the same profession they proceed to rob several houses. They take their loot to a well outside the city, which proves to be really an entrance to Pātāla, where the real thief dwells. The king is warned by a female servant and, being shown the way back, effects his escape. Another day the complete army go down the well and surround the thief's house. He manages, however, to escape to a demon who is lord of the city and implores his aid. Accordingly, remembering past benefits, the demon destroys most of the army. The king is in flight, when the thief calls out: "Hola! thou a Rājput, and fleeing from combat?" At this the king stops, fights

¹ Barker, *op. cit.*, p. 211 *et seq.*

the thief, and finally overcomes him. He then has the thief bathed, finely clad, and paraded through the streets on a camel, and so to be led to the stake of impalement. The girl's father offers the king five *lākhs* for the thief's release, but in vain. When she is about to become a *Satī*, the goddess *Devī* appears and grants a boon. The girl immediately craves that life be restored to the thief. There is no mention of the request about her father having a hundred sons. The answer to the *Vetāla*'s question will be discussed later.

In the Tamil version ¹ the story is No. 17 of the collection. It begins as in *Somadeva*: the king, however, does not trouble to have the city watched, but goes to see to matters for himself at once, apparently without any kind of disguise. He meets the thief "who was the chief of all the robbers, with his body blackened,² his head bare, girded with a black cincture, and wearing a weapon to cleave asunder those who opposed him." When asked by the king who he is, the thief replies: "I am the son of *Bhadra Kālī*, the tutelary goddess of this neighbourhood, and I am going my rounds about the town." "Very well," replied the king, "come and be chief guard of my palace."

The thief can do nothing but comply. He makes, however, an attempt to secure assistance, by calling to some of his accomplices in thieves' language. He is overheard, the other thieves are slain, and he himself is led off, smeared in sandalwood, with a garland round his neck, to the place of impalement. Then follows the incident of the daughter's request to her father as in our version. He presents himself before the king and offers a cat's-eye (*chrysoberyl*) as a present, and promises to give "great riches" if his Majesty will release the thief. The king refuses indignantly, saying: "You must be yourself a thief, who come thus to speak in behalf of a robber. Get out of my presence!" When she was about to become a *Satī*, *Śiva* and his consort, "who had viewed all these transactions from the sky, called out to the damsel from the bull-vehicle on which they were seated,

¹ Babington, *op. cit.*, p. 71 *et seq.*

² In a note Babington points out that the blackened bodies of thieves were also anointed [with grease?], so that the police would have difficulty in catching hold of them. In order to obviate this the "tiger's-claw," a sort of knuckle-duster with curved claws, is employed. This *baghnakh* or *wagnuck* was the weapon with which *Śivājī* murdered *Afzal Khān*. See *Duff's History of the Mahrattas*, vol. i, p. 172.

and said: 'Ask whatever gift you desire'; to which she replied: 'I wish you to raise up this robber and present him to me.' They were delighted with her constancy, and having resuscitated the robber, delivered him over to her, and went to Cailāsam." Once again there is no mention of the girl's first request about her father.

Although the above versions differ in several minor incidents from that of our text, no new *motifs* are introduced. Somadeva alone makes the distracted girl think first of her father, although about to die. The tale contains several interesting *motifs*. Almost at the commencement we read of the heroine's hatred of men. This *motif* occupies a very minor place in the story, and, as we have seen above, disappears entirely in the Hindi version. No explanation is given as to why she hated men or to account for her sudden passion for the thief. In the *Nights*, however, the *motif* assumes a more important form, and the hatred of men by the princess is accounted for by a dream in which she sees the cruelty and desertion of the male sex. It is only after a clever trick of the lover that the princess is persuaded that she was mistaken. The two stories in which this occurs are "Tale of Tāj al-Mulūk and the Princess Dunyā" (Burton, vol. iii, p. 31 *et seq.*) and "Ardashīr and Hayāt al-Nufūs" (*idem.*, vol. vii, p. 227 *et seq.*).

We pass on to the more important *motifs*. An appropriate name for the thieving *motif* occurring in our story, and also later in Chapter CXII, is hard to express in a single short sentence. I have chosen "tracking the thief," but it really covers only one aspect of the *motif*—namely, the tracking of the thief by the king in disguise—somewhat similar to the nocturnal adventures indulged in by Harūn al-Rashīd in the *Nights*. (See the *Ocean*, Vol. VI, p. 37ⁿ.) Although the famous Caliph might well be regarded as the stock type for such habits, his name cannot be given to the *motif*, as so many of his rambles were made in order to discover what the people *really* thought about him, or merely in the hope of finding some amusing adventure.

With the scope of the *motif* thus qualified, I proceed.

As mentioned in Vol. II, p. 183ⁿ, the arch-thief of Hindu fiction is Mūladeva, who figures personally in the next Vetāla story. Although the great majority of stories about him deal with his clever tricks and wonderful escapes, there is a tale in Jacobi's *Ausgewählte Erzählungen in Māhārāshṭrī*

which tells how Mūladeva became King of Beṇṇāyaḍa under the name of Vikramarāja. He was elected to the throne by the rite of *pañcādivyādhivāsa*. The passage (from Meyer's translation, *Hindu Tales*, p. 212) has already been given in my note on the rite (Vol. V, p. 176). In his new rôle of king Mūladeva soon proves himself an exemplary protector of his land, and, following the dictum laid down in the *Arthaśāstra*,¹ becomes the terror of thieves and rogues. It is at this point of his career that he acts like King Viraketu of our text.

The story well merits reproduction ²:

In the city of Beṇṇāyaḍa lived a beggar, named Maṇḍiya, addicted to stealing other people's property. He spread the report that he was suffering from loathsome sores, and kept his knees covered with ointment; and swathed in bandages, he hobbled along with apparent difficulty, supporting his feet with a staff.

By day he begged, by night he dug breaches into houses [see Vol. V, p. 142n²], stole much property, and deposited it in a cave [Meyer reads "an underground dwelling"] in the environs of the town. There also lived his sister, a maiden. In the middle of the cave was a well. And every accomplice whom the thief enticed by means of money and brought there as a carrier of the loot, his sister bade sit down on a seat previously placed near the well, and taking hold of their feet, under the pretext of washing them, she pushed them into the well, where they perished.

Thus Maṇḍiya continued in his robberies, the guards being unable to catch him. The citizens' complaints reached Mūladeva's ears, so he appointed a new chief of the guard; but he also could not catch the thief. Then Mūladeva himself, clad in a dark robe, went out that night and sat down near a certain gambling-hall [Meyer: "shed"]. Maṇḍiya came along and asked: "Who sits here?" Mūladeva answered: "I am a beggar." Maṇḍiya said: "Come, I'll make a man of you!" Mūladeva got up. A breach was dug into the house of a rich man, and the thief took out great

¹ "The king should protect his subjects against the rascalities of thieves, robbers, cheats and other rogues" (Kauṭilya's *Arthaśāstra*, iv, 6).

² I follow Bloomfield's translation (see later) of Jacobi's work already cited, supplemented by Meyer's rendering in *Hindu Tales*, p. 223 et seq.

treasures, which he loaded upon Mūladeva. They proceeded outside the city, Mūladeva in front, the thief with drawn sword behind.

When they had arrived at the cave, Maṇḍiya began to bury the treasure. He said to his sister: "Wash the feet of this guest." She bade him sit down on the seat at the brink of the well, and took hold of his foot, under pretence of washing it. Observing its delicacy, she guessed that he was a person of quality [Meyer: "limbs were weakly"], and pity sprung up in her heart. She made a signal on the flat of his foot, "Flee, lest you die!" So he did, and she cried after him: "He has fled! He has fled!" Maṇḍiya drew his sword, and pursued the king on the highway. When Mūladeva perceived that Maṇḍiya was close upon him, he hid behind a *linga* of Śiva on the square. The thief mistook it for the figure of a man, cleft it, and returned to his underground dwelling [Meyer: "having stayed there overnight"]. In the morning he begged in the market-place. Thence the king had him brought to his presence, treated him courteously, and asked his sister for wife. Maṇḍiya gave her to the king with a dowry. After a time the king told Maṇḍiya that he needed money. Maṇḍiya procured it, and was honoured by the king. The king kept asking for more, until he learned from the sister (his wife) that Maṇḍiya had no more. Thereupon the king returned the goods to their rightful owners, and ordered Maṇḍiya to be impaled upon a stake.

The similarity of the above with our tale is considerable, and it does not lose by the omission of the girl's sudden love for the thief. Cf. Naṭeśa Sāstri's *Folklore in Southern India*, p. 53 *et seq.*

The *motif* also occurs in two other tales in Jacobi's work mentioned above. They concern the means by which Agaladatta (Agaḍadatta) tracks down a thief who is constantly pillaging the city. Some idea of the usual lurking-places of thieves is given when Agaladatta starts on his search:

"In the houses of prostitutes, in taprooms, in gambling places, and in the stalls of the bakers; in sheds of the parks, where one can get water to drink, in the huts of ascetics, in empty temples, in the squares, in bazaars and markets, he fearlessly stalked his prey."

The thief turns out to be a mendicant who behaves as does Maṇḍiya in the story quoted above. The mendicant is killed, and his daughter is taken off by Agaladatta, who receives the king's daughter as a reward. Without giving further examples of the use of the "catching the thief" *motif* I would refer readers to Bloomfield's excellent article "The Art of Stealing in Hindu Fiction," *Amer. Journ. Phil.*, vol. liv, 1923, pp. 194-202. He deals with the "Romance" part of the story on pp. 221-225, to which we now proceed.

In the *Kathākoṣa* (Tawney, p. 215) the Princess Dava-dantī takes pity on a condemned thief and by means of an "act of truth" breaks his bonds and scatters the guards. Cf. also p. 126 of the same work. "Pity's akin to love," as we soon discover in following the development of our *motif*.

In the *Kaṇavera Jātaka* (No. 318, Cambridge edition, vol. iii, p. 42) Sāmā, the chief courtesan of the King of Benares, falls in love¹ with a thief who is being led off to execution. She accordingly bribes the governor to say that the thief is her brother and must therefore be allowed to escape. He consents, but only if a substitute be found.

Now the price of Sāmā's favours was a thousand pieces, and that night a rich young merchant calls at her house with the required sum. Sāmā places the money in her lap and bursts into tears. On the merchant's inquiring the cause, she replies: "My lord, this robber is my brother, though he never comes to me, because people say I follow a vile trade. When I sent a message to the governor, he intimated that for a thousand he would let the prisoner go. And now I cannot find anyone to go." The youth volunteers to take the money. He is mistaken for the substitute and executed. Sāmā then lives with the thief in luxury. The sequel is most dramatic. As time goes on the thief thinks that a woman who was capable of such an amazing act might easily turn on him if she found another love she preferred. He therefore leads her into a thicket and chokes her, leaving her for dead. On regaining consciousness Sāmā harbours no thought of revenge, but still wants her lover. She sends out strolling actors with a message in verse. At last they find the thief, but he is taking no risks, and sends back a verse of refusal. The actors return and make a full report. Where-

¹ For the "Devoted Hetāra" *motif* see Bloomfield, *Proc. Amer. Phil. Soc.*, vol. lii, p. 630 *et seq.*

upon Sāmā plunges once more into a life of debauchery and prostitution.

The story occurs again in the *Jātakas*,¹ but the ending is different. The thief tells the girl of his evil intentions, and she begs as a mark of final devotion to be allowed to circum-ambulate him. This request he grants, and when Sulasā is behind him flings him down a mountain precipice with superhuman strength.

For further parallels see Burlingame, *Buddhist Legends* (Harvard Oriental Series, vol. xxix), vol. ii, p. 227.

There still remains the "Laugh and Cry" *motif* to be considered, but as this occurs again in Vetāla 23, and the "Laugh" *motif* alone in Vetāla 20, I shall leave the discussion of both its varieties till we deal with these tales in question (see pp. 253, 260). Suffice it to point out here that the answer given to the Vetāla's question as to why the thief first wept and then laughed differ in Hindi and Tamil versions. In both of these he laughs first, which I consider less dramatic than as in our text. In the Hindi, however, the reply changes the order, for the text says, "He first burst out laughing, and then began to weep bitterly," while the explanation given is: "He reflected that he could not requite her kindness in being willing to give up her whole property to save his life, and this reflection deeply grieved him. Then it struck him as very odd that she should fall in love with a man just about to suffer death: that the proceedings of the Deity were inscrutable; that he bestows prosperity on the inauspicious; knowledge on one destitute of high lineage; a beautiful wife on a fool; and showers upon hills: thus reflecting, he laughed."

In the Tamil version the order remains throughout. "First he laughed," replied the king, "to think that such an extraordinary event should have taken place, although the girl had not been previously acquainted with him; then he wept, being moved to compassion, when he saw the affliction of her father and mother."

¹ *Sulasā Jātaka*, No. 419, Cambridge edition, vol. iii, p. 260 *et seq.*

The Magic Pill

(Vetāla 15—pp. 40-48)

The story of the magic pill is practically the same in the Hindi version (No. 14).¹ The incident of the infuriated elephant is omitted. The daughter's name, not the queen's, is Chandraprabhā. Mūladeva and Śaśin are described as "two learned and deeply read Brāhmins" who come quite by chance on the love-sick youth as he lies swooning from excess of love in their path. When Mūladeva returns to the court to claim his "daughter," and is told she is gone, he demands the princess in marriage for his son. As the king will otherwise be cursed, he grants the request immediately. The Vetāla's question is rather more elaborate, for, on the king deciding that Śaśin was the lawful husband, he replies: "Being pregnant by the Brāhman Manasvī" (so he is called), "how could she be the wife of Śaśi?" The king replies: "No one was aware that she was with child by Manasvī, and Śaśi married her before five or ten people; on this account, then, she remains his wife, and that child also will possess the right of performing the funeral obsequies."

The Tamil version (No. 18)² is reduced to a mere skeleton, lacking all interest and importance, and is quite unworthy of any discussion.

The story occurs in a more complicated form in the Turkish *Tūṭī-nāmah*,³ where a sorceress gives the love-sick youth a magic seal. By putting it in his mouth he is turned into a girl. In this form he marries the king's son. Thus he has easy access to the princess, and finally escapes with her. The princess keeps the seal in her mouth during the day and is thus turned into a man, but at night they both revert to their original shapes. The sorceress demands back her "daughter" from the king, who pays a thousand gold pieces by way of compensation.

In the Persian *Tūṭī-nāmah*⁴ the tale is much more simple. A pill is used as in our text, but there is no mention of any claim for the "daughter."

¹ Barker, *op. cit.*, p. 225 *et seq.*

² Babington, *op. cit.*, p. 76 *et seq.*

³ Rosen, *op. cit.*, vol. ii, p. 178. In Wickerhauser's version, p. 240, compensation is obtained in the shape of a magic purse that always contains a thousand *dīnārs*.

⁴ Iken, *Touti Nameh*, Stuttgart, 1822, p. 97.

We turn to the one *motif* the story contains : the change of sex. I cannot find this exact method used in other tales to change sex, but it is employed for rather similar purposes. For instance, in one tale our friend Mūladeva turns himself into a dwarf by means of a magic pill.¹

In the *Kathākoṣa* (Tawney, p. 110) a girl puts a magic plant in her ear and immediately becomes a man. But in Indian literature perhaps the best-known case of change of sex, or in this case *exchange* of sex, occurs in the *Mahābhārata*, Udyoga Parva, sects. cxc-cxciv² :

King Drupada longs for a son in order to revenge himself on Bhīshma. Śiva at last says he shall have a child which shall be female and male. In due course a daughter is born, but trusting in Śiva's promise, Drupada and his wife announce the birth of a son, whom they call Śikhaṇḍin, and bring up the girl as if she were a boy. She attains the age of puberty and the question of marriage arises. The daughter of a powerful king is selected, and the ceremony is performed. When the bride discovers that she has been tricked, and her husband is really a girl, her father is furious, and marches against Drupada to drive him from the throne and kill Śikhaṇḍin.

Meanwhile the unhappy Śikhaṇḍin decides on suicide, and goes into the forest to put her plan into action. There she meets a Yaksha who takes pity on her and agrees to exchange sex with her until the danger has passed. All is arranged satisfactorily and the two kings are reconciled. But Kuvera discovers what the Yaksha has done and curses him so that he must always remain a woman. On the request of other Yakshas, however, the curse is allowed to end on the death of Śikhaṇḍin. The prince returns to the Yaksha in accordance with his bargain, but is told of Kuvera's curse and returns in happiness to his wife.

¹ Meyer, *Hindu Tales*, p. 193. See also his translation of *Daśa-kumāra-charita*, p. 83.

² It occurs in vol. iii, pp. 529-538 of the new edition of Roy's translation. It should be remembered that in the story quoted from the *Mahābhārata*, Śikhaṇḍin was a subsequent birth of Ambā, the eldest daughter of the King of Kāśī, who, after being carried off by Bhīshma, tried in vain to be accepted as wife by King Saubha. Through asceticism she obtained the promise that she would kill Bhīshma, and became a man in her next birth in order to do so. For full references see Sørensen, *Index to Names in the Mahābhārata*, under "Ambā" and "Çikhandin."

Several versions of this tale exist in different parts of India. One was written in Persian by 'Izzat Ullāh in 1712 under the title of *Gul-i Bakāwalī*,¹ while another, based on a Tamil version, appeared in Dubois' *Pantcha-Tantra*, p. 15. Cf. No. 14 of Dozon's *Contes Albanais*, and No. 58 of Hahn's *Griechische und albanesische Märchen*.

So far the transformations have been made either by a magic pill, seal or plant, or merely by mutual agreement with a superhuman being. We have already seen (Vol. VI, p. 59 *et seq.*) that the most usual, and certainly less compromising, method of enjoying illicit intercourse by magical means was by temporarily changing the man into some animal whose presence would incite no comment. As the *motif* travelled westwards it seems that water became the more usual medium. Sometimes it was an enchanted spring, or else a lake or well, by bathing in which the change was effected.

A story of a sex-changing well is found in all versions of the *Book of Sindibād*,² and so in the *Nights* (Burton, vol. vi, p. 145 *et seq.*).

A certain prince is to marry the daughter of a neighbouring king. Her cousin is jealous and bribes the prince's vazir to do what he can to prevent the marriage. The vazir accompanies the prince to his fiancée's kingdom, and on the way leads him to "a certain spring of running water in the mountains there, called Al-Zahrā, whereof whosoever drank from a man became a woman." The prince stays on the spot bemoaning his sad fate, while his rival rejoices at the news. By chance a cavalier rides up, who proves to be a king's son of the Jānn. He takes pity on the prince and conveys him to the Black Country, where, after obtaining leave from the king, one Zu'l Janāhayn, he drinks of a stream and is turned back again to his original shape. Variants of the tale occur in the Hebrew and Spanish texts. See further Clouston, *op. cit.*, p. 300.

In another tale of the *Nights*³ we read of a magic cauldron

¹ Garcin de Tassy, *Allégories Récits Poétiques*, 2nd edit., 1876, pp. 349, 350 and 372-374; also Clouston, *Eastern Romances*, pp. 279 and 532 *et seq.*

² See Chauvin, *op. cit.*, viii, p. 43; Clouston, *Book of Sindibād*, pp. 80, 156 and 299.

³ "The Tale of Warlock and the Young Cook of Baghdad," Burton, *Supp., Nights*, vol. vi, p. 137. See also the note on pp. 121 and 354. Lane was told a version of the story in Cairo. See his *Manners and Customs of the Modern Egyptians*, 5th edit., 1860, pp. 468-469.

full of water, into which a vizier plunges at the bidding of a sorcerer. Immediately ¹ he finds himself in the sea, and on coming to dry land discovers he has turned into a woman. He marries and becomes a mother of seven. "She" tires of the life, and flinging "herself" into the sea comes up again in the cauldron in his original sex, to find that he has really been absent only a few seconds. (See further, p. 245.)

A curious Arabic story introducing our *motif* occurs in the collection of proverbs of al-Mufaddal ibn Salāma, called the *Fākhir*. When dealing with "The Magic Seed" in Vol. VI, p. 62, I quoted the third sub-story of it. The following forms the first sub-story, and is told by the stranger in the hopes of saving Khurāfa's life ²:

I was in prosperous circumstances, then they ceased and I was ridden with debt. So I went out, fleeing, and a terrible thirst befell me; so I journeyed to a well and alighted that I might drink. Then someone called out to me from the well, "Stand!" so I went away from it and did not drink. But the thirst overcame me and I returned; then he called out to me. Again I returned a third time and drank, and paid no attention to him. Then he said: "O Allah! if it is a man transform him into a woman, and if it is a woman transform her into a man." And lo! I was a woman. I went to a certain city and a man married me and I bore him two children. Thereafter I returned to my own country, and I passed by the well of which I had drunk and I alighted. He called out to me as he had called at first, but I drank and paid no attention to him. So he prayed as at first, and I became a man as I had been. Then I came to my own country and married a wife and begat on her two children. So I have two sons of my loins and two of my womb.

Stories of sex-changing water cannot, however, be regarded as of common occurrence in folk-tales, the most usual use of magical water, streams, wells, etc., being as an *eau de jouvence*, or "water of life."

There is a curious gipsy tale in which a second curse

¹ This instantaneous transportation has occurred more than once in the *Ocean*; see Vol. II, pp. 223, 223n¹, and Vol. VI, pp. 213 and 279.

² D. B. Macdonald, "The Earlier History of the Arabian Nights," *Journ. Roy. As. Soc.*, July 1924, p. 373.

neutralises the effect of the first. It is included in one of von Wlislocki's works¹:

A youth pleases a beautiful river-nymph, daughter of the moon-king, by his piping, to which she has been dancing. In return she gives him a silver sickle, promising him yet fairer gifts if he will come again. Alas! he is late for the tryst, and finds her dead on the ground, heart-broken at his breach of faith; for these ladies' hearts are very fragile. Her sister appears from the river and curses him, if a man, to become a woman, if a woman, to become a man. She then carries the dead nymph back into the river, and, as it seems, there restores her to life, for immediately afterwards a magnificent black steed stands before the desolate youth (now become a girl) and declares that she is sent by the deceased maiden to bear him where his fortune blossoms. Mounted on the steed, he is borne through the air like lightning to the aid of a king's daughter, given to a dragon who dwells in a fountain and requires a maid once a year for dinner. He slays the dragon with the sickle, and the king in his joy gives him his daughter to wife. He accepted the lady amid the general excitement, without thinking that he was no longer a man, but a woman. This was awkward. The bride complained to her father, who was afraid to attempt his life by direct means. Wherefore he sent him instead to rob the cloud-king of three golden apples, which had the property, one of them of making wealthy, another of making lucky, and the third of making healthy. His steed helps him to accomplish the task. But when the monster, half-man, half-dog, that guards the apples finds that he has been cozened he flings the curse after the robber: "If a man, become woman; if a woman, become man." The curse sets matters right again. "I don't know what has happened, dearest father," says the bride to the king, "but my husband is a man after all."

There is also an Albanian version² in which the dragon-slayer is born a girl. She kills a lamia to whom the king has given his son, and is rewarded with a magical steed. Later on she wins another king's daughter in marriage by a feat of athletics, and, as in the last tale, is guilty of the thoughtlessness of taking the bride. Being prescribed a series of

¹ *Volksdichtungen der siebenbürgischen und südungarischen Zigeuner*, Vienna, 1890, No. 34, p. 260.

² Dozon, *Contes Albanais*, No. 14, p. 109.

tasks by the king, with the same object of getting rid of her, she at last is cursed by some serpents with the requisite change of sex.

Now, both the above tales are also versions of the great Andromeda cycle,¹ and could be quoted in connection with the sacrifice of Jīmūtavāhana, which is the next Vetāla tale with which we shall deal. (See p. 233 *et seq.*)

Before discussing our *motif* from an anthropological point of view we should see whether Greek mythology can offer us any similar tales for comparison. Foremost among such legends is that of Tiresias, or Teiresias. He was a famous Theban soothsayer, son of Everes and a nymph Chariclo, and he was blind. One of the causes given for his blindness was that once on Mount Cyllene (some accounts say Mount Cithæron, in Bœotia) he saw two snakes copulating, and that having wounded them (or having killed the female) he was turned from a man into a woman, but that on observing the same snakes (or another pair) copulating on another occasion (many accounts make him kill the male) he regained his original sex. "Hence," continues the account given by Apollodorus,² "when Hera and Zeus disputed whether the pleasures of love are felt more by women or by men, they referred to him for a decision. He said that if the pleasures of love be reckoned at ten, men enjoy one and women nine. Wherefore Hera blinded him, but Zeus bestowed on him the art of soothsaying."

It is interesting to note that the ill-luck attached to anyone who sees snakes coupling is by no means confined to Greek mythology, and we find the superstition fully developed in India. Frazer, *op. cit. sup.*, gives references to works quoting the superstition from North and South India, Burma and the East Indian Islands. I confess I can offer no explanation for the belief, unless it is based on the fact that as the Nāgas are so widely worshipped in India, a devotee so indiscreet as to remain a witness of any personal and intimate relationship between them would naturally incur their wrath. The idea is quite an accepted fact in

¹ S. Hartland, *Legend of Perseus*, vol. iii, pp. 28-29.

² See Frazer's trans., Loeb Classics, vol. i, p. 365 *et seq.* The story is also found in Phlegon, *Mirabilia*, 4; Tzetzes, *Scholiast on Lycophron*, 683; Ovid, *Metamorphoses*, iii, 316 *et seq.*; Hyginus, *Fab.* 75, and in several other works given by Frazer.

mythology, and another account given to explain the blindness of Tiresias himself was that he had chanced to see Athena bathing naked.

Then there was Cæneus,¹ one of the Lapithæ, who was originally a girl called Cænīs. She was seized by Poseidon and dragged to his watery abode, where she became his mistress. Having tasted the joys of his new love, Poseidon asked her to choose whatever she most longed for. Cænīs replied (Ovid, *Met.*, xii, 200 *et seq.*): "The wrong that you have done me calls for a mighty prayer, the prayer that I may never again be able to suffer so. Grant me that I be not woman! So grant all my prayers." Not only did her sex change, but the new Cæneus was made invulnerable in battle. At his death, according to some of the accounts, he was changed back to a woman again. This change of sex at death will be referred to a little later.

Finally there is the story of Iphis, daughter of Ligdus and Telethusa of Phæstus in Crete.² Ligdus longed for a son, and told his wife that if it was a girl she was to be killed. Just previous to the birth the "daughter of Inachus" (*i.e.* Io, worshipped as the goddess Isis) appeared to her in a dream, telling her to save the child whatever sex it was, finishing with the words: "I am the goddess who brings help and succour to those who call upon me, nor shall you have cause to complain that you have worshipped a thankless deity." A girl was duly born, but Telethusa pretended it was a boy, and Ligdus, being deceived, had it brought up as a boy, and named it Iphis. Now Iphis is a name of common gender, so Telethusa rejoiced. Time passed, and Iphis was betrothed to Ianthe, daughter of Telestes. The distracted mother postponed the marriage as long as possible and prayed fervently to Isis. "The goddess seemed to move, nay, moved her altar, the doors of the temple shook, her moon-shaped horns shot forth gleams of light, and the sistrum rattled noisily." The omen proved auspicious, and lo! Iphis had become a man.

The similarity between the above Greek legend and the tale of Drupada in the *Mahābhārata* and its numerous variants is at once noticeable.

¹ See, for example, Apollodorus, *Library*, Epitome i, 22; Apollonius Rhodius, *Argon*, i, 57-64; Ovid, *Met.*, xii, 459-532; Virgil, *Aen.*, vi, 448 *et seq.*

² Ovid, *Metamorphoses*, ix, 666 *et seq.* I use the edition in the Loeb Classics, by F. J. Miller, vol. ii, pp. 51-61, 1922.

Surveying all the tales noted above, we find that the "Change of Sex" *motif* is employed in several different ways. The question naturally arises as to what originated such ideas. Was it the result of the story-tellers' imagination, or can the *motif* find its basis in real religious and anthropological beliefs?

In Indian folk-lore we find evidence of the actual belief in change of sex, quite apart from pretended change of sex usually employed as a prophylactic. In the Bombay district it is generally believed among the village inhabitants that the performance of certain rites can change sex, as well as the incantations of Yogis, and the blessings or curses of Mahatmas (Enthoven, *Folklore of Bombay*, p. 340).

There are also numerous legends current in different parts of India which involve a change of sex. In some cases the selection of the tribal deity has its origin in such legends. Here are examples of the kind of legends to which I refer.

At Bateswar (Bateshar),¹ a small place on the right bank of the Jumna, forty-three miles south-east from Agra, an immense number of temples line the banks of the river for over a mile. The local legend regarding these temples is that at the time when the first of the line of Bhaduria Rājas reigned it was the rule for each Rāja to send a princess for the seraglio of the Emperor of Delhi. The Bhaduria Rāja had a daughter, but not wishing to send her to the harem of the Delhi king he represented that he had no daughter: the other Rājas, who had sent their daughters, were indignant at this, and informed the Delhi emperor, who thereupon ordered a search to be made. In this extremity the daughter of the Rāja fled alone to Bateswar, and prayed to the Devī at the temple to save her from the pollution of a Mohammedan seraglio. Her sex was accordingly changed, and she emerged from the temple a boy! On this the grateful Rāja diverted the river and built the temples along its banks which now exist.

Another version of the story says that one Rāja Hara, of some place unknown, and Rāja Badan, the Bhaduria Rāja, once made an agreement with each other to marry their children should one have a son and the other a daughter. Both, however, had daughters, but the Bhaduria Rāja concealed the circumstance, and proclaimed that he had a son. Accordingly, in due time, the daughter of Rāja Hara was married to the supposed son of Bhaduria Rāja. The

¹ Cunningham, *Arch. Survey Ind.*, vol. vii, pp. 5, 6.

imposition was, however, soon found out, and Rāja Hara advanced with an army to avenge the injury, when the daughter of the Bhaduria Rāja, to save her father from the imminent danger, determined to die and end the strife. Accordingly she jumped into the Jumna : but to the surprise of all, instead of drowning, she emerged a boy ; and Rāja Hara, finding that the Bhaduria Rāja really had a son to whom his daughter had been married, retired pacified. The grateful Bhaduria Rāja then diverted the Jumna from the spot where his daughter had jumped in, and instituted a great annual fair in honour of the circumstance, and built those temples all along the Jumna which we see now.

In the Baroda volume of the *Gazetteer of the Bombay Presidency* (vol. vii, 1883, p. 612) we find another legend similar to the latter. The Chāvada king of Pattan and the Solānki king of Kābri resolved on forming a royal alliance. But, by evil chance, both kings had daughters ; neither had a son. Thereupon the Kābri Rāja fraudulently passed off his girl as a boy and a marriage was duly celebrated. Difficulties ensued, and the girl-husband found herself constrained to flee from Pattan. In the forest of the Devī she rested a while. Her dog [bitch] plunged into a pool, and to the wonder of the princess changed her sex on the spot ; her mare jumped and came forth a stallion ; the princess herself then tried the magic of the water, and lo ! she, too, changed into a man. From that time the Solānki Rājputs followed the Devī.¹

Among the Dhanwār, a primitive tribe in the wild country of Bilāspur adjoining Chota Nāgpur, it is believed that the sex of a person may change in transmigration, for male children are sometimes named after women relatives and female after men.² Such a belief is not confined to India, as we have already seen in the case of Cæneus. It conforms, says Frazer,³ to an observation of Plato or Aristotle that the sex of a person generally changes at each transmigration of his soul into a new body. A similar belief is found among the Urabunna and Waramunga tribes of Central Australia.⁴

¹ For another version see Enthoven, *Folklore of Bombay*, pp. 339-340, reprinted from *Ind. Ant.*, vol. xlv, 1916, Supp., p. 124. The tale is also told of Lake Mānsarovar ; see Enthoven, *Ind. Ant.*, vol. xli, 1912, p. 42. See also Crooke, *Religion and Folklore of Northern India* (new edition), p. 279.

² Russell, *Tribes and Castes of the Central Provinces*, vol. ii, p. 500.

³ Apollodorus, vol. ii, p. 150n¹.

⁴ Spencer and Gillen, *Northern Tribes of Central Australia*, p. 148.

We now come to the *pretended* change of sex. The necessity for dressing a boy as a girl and *vice versa* at certain critical times of their life is a well-recognised and strictly observed custom not only in India but in the most diverse parts of the world. Westermarck¹ and Frazer² have given abundant examples of such customs, chiefly employed at marriage ceremonies in order to avert the Evil Eye and to deceive any demons who might attempt to harm either of the happy couple at such an auspicious and dangerous time.

References to the authorities already given will at once show that in many countries it is the custom for priests to change their sex to all intents and purposes. In the Pelew Islands, for example, a man who is inspired by a goddess immediately dresses and behaves like a woman for the rest of his life. He is, moreover, henceforth treated and actually regarded as a woman. This pretended change of sex, says Frazer,³ may explain a widespread custom whereby men dress and live like women. He gives numerous references, and suggests that such transformations were often carried out in obedience to intimations received in dreams or in a state of ecstasy. Such inspirations act with both sexes, and many cases of women dressing and behaving as men, after having received their "call," could be given.⁴ But apart from worshippers seeking to assimilate themselves with their deities, there is also the example of the gods themselves to be considered.

From the early days of the Babylonians and Assyrians the sex of deities has been known to undergo change. And this change has been dependent on a human anthropological change—that from a matriarchate to a patriarchate. Thus, whereas the goddess Ishtar of the Babylonians and Assyrians, and the 'Ashtar(t) of the Canaanites, Hebrews and Phœnicians was a divine counterpart of the human matriarch, we find that where the laws of society changed, the sex of the deity also became changed.⁵ Thus among the Semites of

¹ *History of Human Marriage*, vol. ii, p. 518 *et seq.*

² *Golden Bough (Adonis, Attis, Osiris)*, vol. ii, p. 253 *et seq.*

³ *Op. cit.*, pp. 254, 255.

⁴ See my Appendix, "Indian Eunuchs," Vol. III, pp. 322 and 327; also Crawley, "Dress," *Hastings' Ency. Rel. Eth.*, vol. v, p. 71.

⁵ See Robertson Smith, *Religion of the Semites*, pp. 58, 478; Sayce, *Babylonians and Assyrians*, p. 240; Paton, "Ashtart," and "Ishtar," *Ency. Rel. Eth.*, vol. ii, p. 115 *et seq.*, and vol. vii, p. 429; Tremearne, *Ban of the Bori*, pp. 418, 419.

Southern Arabia she has turned into the masculine 'Athtar ; so also in Abyssinia, Moab and North Africa.

The change of sex of a deity is usually an etymological change, and in some cases both genders apply to a single deity representing male and female principles. This reminds us of the Ardhanārīśvara form of Śiva and the Greek Hermaphroditus. Such religious beliefs, if not the basis of similar ideas in folk-tales, at least give assurance of their unquestioned reception and use as a fiction *motif*.

In conclusion I would quote a passage from Pliny's *Naturalis Historia*, as showing the beliefs generally held and quoted by so eminent a writer of the first century A.D. The genuineness of his conviction is surely enhanced when we remember that his views of nature and of God were undoubtedly Stoic, and that he considered any use of the magical arts an act of violence against nature (ii, 114; xxx, 3). The passage in question is from Book VII, chapter iii, section 4¹:

"The change of females into males is undoubtedly no fable. We find it stated in the *Annals* that, in the consulship of P. Licinius Crassus and C. Cassius Longinus [Consuls A.U.C. 581], a girl, who was living at Casinum with her parents, was changed into a boy ; and that, by the command of the Aruspices, he was conveyed away to a desert island. Licinius Mucianus informs us that he once saw at Argos a person whose name was then Arescon, though he had been formerly called Arescusa : that this person had been married to a man, but that, shortly after, a beard and marks of virility made their appearance, upon which he took to himself a wife. He had also seen a boy at Smyrna to whom the very same thing had happened. I myself saw in Africa one L. Cossicius, a citizen of Thysdris, who had been changed into a man the very day on which he was married to a husband."

In commenting on this passage Bostock says that a similar case is mentioned by Ambrose Paré, the great French surgeon of the sixteenth century. The subject in question was brought up as a girl, but, in consequence of a sudden muscular exertion, the organs of the male were developed, which had previously been concealed internally.² He concluded by remarking that most similar cases of a supposed

¹ I quote from the six-volume edition, trans. Bostock and Riley, Bohn's Classical Library, 1885, 1886.

² Cf. Montaigne, *Essays*, Book I, cap. 20.

change of sex are from the female to the male, evidently of the kind mentioned by Paré; that cases of the contrary kind have also occurred; and even of the sex being doubtful, or of both existing together. Modern research, however, rather proves that such recorded changes of sex are from the male to the female, due to an abnormal development of the clitoris.¹ But here we reach the threshold of teratology in its most modern and scientific sense, and this is beyond the scope of our present inquiry.

Sufficient has, I think, been already said to show that the "Change of Sex" *motif*, which figures in the fifteenth tale of the Vetāla, is not to be dismissed as a fantastic invention of the story-teller, but is to be regarded as one which has ample justification for its existence, having its roots firmly embedded in ancient religious beliefs and in the legends and rites of many primitive peoples. Modern surgery has only shown that apparent change of sex can occur, and has occurred. How readily, then, would the unscientific mind be prepared to accept such a miracle!

The Sacrifice of Jīmūtavāhana

(Vetāla 16—pp. 49-63)

This story has already appeared in Vol. II, p. 138 *et seq.*, but here we had two sub-stories included: the first (27A) giving the hero's adventures in a former life, and the second (27B) dealing with the dispute about the colour of the sun's horses.² Apart from this the two tales are almost identical.

Turning to the Hindi version³ (No. 15) we find that, although the story is shorter, there are but few deviations—the son offers to go forth and conquer the relations who would seize the throne after the "kalpa-bṛiksh" has made everyone equally rich, but his father points out the frailty of the body and both go to the Malyāchal hill and live in a cottage. There is no incident of Malayavatī attempting suicide. Details about Garuḍa are omitted, and when he

¹ See, for instance, R. F. Burton, "Notes on an Hermaphrodite," *Mem. Anth. Soc. Ldn.*, vol. ii, pp. 262-263. For a complete study of the modern developments of teratology, see E. Schwalbe, *Morphologie der Missbildungen*.

² See M. Winternitz, "The Serpent Sacrifice mentioned in the *Mahābhārata*," *Journ. Bombay Branch Roy. As. Soc.*, August 1926, pp. 74-91 (especially p. 80).

³ Barker, *op. cit.*, p. 250 *et seq.*

alights to seize his prey, he has to make a second attempt, as "the first time the prince escaped." It is a bracelet, instead of a crest-jewel, which drops at the feet of Jimūta-vāhana's wife. He does not actually die, as in the text of Somadeva's version, but is apparently left in a mangled state, to get home as best he can. Although Garuḍa restores the snakes to life, there is no appearance of Gaurī to heal Jimūta-vāhana's wounds. The Vetāla's question is the same in both cases, but the answer is different. In Somadeva the king says that the reason why Jimūtavāhana's action was not so great as that of Śankhacūḍa was because he had already acquired virtue in previous births, but the Hindi version merely says it was because he was of the Kshatriya caste, and such an action would be a small matter for him.

The Tamil version¹ is, as usual, very much abbreviated. The story (No. 19) begins straight away with the petition to Garuḍa, whom Babington calls a Brahmany kite. When the hero offers himself in place of the proper victim, Garuḍa at once grants him a boon without doing him any harm. The question of the Vetāla is: "Which, therefore, was the greater of these two?"—i.e. the "kite" or the king. The reply is: "The king was a man and understood all things, in consequence of which he promised to give up his life. The kite was in the habit of feeding on whatever it seized: that a charitable thought should come across it, and that it should promise to abandon its prey, was the greatest action."

A version of the tale occurs in the *Sinhāsanadvātrīṅśika*,² where it forms the story of the Eleventh Statuette.

The following outline, as given by Edgerton, is based on the Southern Recension, which comes nearest to the original text.

While Vikrama was wandering about the earth, he stopped once by night under a tree where dwelt a venerable bird named Long-lived (*Ciraṁjīvin*). At night his bird-friends gathered together, and he asked them about their doings during the day. One of them was in great grief this night. Being asked to declare the cause, he at first refused, on the ground that it would do no good. But being urged, on the ground that sorrow is relieved by the telling of it, he told a story of a city subject to a Rākshasa, where each household

¹ Babington, *op. cit.*, p. 78 *et seq.*

² See Edgerton, *Vikrama's Adventures*, pt. i, p. lxxxiii.

in turn had to give a man a day as food for the Rākshasa. The turn had now come to a Brāhman, a friend of the speaking bird in a former birth, who must sacrifice himself or his only son. Therefore the bird was grieved, as befits a friend. The king, hearing this, went thither by his magic sandals, and took his seat upon the sacrificial rock, waiting for the Rākshasa. The Rākshasa came, and was astonished to see his cheerful expression, and, learning that he was giving himself for others, offered to grant him any desire. The king obtained from him the promise to abstain from eating men henceforth.

Then there is the tale of the Rākshasa Baka in the *Mahābhārata*,¹ who protected the town and the country, accepting as his fee a cartload of rice, two buffaloes, and the human being who brought them to him. The turn had now come to a poor Brāhman who could not afford to buy a man, and would not willingly part with any of his family. Accordingly he decides to go to the Rākshasa with his whole family. Kuntī says that one of her sons will go instead, and Bhīma willingly agrees to the proposal. He takes the food and begins to eat it himself on the way. After a fearful struggle he overcomes Baka; and his relatives, other Rākshasas, promise never to molest human beings again.

The Rākshasas soon become dragons; and even in one of the Kalmuck tales² we read of two such creatures who, not satisfied with robbing the people of the water needed for irrigation, exacted a yearly toll of a man alternately of high and low degree. The turn of the Khan had come, but his son goes in his stead. On his way he is joined by a friend of his, a poor man's son, who offers to go in *his* place. Finally they agree to go together, but through overhearing the dragons talking about how easily they could be killed, if people only

¹ For full references see Sørensen's *Index*, under "Baka."

² Jülg, *Siddhi-Kür*, No. 2; corresponding to Coxwell, *Siberian and Other Folk-Tales*, No. 4, p. 183 *et seq.*; and to Busk, *Sagas from the Far East*, No. 2, p. 18 *et seq.* In error Tawney thought it was the same as Busk's 5th tale, "How the Serpent-gods were propitiated," but this is also No. 5 of Jülg and No. 7 of Coxwell, where it is called "Sunshine and his Younger Brother." The tale tells of a lake guarded by dragons who had to be propitiated yearly by a youth born in a certain month. The hero and the princess, who has fallen in love with him, are sewn in a skin together and thrown to the dragons. They are touched by the mutual love of the couple and set them free, at the same time allowing the water to irrigate the land.

knew, they manage to overcome them, and the country becomes fruitful once again. The rest of the story is composed of a long series of stock *motifs* introduced one after the other, and does not concern us.

But before going any further into tales dealing with human sacrifices necessary for the propitiation of gods, dragons, etc., we should look rather closer at our tale of Jīmūtavāhana.

It has always been regarded as a Buddhist legend of ancient date which was utilised by Guṇādhyā in the *Bṛihat-kathā*, and also found its way into the *Vetālapañchaviṃśati*; hence it appears twice, although rather differently, in Somadeva. In the first half of the seventh century A.D. it became the subject of Harsha's drama, the *Nāgānanda*.

In order to try to discover the origin of the legend we must bear in mind that the chief characters are Nāgas, Garuḍa and the hero who saves the former from destruction.

Now, in a paper on the Nāgas,¹ C. F. Oldham points out that in most of the temples dedicated to Vāsukī (king of the snakes, often mentioned in the *Ocean*), or Bāsdeo, in the Chenab Valley there is, besides the figure of the Nāga Rāja, a representation of his Vezier, who is called Jīmūtavāhana. Legend says that Bāsdeo was engaged in war with Garuḍa, and that, on one occasion, the Nāga chief was surprised by the enemy and had a narrow escape. In fact, he was saved only by the devotion of his minister, who gave his own life to save that of his master. This probably means that Jīmūtavāhana was killed in covering the retreat of the Rāja. Bāsdeo escaped to the Kailās Kūnd, a mountain lake some 13,000 feet above the sea, between the Chenab and Rāvi valleys. Meantime an army was raised, by which Garuḍa was defeated. The Nāga Rāja, in his gratitude, ordered that in future Jīmūtavāhana should be worshipped in the same temple with himself. It would seem from this that Vāsukī, like other Solar kings, received divine honours during his lifetime.

The legend just referred to seems to relate to some of the struggles between the unregenerate and the Aryanised tribes. It is probably founded on fact. At all events, a great festival is held annually at the Kailās Kūnd, which is attended by all the population of the surrounding country.

¹ "The Nāgas: a Contribution to the History of Serpent Worship" *Journ. Roy. As. Soc.*, July 1901, pp. 461-473, with seven illustrations.

The fact that Harsha (*i.e.* Śilāditya Harshavardhana, Rāja of Thānesar and Kanauj, A.D. 606-647¹) wrote a drama based on the legend must have added greatly to its dissemination, especially when we remember that Hiuen Tsiang spent about eight years (635-643) in his dominions. It is related by I-Tsing, who lived about A.D. 670, that Harsha kept all the best writers, especially poets, at his court, and that he used to join in the literary recitals personally. He would take the part of Jīmūtavāhana in his own play amid the sound of song and instrumental music.² It is also interesting to note that a version of our tale is related by Hiuen Tsiang about a great river (the Karakash, or possibly the Khotan-dāria) flowing 200 *li* or so south-east of K'iu-sa-ta-na (Khotan, Eastern Chinese Turkestan).

The story tells how the people took advantage of the river to irrigate their lands, but after a time the waters ceased to flow. Having inquired the reason from an Arhat, the king learned that the stoppage was caused by a dragon, and that the offering of sacrifices and prayers would cause the water to flow again. The king acted accordingly, when a woman emerged from the stream, saying that her husband had just died, and that without a lord to issue orders the current of the stream would remain arrested. If, however, she obtained one of the king's ministers as a second husband, all would be well. The king returned to the royal apartments and informed the ministers of what had happened. One of the chief ministers volunteered to save the country, and after due rejoicings entered the river clad in white and riding a white horse; but as he advanced into the stream he did not sink, and whipping it with his lash the water opened and he disappeared. Shortly afterwards the white horse came up alone and floated on the water, carrying on his back

¹ See V. A. Smith, *Early History of India*, 1904, pp. 282-302; ditto, *Oxford History of India*, 2nd edit., 1923, pp. 165-171; and R. Mookerji, *Harsha*, Rulers of India Series, Ldn., 1926, p. 152 *et seq.*

² See S. Beal, *Buddhist Records of the Western World* (Hiuen Tsiang), vol. i, p. 210n¹⁸; and A. B. Keith, *Sanskrit Drama*, 1924, pp. 170, 171. The *Nāgānanda* has been translated with a metrical version of Somadeva's tale (from chap. xxii, not chap. xc) by B. Hale Wortham. The latter, with a metrical version of the story of Hariśarman (see *Ocean*, Vol. III, p. 77 *et seq.*), appeared in *Journ. Roy. As. Soc.*, vol. xviii, 1886, p. 1 *et seq.* Numerous native editions, translations and partial translations will be found catalogued in the new Supplement to the *Catalogue of Sanskrit . . . Books*, Brit. Mus., 1926.

a great sandalwood drum, in which was a letter saying that all was well with the minister, and that the drum was sent for the king to suspend at the south-east of the city ; if an enemy approached, it would begin to roll. The river started to flow in its accustomed manner, and the country was prosperous once again. "Many years and months have elapsed since then," says Hiuen Tsiang in conclusion, "and the place where the dragon-drum was hung has long since disappeared, but the ruined convent by the side of the drum-lake still remains, but it has no priests and is deserted."¹

Before speaking of the numerous variants of our story in the West, I would draw attention to a very curious and interesting tale from the Japanese, *Ko-ji-ki*. The great importance of this work lies in the fact that "it has preserved for us more faithfully than any other book the mythology, the manners, the language and the traditional history of Ancient Japan." It marks the point of the great change in the history not only of Japanese literature but of Japan as a whole. I refer, of course, to the great influence of Chinese civilisation and literature. The date of the completion of the *Ko-ji-ki* was A.D. 712, and although Buddhism had reached Japan, via China and Korea, by A.D. 538, it appears to owe nothing to its introduction. The sole object of the work as originally proposed by the Emperor Temmu (673-686) was to collect together the annals of the chief families of Japan, before they were covered by the dust of oblivion. The following story, therefore, is of undoubted interest. The translation is that made by B. H. Chamberlain in 1882.² It forms section xviii and is called "The Eight-forked Serpent" :

So, having been expelled, [His-Swift-Impetuous-Male-Augustness] descended to a place [called] *Tori-Kami* at the head-waters of the River *Hi* in the Land of *Idzumo*. At this time some chop-sticks came floating down the stream. So His-Swift-Impetuous-Male-Augustness, thinking that there must be people at the head-waters of the river, went up it in quest of them, when he came upon an old man and an old woman—two of them—who had a young girl between them, and were weeping. Then he deigned to ask : "Who are ye ?" So the old man replied, saying : "I am called an Earthly Deity, a child of the Deity Great-Mountain-

¹ Beal, *op. cit.*, vol. ii, pp. 320-322.

² *Trans. As. Soc. Japan*, vol. x : Supplement, reprinted February 1920.

Possessor. I am called by the name of Foot-Stroking-Elder, my wife is called by the name of Hand-Stroking Elder, and my daughter is called by the name of Wondrous-Inada-Princess." Again he asked: "What is the cause of your crying?" The old man answered, saying: "I had originally eight young girls as daughters. But the eight-forked serpent of Koshi has come every year and devoured one, and it is now its time to come: wherefore I weep." Then he asked him: "What is its form like?" [The old man] answered, saying: "Its eyes are like *akahagachi* [the winter-cherry], it has one body with eight heads and eight tails. Moreover on its body grows moss, and also *chamæcyparis* [a coniferous tree] and cryptomerias. Its length extends over eight valleys and eight hills, and if one looks at its belly it is all constantly bloody and inflamed." Then His-Swift-Impetuous-Male-Augustness said to the old man: "If this be thy daughter, wilt thou offer her to me?" He replied, saying: "With reverence, but I know not thine august name." Then he replied, saying: "I am elder brother to the Heaven-Shining-Great-August-Deity. So I have now descended from Heaven." Then the Deities Foot-Stroking-Elder and Hand-Stroking-Elder said: "If that be so, with reverence will we offer her to thee." So His-Swift-Impetuous Male-Augustness, at once taking and changing the young girl into a multitudinous and close-toothed comb, which he stuck into his august hair-bunch, said to the Deities Foot-Stroking-Elder and Hand-Stroking-Elder: "Do you distil some eightfold refined liquor. Also make a fence round about. In that fence make eight gates; at each gate tie together eight platforms, on each platform put a liquor-vat, and into each vat pour the eightfold refined liquor, and wait." So as they waited, after having thus prepared everything in accordance with his bidding, the eight-forked serpent came truly as the old man had said, and immediately dipped a head into each vat, and drank the liquor. Thereupon it was intoxicated with drinking, and all the heads lay down and slept. Then His-Swift-Impetuous-Male-Augustness drew the ten-grasp sabre, that was augustly girded on him, and cut the serpent in pieces, so that the River Hi flowed on changed into a river of blood. . . .

We leave the East, and on arriving in Europe find the story of a hero sacrificing himself or endangering his life for

that of some hapless person whose turn it is to be destroyed by a monster. So extensive is the cycle in European folk-tales that many volumes would be required to give them all. E. S. Hartland¹ has already written three volumes on the subject, and he has far from exhausted the variants, still less has he discussed all possible sources of the *motif*. Frazer also has given us a useful list of forty-one different versions, the first five of which are all from ancient Greek mythology.² He has added to this list in the *Golden Bough*,³ and discusses the possible origin of the custom of sacrifices to water-spirits. Following his usual style he brings together a large number of customs from all parts of the world showing various aspects of the worship of water-spirits.

Their conception as serpents or dragons is widespread, and in many cases animal or human sacrifices are needed as an offering. In other cases they are looked upon as kindly disposed to humans and the dispensers of fertility. They bestow offspring on barren women, and, in Greek mythology especially, we meet with similar ideas of the procreative power of water. Marriages of human beings of both sexes to water-deities are continually found—a *motif* which appears to be based partly on the idea that a cruel god must be pacified, and partly on the belief of sympathetic magic—the generative act would be sure to produce fertility in the earth and among both men and animals. It will thus be seen that it would be mere folly to attempt to attribute such a widespread *motif* to any one origin. The customs marshalled for us by Frazer certainly show certain definite lines of belief which have a distinct connection with, or which may be looked upon as variants of, the story under consideration.

At the same time the origin of a Buddhist legend may well rest on true historical fact, far back in the dim ages of the early struggles between the Aryans and the dark-skinned races they encountered in their migration through Northern India.

¹ *The Legend of Perseus*, 3 vols., 1894-1896.

² *Pausanias's Description of Greece*, vol. v, pp. 143-144.

³ Vol. ii (*The Magic Art*), pp. 155-170.

The Beautiful Unmādinī

(Vetāla 17—pp. 66-70)

The Hindi version ¹ (No. 16) differs but little from our text. During the argument between the king and his commander-in-chief, the latter threatens to turn Unmādinī into a prostitute, so that she can no longer be regarded as his wife. Then he will lead her to the palace. The king promises punishment if such a step is taken. Finally, both the husband and his wife throw themselves on a funeral pyre. The question that follows is naturally: "Of these three, whose was the greatest virtue?" The answer is as in Somadeva.

The Tamil version ² (No. 20) is much abbreviated. The king sends for a "soothsayer," who examines the girl's horoscope, apparently without any deception, and reports that if he married her he would lose his kingdom. The tale then ends in a few lines. The king's action is considered the noblest, as in the other versions.

It occurs as No. 26 in the Persian *Tūṭī-nāmah*.³ Here the discussion about the moral aspect of the situation is carried on in the presence of the counsellors only, and the king is the only one who dies. In the Turkish *Tūṭī-nāmah* ⁴ it is not the father, but a procuress, who first offers the girl to the king. The girl also dies on hearing of the king's death.

As compared with the early versions of our story in Buddhist literature, that of Somadeva is decidedly condensed.

In the Pāli *Jātaka* ⁵ the lady's name is Ummadantī, the beautiful daughter of a rich merchant named Tirītavaccha. On his offering her to the king, he sends Brāhmins to see if she has auspicious marks. The effect of her presence on the Brāhmins is amazing. On catching sight of her, they completely lost their self-control, just as if they were intoxicated with passion, and forgot that they had left their meal unfinished. Some of them took a morsel, and thinking they would eat it put it on their heads. Some let it fall on

¹ Barker, *op. cit.*, p. 271 *et seq.*

² Babington, *op. cit.*, p. 81 *et seq.*

³ Iken, *op. cit.*, p. 109.

⁴ Rosen, *op. cit.*, vol. ii, p. 191, and Wickerhauser, *op. cit.*, p. 253. See also Oesterley, *op. cit.*, pp. 207, 208.

⁵ Cambridge edition, No. 527, vol. v, 1905, p. 108.

their hips. Others threw it against the wall. Everyone was beside himself. When she saw them thus she said, "They tell me these fellows are to test the character of my marks," and she ordered them to be taken by the scruff of their necks and thrust out. And they were sorely annoyed, and returned to the palace in a great rage with Ummadantī, and they said: "Sire, this woman is no mate for you; she is a witch." The king thought, "They tell me she is a witch," and he did not send for her. She is accordingly married to Ahipāraka, a high court official.

At this point the story is interrupted by our being told how the girl had become so beautiful, and her actions in a previous birth are recounted.

The tale continues. Ahipāraka warns his wife not to show herself during the coming Kattika festival, when the king is sure to be near the house. But this is the very chance the slighted Ummadantī has been waiting for, and she makes her plans accordingly.

At night the town is *en fête*, and the king rides in a magnificent car through the streets. As he approaches the house, Ummadantī throws flowers at the king, and on catching sight of her he is unable to continue the procession. He discovers her name, returns to his palace, and lies like "a mad, haunted man" on his couch, saying:

"A lily maid, with eyes soft as a doe's,
In the full moon's clear light before me rose,
Beholding her in robe of dovelike hue,
Methought two moons at once came into view.

Darting one glance from her bright, lovely eyes,
The temptress took me captive by surprise,
Like woodland elf upon some mountain height,
Her graceful motion won my heart at sight.

So dark and tall and fair the maid, with jewels in her ears,
Clad in a single garment, like a timid doe, appears.

With long-tressed hair and nails all stained red,
O'er her soft arms rich sandal essence shed,
With tapering fingers and a gracious air,
When will she smile on me, my charmer fair?

When will Tirīṭi's slender-waisted maid,
A gold adornment on her breast displayed,
With her soft arms embracing cling to me,
E'en as a creeper to some forest tree ?

When will she stained with dye of lac so bright,
With swelling bosom, maiden lily-white,
Exchange a kiss with me, as oft a glass
Will from one toper to another pass ?

Soon as I saw her standing thus, so fair to outward view,
No longer master of myself, reason away I threw.

When Ummadanti I beheld, with jewelled ear-rings bright,
Like one amerced right heavily, I slept not day nor night.

Should Sakka grant a boon to me, my choice were quickly
ta'en,
I would be Ahipāraka one night or haply twain,
And Ummadanti thus enjoyed, he might o'er Sivi reign."

Ahipāraka is aghast at the condition of the king and does all in his power to make him accept her. A long series of stanzas follows, repeated alternately between the king and Ahipāraka, until finally the right mode of action is borne upon the king, and he overcomes his infatuation.

The story also occurs at length in the *Jātaka-mālā*,¹ and follows the Pāli version fairly closely. The occasion of the girl's revenge is during the Kaumudī festival, which apparently begins in the daytime, for we have a fine description of the town: "Its streets and squares had been sprinkled and cleansed; their white ground was strewed with many-coloured flowers: gay flags and banners were floating aloft; everywhere there was dancing and singing, representations of burlesques, ballets and music; the mingled scents of flowers, incense, odoriferous powders, perfumes, garlands, strong liquors, also of the perfumed water and the ointments used in ablutions, filled the air with fragrance; lovely articles were being exposed for sale; the principal streets were thronged by a merry crowd of townsmen and landmen in their best dress."

¹ J. S. Speyer, *Gātakamālā, Sacred Books of the Buddhists*, vol. i, 1895, No. 13, p. 114 *et seq.*

The ending is slightly different. The minister is appeased by the unwavering constancy of the king, and pours praises on such a virtuous ruler.

In fact, in all Buddhist versions the endings are merely moralistic, and only in the Hindu versions do we get the dramatic sequel. Cf. also the version in the Burmese collection, *Buddhaghosha's Parables* (Story of the Rahandama Uppalavaṇṇā).

Reference should also be made to an interesting passage in Kalhaṇa's *Rājatarāṅgiṇī*¹ (Book IV, verses 17-37). Here we read of Durlabhaka-Pratāpāditya II who fell violently in love with a rich merchant's wife: "Though he had not touched her, he felt as if she, who was like the nectar of bliss, were fixed [in him] even to the very marrow."

For long he fights against his all-consuming passion, but his illness grows on him until he is near to death. The merchant begs the king to accept his wife, and adds that if he still refuses he will put her in a temple as a dancing-girl, whence she can easily be removed. At last the king gives in and marries the object of his passion, who in time bears him three children.

The Brāhman's Son who failed to acquire the Magic Power
(*Vetāla* 18—pp. 71-77)

In the Hindi version² the tale (No. 17) is considerably abbreviated. We get no details of the gambling at all. The Brāhman's son, here called Guṇākar, is quite willing to eat any food the ascetic has to offer, until he sees it is prepared in a human skull. It is a Yakshiṇī who produces the illusion of the palace. She stays with him during the night, and in the morning he wants to acquire possession of the Science. He is told that in order to do this he must sit at midnight in the middle of the water for forty days. This Guṇākar accomplishes, and is then told to do the same in fire. He gets leave to visit his family, but on returning completes the ordeal. As in our version, the object is not gained owing to instability of mind and intention.

¹ Stein, vol. i, p. 122.

² Barker, *op. cit.*, p. 285 *et seq.* On p. 290 the first line of the footnote translation is in its wrong place and should be moved to the same position on p. 289.

In the Tamil version ¹ (No. 13) the tale is reduced to a mere précis, and the incidents are either omitted or so altered that the whole point of the story is lost. The Brāhman is represented as dying of hunger when a "devotee" rescues him by offering him rice, which he eats till he is satisfied. Then, without his even asking, the ascetic instructs him in magic. The Brāhman goes to bathe and sees a vision of a child standing before him. On finishing his bathe he returns to the ascetic and explains that the vision lasted only while his head was under the water. This completes the story. To the Vetāla's question the king answers that such magical deeds can be accomplished only by those bent on bestowing charity to Brāhmins.

Apart from the obvious moral contained in our story, the only incident worth noticing ² is the illusion produced when immersed in water, both as to place and the passing of time.

When dealing with the "Change of Sex" *motif* in Vetāla 15, I quoted (p. 225) a story from the *Nights* in which a vizier plunges into a cauldron, and, in the few minutes that his head is covered by the water, imagines, by the power of illusion, that he has spent many years as a woman in a fisherman's hut. In a note on p. 224 I mentioned that Lane heard a similar tale in Cairo. The tale in question concerned the means by which a certain Sultan, who scoffed at the story of the Mi'rāj, or Ascension of Muhammed, was finally converted to the Faith. It was obviously an abbreviated account of the widely circulated tale which found its way into the *Forty Vazīrs*, and so appears in the collections of Pétis de la Croix ³ and Cazotte and Chavis.⁴ It is of considerable interest as a later variant of our Indian original, particularly because of the use to which the *motif* has been put.

Before speaking of the possible origin of such illusions as to time and place I will give such portions of the tale as concern our inquiry. I borrow from Gibb's translation of the *Forty Vazīrs*, p. 16 *et seq.* The tale forms the First Vazīr's story :

¹ Babington, *op. cit.*, pp. 64, 65.

² I have already (Vol. II, pp. 231n¹, 232n) given a note on gambling to No. 29p, "Devadatta the Gambler," which commences like the Vetāla's 18th tale.

³ *Histoire de la Sultane de Perse, et des Visirs. Contes Turcs*, Paris, 1707.

⁴ *Cabinet des Fées*, vols. xxxviii-xli, Paris, 1788-1793.

“One day the doctors of the law were assembled in the council of the King of Egypt and were talking over the details of the Ascension. They said : ‘The Most Noble Apostle made the Ascension, and God Most High showed him the Seven Heavens, the Eight Paradises, and the Seven Hells, and spake with him ninety thousand words ; and when he returned to his place he found his bed still warm, and the water had not wholly run out of an ewer which had been upset beside him, so he straightway raised the ewer from the ground.’ The King of Egypt marvelled thereat and said : ‘These words which ye speak are remote from reason : the depth of each of the Seven Heavens is a five-hundred-years’ journey, and the distance between each is a five-hundred-years’ journey, yet ye say that he traversed the Heavens, and the Eight Paradises, and the Seven Hells, and conversed to the extent of ninety thousand words and came back again and found his bed warm and his ewer not empty—that is remote from reason.’ Although they insisted with him that God Most High was almighty, it was in vain. When the assembly broke up, news of this reached Sheykh Shihāb-ud-Dīn.”

He hastened to the king’s presence, and through the power of illusion, by merely opening and shutting windows, displayed in turn an army, the city in flames, the Nile overflowing its banks, and a garden like unto Paradise. The tale then continues :

“The sheykh let open again the shut windows, and nothing was visible. Then he bade bring a tub and fill it with water ; and the king told them to obey, so they brought it. The sheykh said : ‘O King, hold about thee a towel, and plunge once into this water, then come out and sit down, and I will show thee a wonder.’ Then the king held about him a towel and went into the tub and plunged in it, and when he put out his head he saw himself on the skirt of a trackless mountain by the seashore. Then was the king bewildered, and he cried : ‘Dost thou see ? The sheykh, he has by magic cast me into the desert and seized my throne !’ Thus thinking, he looked about and saw some persons cutting wood on the mountain. He went up to them and saluted them, and they returned the salute, and asked : ‘What man art thou ?’ The king said : ‘I am a merchant. The ship in which I was sank in the sea ; I laid hold of a plank and was

saved, and am come here.' Then had they compassion on him, and each of them gave him some old garment, and they clothed him. The king said to them : 'Who are ye and whence are ye ?' They replied : 'Behind this mountain is a city ; we belong to it.' Then the king went with them to that city, and while he was wandering through the bazaar he happened on the shop of an aged farrier. The farrier said to him : 'O youth, whence art thou come ?' And the king again declared that he was a merchant whose ship had sunk, and that he had managed to save himself ; and he asked for advice. The old man said : 'As thou art a stranger, go sit at the door of the bath, and ask of every woman that comes out if she have a husband, and according to the custom of the city, whatsoever woman says to thee that she has no husband shall be thy wife.' So the poor king went and sat at the door of the bath and asked the ladies that came out ; but they each answered, 'I have a husband,' and went away. Of a sudden a lady attended by several servants came out, and when he said to her, 'Hast thou a husband ?' she replied, 'No,' and passed on. Afterward one of that lady's servants returned and took the king and brought him to her. She said, 'By the command of God I am become thy wife' ; and the king was thankful for that event. He lived seven years with that lady and had two sons and a daughter. At length all her means were used up and they had nothing left to eat, and the lady said to him : 'O man, go earn something, that we and our children may live.' Then the king was sad, and he went to the farrier and told him how things stood with him, and the farrier asked him if he knew any trade. The king replied that he knew none, so the farrier put a few pence into his hand and said : 'Go buy a rope and sit among the porters, and he whose load thou carriest will give thee two or three pence, and so thou shalt live.' The king did as the farrier told him, and, having no other resource, was for some days a porter and carried loads. When he took up the loads the rope would cut his shoulders, and he would think on the estate he had enjoyed and weep. One day, while strolling along, he came upon the seashore. Now ablution had become necessary for the king, so he went into the water and plunged in it, and when he put his head out he beheld himself in his own palace, and the sheykh was sitting looking at him. . . ."

In a note at this point Gibb states that the trick of making one imagine that he has in a few seconds experienced adventures that seem to have lasted over a long period appears to have been a favourite one with the dervishes. Several instances of it occur in the tales of 'Alī 'Azīz that he has published under the title of *The Story of Jewād* (see, e.g., pp. 29, 30). "It may have been effected," says Gibb, "by means of some intoxicating preparation like hashish."

I believe that he has really hit upon the true origin of such tales, and consequently I have looked for descriptions of the effect of hashish which exhibit such phenomena as shown in our text.

In the second article, under the title of "Les Poisons de l'Intelligence," *Revue des Deux Mondes*, March 1877, p. 816 et seq., M. Charles Richet deals with "Le Hachich—L'Opium—Le Café." In describing the effect of hashish he points out how completely all idea of place and time is lost:

"Le temps paraît d'une longueur démesurée. Entre deux idées nettement conçues, on croit en concevoir une infinité d'autres, mal déterminées et incomplètes, dont on a une conscience vague, mais qui remplissent d'admiration par leur nombre et leur étendue. Il semble donc que ces idées sont innombrables, et, comme le temps n'est mesuré que par le souvenir des idées, le temps paraît prodigieusement long. Par exemple, imaginons, comme c'est le cas pour le hachich, que dans l'espace d'une seconde nous concevions cinquante pensées différentes; comme en général pour concevoir cinquante pensées différentes il faut plusieurs minutes, il nous semblera que plusieurs minutes se sont passées, et ce n'est qu'en faisant à l'inflexible horloge qui nous marque les heures la constatation régulière du temps écoulé que nous nous apercevrons de notre erreur. Avec le hachich, la notion du temps est complètement bouleversée, les secondes sont des années et les minutes des siècles. . . ."

Everything seen tends to be extraordinarily exaggerated: an ordinary staircase appears as a flight of steps leading to the heavens, a small stream becomes a great sea, a single soldier is a mighty army, the slightest noise is like a crash of thunder. The senses of appreciation are strangely affected. Thus a discordant sound seems like celestial music, the most commonplace garden becomes a heavenly Nandana surpassing mortal description. Finally, as the effect of the drug loses its hold, if an overdose has not been taken, the memory

is not impaired, and all the experiences seen and felt can be described in detail.

With regard to the drug making people insensible to heat, Burton notes (*Nights*, vol. iii, p. 91ⁿ¹) its use among stokers. Herklots gives a description of the numerous preparations of the drug.¹

Doubtless an extensive bibliography could be made on hashish and its effects,² but the above is quite sufficient for our purposes, as it shows beyond a doubt that the reports of hashish-takers are quite sufficient to give rise to a story such as we have been considering above.

The Thief's Son
(*Vetāla* 19—pp. 78-85)

The Hindi version³ (No. 18) commences as in our text, but after the thief has been married by the daughter's circum-ambulation of the stake four times, he asks the mother to deliver her over to a handsome Brāhman and offer him five hundred gold *muhars*. Thus a son will be born. The daughter, by name Mohanī, soon sees a Brāhman who attracts her, and the mother offers him a hundred *ashrafīs* if he will spend the night with Mohanī and give her a son. There is no question of marriage, and the courtesan does not appear. The story then continues:

He agreed to remain. As they were conversing, night came on. She set before him a sumptuous supper. It is a true proverb that enjoyment is of eight kinds: first, perfume; second, woman; third, dress; fourth, singing; fifth, betel; sixth, food; seventh, the couch; and eighth, ornaments; and all these were now at hand.

When three hours were passed, he went into the chamber destined for voluptuous enjoyment, and the whole night passed in pleasure. When morning came, he went home; and she, arising, came to her companions. One of them asked her what pleasure she had had with her lover. She replied: "When I went and sat near him, I felt a palpitation in my frame; but when, smiling and looking lovingly, he

¹ *Qānūn-i-Islām*, new edition, Crooke, 1921, p. 326 *et seq.*

² See Watt, *Dictionary of the Economic Products of India*, vol. ii, p. 103 *et seq.*, and the numerous references given. The latest work on the subject I have seen is Jules Giraud, *Testaments d'un Haschischéen*, Paris [1913].

³ Barker, *op. cit.*, p. 295 *et seq.*

took my hand, he quite overcame me, and I know not what afterwards happened." It has been said that a woman forgets not either in this or any other birth a husband who is illustrious, or brave, or clever, or a chief, or generous, or who protects his wife. The result was that she became pregnant; and when her time was accomplished, a boy was born. On the sixth night after her delivery his mother beheld in a vision a Yogī with matted hair, a shining moon on his forehead, ashes of cow-dung rubbed over his body, having a white Brāhmanical thread; sitting upon an *āsan* of white lotuses, with a necklace of human heads round his neck, and a bandlet of white serpents thrown over his shoulders, holding a shell in one hand, and in the other a trident, assuming a very frightful form, he appeared before her, saying: "Tomorrow, at midnight, put this child, together with a purse of a thousand gold *muhars*, in a large basket, and place it at the gate of the palace." When she awoke in the morning she narrated the dream to her mother, detailing all the circumstances. The mother, next day, did as had been suggested.

The remainder of the tale follows Somadeva, but in a much abbreviated form, details of the pilgrimage to Gayā being entirely absent. The question and answer are the same.

The story is not found in the Tamil version, and another tale altogether has been substituted.¹

In Śivadāsa's recension Dhanavatī does not bump into the thief at all, but speaks to him out of idle curiosity. There are also a few other trifling differences. See further Oesterley, *op. cit.*, p. 209.

The story is not a very interesting one from the point of view of annotation, the only *motif* (already noticed on pp. 81*n*, 82*n*) being a variant of the "exposed child."

*The Brāhman Boy who offered himself up to save the Life
of the King*

(Vetāla 20—pp. 87-97)

The Hindi version ² (No. 19) is more abbreviated than that in Somadeva, but certain incidents are fuller. Thus the hermit, after reproving the king for indulging in the vice of hunting, quotes the following from the *Dharma-śāstras*

¹ Babington, *op. cit.*, pp. 85-86.

² Barker, *op. cit.*, p. 311 *et seq.*

as particularly applicable to the case in point : “ Austere devotion is not equal to a forgiving spirit, nor is pleasure so desirable as content, nor wealth as friendship, nor justice as mercy. He who is zealous in the discharge of his religious duties, and who has attained wealth, good qualities, knowledge, celebrity and influence, who knows no pride, is contented with his own wife, and is truthful, will obtain final emancipation and absorption ; and he who slays devotees with matted hair, and those who are without clothing, and the inoffensive, will at death descend into hell. And the monarch who does not punish the oppressor of his people will also suffer the torments of Naraka. And he who has intercourse with a king’s wife, or his friend’s wife, or a maiden, or a woman in advanced pregnancy, will surely fall into the nethermost hell.” The hermit marries his daughter to the king by the *gāndharva* form of marriage. The adventure with the demon occurs at midnight, and not on the following morning. No reason at all is given as to why the demon is so angry, and he says immediately, “ O King, I will devour thy wife ! ” and then continues, “ If thou wilt cut off with thine own hand the head of a Brāhman’s son of seven years of age, and give it me, I will not devour her.” Neither the king himself nor his court is in any way implicated. The golden image is taken to the cross-roads, and on the third day a poor Brāhman decides to sacrifice one of his three sons. He discusses the matter with his wife : he will not give up the eldest, she will not sacrifice the youngest. The second son, hearing the argument, offers himself accordingly. There is nothing about the parents holding the boy down while he is killed. The important difference is that the boy first laughed and then cried. But this appears to be a mistake, for the question of the Vetāla is merely : “ Why did the boy laugh ? ” The king’s reply is the same as in Somadeva.

In both the original recensions of Śivadāsa and the Tamil version the boy only laughs, and for exactly the same reason as in our present text.

The Tamil version¹ (No. 21) has been reduced to a single page, and is devoid of all interest or importance.

The tale contains two distinct *motifs*, the first being that of “ Self-Sacrifice ” and the second the “ Laugh.”

¹ Babington, *op. cit.*, pp. 82-83. I fail to understand Bloomfield’s note in *Journ. Amer. Orient. Soc.*, vol. xxxvi, p. 83, where he says the story occurs in no version except the Tamil.

With the first of these we are already well acquainted. It has always been a great factor in Buddhist legends, as we have seen from the story of Jīmūtavāhana. And is it not the foundation-stone on which the whole edifice of Christianity has been built? In the story of Viravara (Vol. VI, p. 191 *et seq.*) we had another striking example of the *motif*, and my notes on pp. 272 and 273 of the same volume supplied many analogues.

Without discussing the subject further, we can at once pass on to the variant of our story found in Dr Behrnauer's translation¹ of the Dresden MS. of the *Forty Vazīrs*. Here we read of a king from whose foot issued a wasting sweat, for the cure of which no remedy could be found. The assembled physicians came to the conclusion that the only way to save him was for the body of an Indian boy to be split open, and the king's foot thrust into the wound. After the boy had been duly procured and was about to be split open, he began to laugh, and on being asked the reason, replied in a similar strain as in our text, but concluded with the following words :

" . . . Now, indeed, my parents sell me to the king, and he is about to kill me for the healing of his pain, so that thereby he may be delivered in this present life ; but what will he say in that other world in his justification before the Majesty of the Most High ? Now have I found no tenderness in my mother, nor any affection in my father, nor yet any justice or equity in the king ; whom then shall I implore ? I fly for refuge to that God who is an almighty Avenger : for all the injustice wrought against me, He will surely take me in charge, and cause to be bestowed on me my full right ! "

At this the king was filled with fear and shame, and, releasing the boy, warm tears fell from his eyes. The physicians thereupon restored the king to health by rubbing his foot with the tears. No mention is made of fashioning a golden image in the likeness of the boy. In the Bengali version of the *Vikrama-charita*,² however, a rich man makes a golden

¹ *Die Vierzig Veziere oder Weisen Meister, ein altmorgenländischer Sittenroman aus dem Türkischen übertragen von Dr. Walter Fr. Adolf Behrnauer*, Leipzig, 1851. See also Gibb's translation, p. 405, and Chauvin, *op. cit.*, viii, p. 179, for several analogues.

² This version, usually known as the Vararuchi Recension, is ignored by Edgerton in his *Vikrama's Adventures*, as being secondary to the Jainistic Recension, and of no importance in the reconstruction of the original text. See Benfey, *Pantschatantra*, vol. i, p. 109.

statue, offering it to anyone who is willing to sacrifice himself. Vikrama agrees, and cuts off his head, but is healed by the goddess.

We now come to the second *motif* in our story, that of the "Laugh." Of all methods of expressing human feeling or emotion, often sudden and unexpected, none is so general as laughter.¹ Certainly people weep for joy as well as for sorrow, but a laugh may be actuated by feelings of almost unlimited scope. The very act of laughing arouses curiosity in others, partly, I suppose, because of the personal nature of a laugh, and partly because it creates a feeling of inferiority that is only removed when the reason for the laugh is known. Some laughs are self-explanatory, but many are not, and it is here that the story-teller has seen a *motif* of the widest application and endless possibilities. He has not contented himself with the obvious use of laughter—making a character laugh for joy when we should expect him to laugh, or to give an ironical laugh when the situation makes its omission practically impossible. No, he is far cleverer than that; he makes his characters laugh, perhaps with joy, at a time when we would least expect it; and we, as we read, are genuinely anxious to know the cause of the laugh. The melodramatic villain's "Ha! Ha!", the nervous laugh of the heroine or of the persecuted, the triumphant laugh of the victor, the malicious laugh of the wrongdoer, and the hysterical laugh of the miserable, need no explanation or comment. They merely attest the manifold emotions which can be registered through the same medium.

In Hindu fiction I would divide laughs into two distinct varieties: (1) those which clearly show their nature, but not the reason which prompted them; (2) curious and mysterious laughs which give no clue either to their real nature or their significance.

¹ See, for instance, Thomas Hobbes, *Humane Nature*, Ldn., 1650, pp. 101-105; ditto, *The Leviathan*, Ldn., 1651, p. 27; H. Spencer, "The Physiology of Laughter," *Macmillan's Magazine*, March 1860, pp. 395-402 (reprinted in his *Essays*, vol. i, pp. 194-209); George Meredith, "On the Idea of Comedy," *New Quarterly Magazine*, April 1877, pp. 1-40; A. Schopenhauer, *The World as Will and Idea*, vol. i, pp. 76-80, sect. 13; vol. ii, pp. 270-284; H. Bergson, *Le Rire*, Paris, 1924 (see Brereton and Rothwell's trans. from the 1900 edition, Ldn., 1911); James Sully, *An Essay on Laughter*, Ldn., 1902; C. Lloyd Morgan, "Laughter," *Hastings' Ency. Rel. Eth.*, vol. vii, pp. 803-805; and J. C. Gregory, *The Nature of Laughter*, Ldn., 1924.

Both varieties are dramatic, the second more than the first. It is, of course, the dramatic laugh that becomes such a force in the hands of the story-teller. It has been observed that, with but very few exceptions, all Biblical laughs are dramatic—usually of scorn or derision. The innocent laugh of joy would nearly always pass unheeded by the chronicler or historian, as it would lack the interest necessary to produce a dramatic situation.

Now, in the first category as suggested above would come the laugh in the story under discussion. It is quite clear that the laugh was a laugh of joy, but the point was *why* did the boy laugh when he was about to be killed? As we shall see later, when discussing the combined "Laugh and Cry" *motif* in Vetāla 23, it is much more usual for the laugh to show its nature, but not its incentive, when in combination with weeping.

We shall therefore confine ourselves here to a short consideration of the second category—the curious, enigmatic, mysterious laugh.

The first laugh we encountered in the *Ocean* was a most curious and uncanny laugh, without the least clue as to its significance—the laugh of the dead fish (Vol. I, p. 46). In my note on pp. 46 and 47 I added numerous variants of the laughing fish, and so need not add anything further here. In another place (Vol. V, p. 30) we had a strange paradoxical laugh caused by grief. This form, as Bloomfield has pointed out,¹ is distinctly rare. The use of the enigmatic laugh to illustrate the unswerving laws of *karma* is well shown in a tale in the Jainistic *Kathākoṣa* (Tawney, p. 185 *et seq.*).

The Princess Madanamanjarī chanced to overhear certain of her father's courtiers flattering him by saying that their luck in enjoying such a fortune of rule was due solely to the king, from whose favour it sprang. At this she laughed a little, and then remained silent. The king asked his daughter the reason of her laughing, saying: "My darling, what is this?" His daughter answered: "My father, these servants of yours said what is not true; for that reason I laughed." The king said: "My dear, what is untrue?" She answered: "Their assertion that their happiness springs from your favour: that is untrue." The king asked his daughter: "Then, my dear, what is true?" She said:

¹ "On Recurring Psychic *Motifs* in Hindu Fiction, and the Laugh and Cry *Motif*," *Journ. Amer. Orient. Soc.*, vol. xxxvi, p. 80n⁴⁷.

“Every man fares according to his own actions.” When the king heard this speech of his daughter in the audience hall he flew into a passion, and calling his ministers said this to them: “Come, come! bring some poor leper afflicted with disease, and very wretched, as a fit bridegroom for my daughter, in order that this Madanamanjarī may be given to him, so that she may reap the fruit of her own actions.”

After some trouble the necessary leper was found, but Madanamanjarī, firmly believing that at the appointed time she would enjoy the fruit of her *karma*, was in no way perturbed. On the contrary, she seemed quite satisfied with her father’s choice, and behaved like a loving and dutiful wife, even offering to carry her diseased husband on her back wherever he might want to go. (See the *Ocean*, Vol. V, p. 155n².) She was duly rewarded by her husband, who turned out to be nothing less than a mighty Vidyādhara, and soon installed his faithful wife as his queen in a palace of purest gold. Needless to say, her father was at last convinced of the truth of his daughter’s original remark.

Another story concerned with the workings of fate occurs in Stokes’ *Indian Fairy Tales*, p. 114, where there is a triple sardonic laugh. A still more enigmatic laugh is that uttered by a corpse in the *Prabandhacintāmaṇi*.

A prince is out hunting at night, and, in aiming at a boar, chances to kneel on the corpse of a thief, that has fallen to the ground after impalement, whereupon the corpse cries out to him; but in no way perturbed, the prince shoots his arrow, kills the boar, and then turns to the corpse. At this it rises up and utters a loud laugh, at the same time granting boons to the intrepid prince. No explanation of the laugh is given, and its significance is left for the reader to decide. The subsequent adventures of the prince point to the laugh being one of admiration mixed with ironic glee at the thought of the subsequent adventures that were to happen to the prince (see Bloomfield, *op. cit.*, p. 84).

In conclusion I would mention the laugh of trickery and deceit. We have an example of this in the story of “*Thiṅ-thākarāla*, the Bold Gambler,” which occurs in Vol. IX, Chapter CXXI. Disguised as an ascetic he has gradually won the favour and respect of the king. On one occasion he remains for a long time in conversation with him. When the king is preparing to depart, a female jackal utters a yell, whereupon the sham ascetic laughs; and being persistently

asked to explain the reason he tells the king that the jackal has told him that a pitcher of jewels is buried at a certain place. On going to the spot the king discovers this is true, and thus believes in the ascetic more than ever. Needless to say, the gambler had previously buried the pitcher himself.

For further "Trick" *motifs* see Bloomfield, *op. cit.*, pp. 85, 86. On the latter page he mentions a story from Shaikh Chillī's *Folktales of Hindustan*, p. 124, in which a disguised robber takes service with an eloped couple, a prince and princess, the latter being disguised as a man. He treacherously kills the prince, but spares the princess on learning her sex. Shortly afterwards she laughs. The robber surlily asks her to keep quiet, and demands why she laughs. She points to the sky, and says: "Look up, look up, what a beautiful kite!" When he looks up she cuts off his head.

Anangamanjarī, her Husband Maṇivarman and the Brāhman Kamalākara

(*Vetāla* 21—pp. 98-104)

There is but little difference between our text and that of the Hindi version ¹ (No. 20), as far as the several incidents are concerned. There is nothing about the wife disliking her husband; and she must have been a mere child, as she only arrives at the age of puberty while he is away on a trading expedition. In her frenzy of love for the young Brāhman she turns to the moon, crying out, "O moon! I have heard that in you resides the water of immortality; and that you are pouring out this water by means of your rays, but to-day you are pouring out poison on me," and turning to her companion, she adds: "Take me hence, for I am being consumed by the moon." The ending of the story is important, and in my opinion is a great improvement on Somadeva. The lovers do *not* come to life again, thus the highly dramatic climax is not lost. The question and answer are as in Somadeva.

The Tamil version ² (No. 14) is as usual reduced to a minimum. The only difference is that the girl had the youth as a lover before she was married.

It will be remembered that in the notes on *Vetāla* 19 (p. 249) we saw that there was no corresponding tale in the

¹ Barker, *op. cit.*, p. 325 *et seq.*

² Babington, *op. cit.*, pp. 65, 66.

Tamil version, and that an entirely different one had been substituted instead. This story chances to be a variant of the tale now under consideration, so I will reproduce it in full¹:

“In the city of Shegāpuram, as King Natchetiran was one day patrolling the streets, he met in his way with some robbers [who had plundered a girl of her ornaments, and were detaining her as their prisoner in a starving condition. The king]² attacked and slew them, and after his victory lodged the girl in an old temple which was in the vicinity, whilst he himself entered the city, in order to cook a meal and bring it back to her.

“A procuress met him on his return, and after soliciting him with earnest entreaties to accompany her, under an assurance that she would afterwards carry the food to the girl, she took him along with her and left him with her mistress. The mistress no sooner beheld him than she fell in love with him and detained him; so that he forgot, in her society, the poor girl whom he had left in the temple, and who was grieving, because the king who had gone to fetch food for her had still not returned.

“Whilst she was in this situation, a merchant chanced to perceive her, and taking her away to his own house, placed food before her. They were thus enjoying each other’s company, when he perceived a rat running along, which he struck at and killed. Upon this he launched out into many various expressions of boastings and vauntings of his own courage; which when she heard, she made the following reflections: “Talk you thus big because you have killed a rat! The king who quitted me just now, cut to pieces a band of robbers and brought me away; he made not such a mighty swaggering, and yet you must needs talk thus.” Maintaining such an opinion as this,³ she was unable to endure remaining with such a contemptible wretch, and quitted life. Perceiving this, the merchant, under the influence of fear, lest the king who had left her in the temple should hear of her death, and should seize on his property and kill him, bestowed all his wealth in gifts and charities,

¹ Babington, *op. cit.*, p. 85 *et seq.*

² The words in square brackets are supplied from the context by Babington, who suspects an omission in the text.

³ Cf. *Ocean*, Vol. V, p. 24.

and destroyed himself. Then the king who had abandoned her, recalling her to mind, went and searched in the place where he had lodged her, but being unable to find her was grievously afflicted, and destroyed himself. The procuress hearing the news, and reflecting that it was through her means that these three persons had lost their lives, likewise destroyed herself."

The Vetāla naturally asks which of the four deaths was the most extraordinary, to which the king replies: "The rest died through excess of passion [*i.e.* contempt, fear and sorrow respectively]; the death of the procuress was the most extraordinary."

The story of the three deaths through love is distinctly dramatic and not without pathos. This is not the first time that such deaths have occurred in the *Ocean* (see Vol. II, pp. 8-10), and many analogues could be cited. I have already given a number in a note in Vol. II, p. 9n², 10n; the only other triple death I know of being in a tale in the *Nights* (Burton, vol. v, p. 134). As I mentioned in the note referred to, death was the last, or tenth, stage of love in Hindu ethics as listed by Vātsyāyana in the *Kāma Sūtra*.

The Four Brāhman Brothers who resuscitated the Lion
(*Vetāla* 22—pp. 108-111)

In the Hindi version ¹ (No. 21) we find that the four brothers are all the despair of their unhappy father. The eldest was a gambler; the second, a wencher; the third, a fornicator; the fourth, an atheist. One day he began to say to his sons: "Whoever is a gambler, Fortune enters not his house." The eldest son was troubled in mind at this. Again the father said: "It is written in the 'Rājñiti' that 'Cutting off a gambler's nose and ears, drive him out of the country, that he may thus prove an example to others. And though a gambler's wife and children are in the house, do not consider them to be so, since it is not known when they will be lost. And those who are fascinated by the allurements of courtesans are storing grief for themselves; and, being in the power of harlots, give up their property, and at last commit theft.' And it has also been said that 'The wise keep aloof from women who can fascinate a man in a

¹ Barker, *op. cit.*, p. 333 *et seq.*

second ; and the unwise, forming an affection for her, forfeit their truthfulness, good disposition, good name, their way of life and mode of thought; their vows and their religion. And to such the advice of their spiritual preceptors comes amiss.' And it is also said : ' He who has lost all sense of shame, fears not to disgrace another.' And it is a proverb that : ' A wild cat who devours its own young ones is not likely to let a rat escape.' "

He continued : " Those who have not read science in their boyhood, and in youth, agitated by love, have remained in the pride of youth, in their old age feel regret, and are burned up by the fire of avarice."

The brothers repent of their evil ways, and set out for another city, where they acquire great learning. On their way home they meet a Kanjar, who, having tied in a bundle the skin and bones of a tiger which he had found dead, is about to depart. They think that here is a chance to put their learning to a test, and accordingly do so. The rest follows as in Somadeva.

In the Tamil version¹ (No. 15) the brothers chance to be travelling together on business, and, in return for kindness to an ascetic, are given the power of raising the dead to life. They come across a dead tiger, and experiment as in our text.

We are not surprised to find the lion changed into a tiger, as the former is scarce in India and appears little in Hindu fiction.²

We have in this story merely a variety of the " Resuscitation " *motif* already discussed in the notes on Vetāla 2 (Vol. VI, p. 262 *et seq.*). It is closely allied to the " Joint Efforts " *motif* (Vetāla 5, Vol. VI, p. 273 *et seq.*), but this is not always the case, as the resuscitation may be achieved by a single individual. Thus in the *Bahār-i-Dānish*³ we read, in the " History of the Prince of Futtun and the Princess Mherbanou," of a venerable sage who was met by the prince and his wonder-working companions, as they were journeying in search of the princess. His locks were white, and he was bent in stature like a violet. He was sitting at the foot of a tree putting together the separated skeleton of a cow, on which he poured water. Immediately on sprinkling the

¹ Babington, *op. cit.*, pp. 67, 68.

² See *Ocean*, Vol. I, p. 67n¹. Tawney, by mistake, wrote " Tiger " instead of " Lion " in the heading to the story (Vol. II, p. 348).

³ Scott's translation, vol. ii, pp. 290, 291.

water, the various blood vessels and members reunited, and the flesh and skin reappeared on the decayed frame. . . . By command of the Almighty Lord of Power, one of whose peculiar properties is to raise the dead, life revisited the animal, and instantly standing up, she began to live. The truth of the sacred text ("All things live by water") was exemplified.

The story as given in Benfey's *Pantschatantra* (vol. ii, p. 332) is somewhat different. Here we have four brothers, of whom three possess all knowledge, but only one possesses common sense. The first brother joins together the bones of the lion, the second covers them with skin, flesh and blood, the third is about to give the animal life, when the brother who possesses common sense says: "If you raise him to life he will kill us all." Finding that the third brother will not desist from his intention, he climbs up a tree, and so saves his life, while his three brothers are torn to pieces.

The Hermit who first Wept and then Danced
(*Vetāla* 23—pp. 112-115)

Both the Hindi¹ and the Tamil² (No. 22 in each case) are greatly abbreviated and much poorer versions of our text; they exhibit no alternate reading or fresh incidents. The two *motifs* contained in the story are "Entering Another's Body" and the "Laugh and Cry." Both have been discussed so fully and competently by Professor Bloomfield³ that any remarks I may have to make must be little more than repetition.

With regard to the first *motif* I would refer readers to the notes already given in Vol. I, pp. 37-38, and especially Vol. IV, pp. 46-48.

As previously pointed out (p. 253), the "Laugh and Cry" *motif* is one in which each display of emotion shows its nature but not its incentive. I mean that the laugh is caused by the feeling of joy, and the tears by grief. This is not the case with the laugh alone, which is a mighty weapon in the hands of the story-teller, as we have already seen. The

¹ Barker, *op. cit.*, p. 338 *et seq.*

² Babington, *op. cit.*, p. 84.

³ *Proc. Amer. Phil. Soc.*, vol. lvi, 43 ff., and *Journ. Amer. Orient. Soc.*, vol. xxxvi, pp. 69-79.

laugh and cry coming together excite, by their paradoxical contact, not only pathos and sympathy, but also humour, curiosity and mystery.

In Vetāla 14 the thief weeps because he cannot repay the merchant's kindness, and laughs because he is so astonished to think how unfathomable is the heart of woman that she chooses a condemned thief as her husband after rejecting kings. It is not so much that either the weeping and laughing was curious in itself, or even that they both followed immediately one on the other, but that a man about to be impaled should exhibit emotions so diametrically opposed. It is this that forms such an important and dramatic incident in the story. So also in our present tale, but to a lesser extent. In the numerous and varied examples of the *motif* given by Bloomfield, the explanation of the person's conduct is often due to the powers of reading future events, and the weeping is nearly always sympathetic. The *Ocean* appears to supply more examples of the *motif* than other works of Hindu fiction.

It has found its way into many modern collections, such as those by Fleeson, Day, Swynnerton, Knowles, Temple, Nāṭeśa Śāstri, etc. One use of the *motif* in Swynnerton's *Romantic Tales from the Panjāb*, p. 203 *et seq.*, is very curious, being a mixture of drama and comedy.

Rājā Rasālu was on his way to fight the giants of Gandgarh, when he arrived at a deserted city. Amazed at the solitude, he stood in an open space and surveyed the scene. Just then he caught sight of some smoke issuing from a distant corner, and making his way to it he saw there a miserable old woman kneading and baking quantities of bread and preparing abundance of sweetmeats, but all the time she was either weeping or laughing. Surprised at a spectacle so extraordinary, Rasālu halted and said: "Mother, in this solitary place who is to eat all that food, and why are you both weeping and laughing?" "The king of this palace," said the woman, "is Kashudēo, and he has ordered that a human being, a buffalo and four hundred pounds of bread shall be sent daily to a certain place for the giants. Once I had seven sons, of whom six have been devoured, and to-day it is the turn of the seventh, and to-morrow it will be the turn of myself. This is my trouble and it makes me cry. But I am laughing because also to-day my seventh son was to have been married, and because his bride—ha! ha!—will have now to do without him."

The Father that married the Daughter and the Son that married the Mother

(*Vetāla* 24—pp. 116-121)

In Somadeva's version of the *Vetālapañchavimśati* the story of the mixed relations forms No. 24, at the end of which the *Vetāla*, getting no answer from the king, warns him of the evil intentions of the mendicant. This is the last story of the collection, but there is still another one left to form the complete twenty-five. However, Somadeva, or rather the Kashmirian compilers, merely relate Vikrama's adventures with the mendicant, and call it *Vetāla* 25. Now, in the Hindi version¹ the same predicament presented itself, but a different plan was adopted. The "Laugh and Cry" story is repeated, with hardly any difference, as No. 24, while our No. 24 becomes the Hindi No. 25. The conclusion is abbreviated, and follows on at the end of the story. In the Tamil² no attempt is made to get over the difficulty, and our Nos. 24 and 25 form the Tamil No. 24, with which that version ends.

The Hindi version of the story of the mixed relationships follows that of Somadeva, although much abbreviated. The Tamil begins differently :

King *Śenāpati*, having determined on travelling round the world, left his wife and his daughter and set out on his tour. Without his knowledge his wife and daughter followed him, and as they were travelling along missed their way ; so, not knowing which way he had gone, they took that which lay straight before them. As they proceeded on their journey it began to rain, and they therefore put up in a choultry. They then pursued their journey on beyond it, when two *Brāhmans*, a father and son, who were travelling along that road, observing their footsteps, said to each other : " These appear like the footsteps of some females or other ; let us therefore follow them. . . . "

The tale then agrees with our version. The advice of the *Vetāla* given to the king is wisely taken, and forms, as stated above, the last story.

¹ Barker, *op. cit.*, p. 357 *et seq.*

² Babington, *op. cit.*, pp. 87-90.

Conclusion of King Trivikramasena and the Mendicant
(*Vetāla* 25—pp. 122-125)

The only *motif* contained here, apart from the employment of black magic, is that generally known as "Pretended Ignorance." We had an example of it in No. 8A, where the cunning witch, Siddhikarī (Vol. I, p. 157), is pursued by a certain Domba, with his drum, with the intention of robbing her. In time the intended thief catches her up, and she explains that she is about to hang herself, and asks the Domba to fasten the noose for her to a tree. This he does; whereupon she pretends to be ignorant of the way of putting the noose round her neck. He stands on his drum to show her how to do it, when she kicks it away, and so he hangs.

The *motif* in these two stories has travelled far and wide, and is found in numerous collections both in the East and the West. Perhaps the best-known tale in which it occurs is "Hansel and Grethel,"¹ where, after the children are about to be devoured by the witch, Grethel is told to climb in the oven to see if it is warm enough to bake the bread. Suspecting her evil designs, Grethel pretends she does not know how to do it. "Silly goose!" says the old woman, "the door is big enough; just look, I can get in myself," and she creeps up and thrusts her head into the oven. Then Grethel gives her a push that drives her far into it, and shuts the iron door and fastens the bolt.

For numerous variants see Saintyves, *Les Contes de Perrault*, pp. 276-281 and 371-374; and Cosquin, *Études Folkloriques*, pp. 351-356.

¹ See Grimm, No. 15, Bolte, *op. cit.*, p. 115 *et seq.*

COMPARATIVE TABLE

SHOWING ORDER OF TALES OF THE *Vetālapañchaviṃśati* IN ITS THREE
CHIEF TRANSLATIONS

Somadeva, <i>Ocean</i> , Vol. VI, pp. 168-221	Hindi	Tamil
1. How the Prince obtained a Wife . . .	1	1
2. Three Young Brāhmans . . .	2	2
3. King and Two Wise Birds . . .	4	6
4. Adventures of Viravara . . .	3	7
5. Somaprabhā and Three Suitors . . .	5	4
6. Lady and the Changed Heads . . .	6	5
7. King's Dependent and the Nereid . . .	8	8
8. Three Fastidious Men . . .	23	3
<i>Ocean</i> , Vol. VII, pp. 1-125		
9. Anangarati and Four Suitors . . .	7	(9) ¹
10. Madanasenā's Rash Promise . . .	9	10 ²
11. Three very Sensitive Wives . . .	10	11
12. King Yaśaḥketu and his Wife . . .	11	12
13. Harisvāmin and his Bad Luck . . .	12	16
14. Merchant's Daughter and Thief . . .	13	17
15. Magic Pill . . .	14	18
16. Sacrifice of Jīmūtavāhana . . .	15	19
17. Beautiful Unmādinī . . .	16	20
18. Brāhman's Son and Magic Power . . .	17	13
19. The Thief's Son . . .	18	(23) ¹
20. Brāhman Boy's Sacrifice . . .	19	21
21. Anangamanjarī and Kamalākara . . .	20	14
22. Four Brothers and the Lion . . .	21	15
23. Hermit who Wept and Danced . . .	22	22
24. Curious Relationships } . . .	25 ³	24 ⁴
25. Conclusion }		

The order of the tales in the Marathi version is exactly the same as that in the Hindi version, on which all the other vernacular translations are based.

¹ An entirely different story.

² Not translated by Babington.

³ In order to complete the number of tales, 22 is repeated with very slight differences as 24.

⁴ There is no 25 in the Tamil version.

In conclusion I append a short Bibliography of the *Vetālapañchavimśati*, several items of which have been already mentioned in briefer form in the notes to the Appendices of Vols. VI and VII.

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Görz, 1875.

Uhle, H.

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Leipzig, 1884.

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Prabhu.

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 Vidyasagara. *Vetala Panchavinshati; or, Twenty-five Tales related by a Vampire to Rajah Vikramaditya*. Compiled [or rather edited] by Pandit . . . Calcutta, 1873.

3. *More than one Recension :*

Uhle, H.

Programm des Gymnasiums zum heiligen Kreuz in Dresden . . .
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 [or rather 23rd] *Erzählung der Vetā-*
lapantchavinçati. Sanskrit Text
 [in three recensions—viz. Śiva-
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Dresden, 1877.

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Lallū Lāl.

Buetal Pucheesee ; being a collection
of twenty-five stories . . . translated
into Hindoostanee [or rather Hindi]
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 1830, 1834, 1849. An abridged
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Babington, B. G.

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Version of a Collection of Ancient
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